

TRAILS AND SUMMITS *of the* GREEN MOUNTAINS


By WALTER COLLINS O'KANE

TRAILS AND SUMMITS OF THE GREEN MOUNTAINS

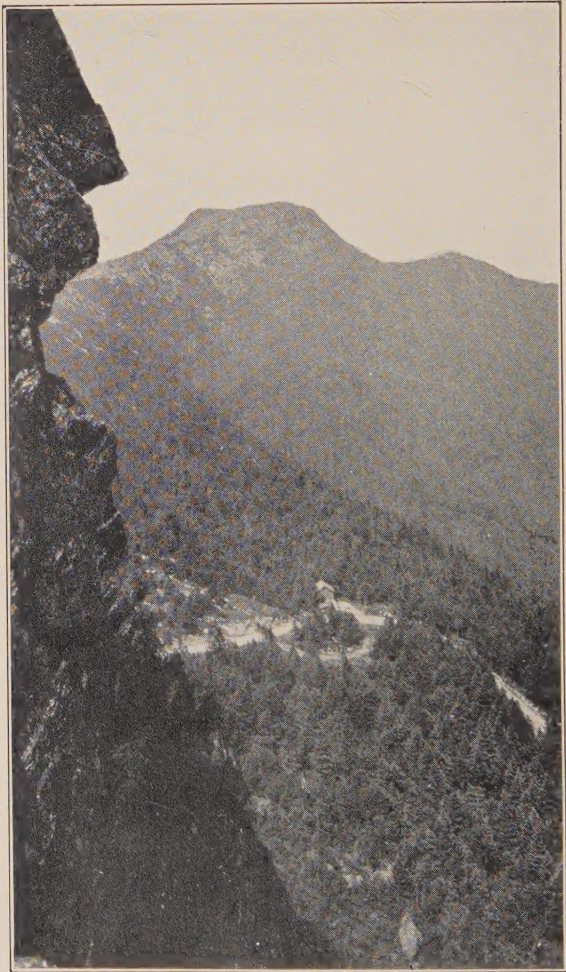
By Walter Collins O'Kane

THE author of 'Trails and Summits of the White Mountains,' declared by critics to be the best book on that interesting group of summits, has written a companion volume on the Green Mountains. The qualities that have made the earlier book not only thoroughly informative but exceptionally readable are retained in the new volume. It is the sort of book that not only tells the reader just how and where to go in order to discover the wonders of Vermont's high places, but that fairly carries him to the summits in the vividness of its descriptions.

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THE CHIN OF MOUNT MANSFIELD FROM THE
CLIFFS ON THE NOSE

The Riverside Outdoor Handbooks

TRAILS AND SUMMITS OF THE GREEN MOUNTAINS

BY
WALTER COLLINS O'KANE

WITH MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS



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THE GIFT OF THE MOUNTAINS

IN this world of uncompromising realities, always urgent and sometimes grim, whatever will take a man out of himself is to be cherished. This is the message of the mountains. Theirs is the power to quicken imagination, to restore perspective, to lift the spirits of men along with their bodies, to spread before their vision a broader view of the world even as their eyes encompass new horizons. This is their offering.

There can be no greater gift to mankind.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To fellow members of the Green Mountain Club the author owes a lasting debt. Without the generous help of such men as Theron S. Dean, Willis M. Ross, Professor Will S. Monroe, Judge Clarence P. Cowles, and C. P. Cooper, details that appear in this book would not have been discovered and errors that might have appeared would have gone unchallenged. Many others have helped with the various chapters: M. C. Bates, Dr. W. W. Brock, H. G. Conant, L. B. Copeland, Professor Walter H. Crockett, Miss Ethel A. Eddy, Professor K. R. B. Flint, Frank H. Foster, J. J. Fritz, Wallace H. Gilpin, C. C. Graves, J. Lawrence Griswold, Fred H. Harris, Walter Lewis, M. C. Lovejoy, Fred W. Mould, Professor George H. Perkins, the Reverend C. D. Pierce, Robert M. Ross, William Gavin Tayler, Professor P. C. Voter, Robert Wilkinson.

The photograph of Camel's Hump (Couching Lion) is by Theron S. Dean.

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TRAILS AND SUMMITS
OF THE
GREEN MOUNTAINS

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CHAPTER I

THE LAY OF THE LAND

NORTH and south in an airline the State of Vermont extends through a distance of a hundred and sixty miles. East and west the average width is perhaps fifty-five miles. From top to bottom and from right to left much of this area is uptilted — a succession of hundreds of hills and mountains, sometimes gentle, usually rugged, often vast and frowning, intersected and intertwined with winding, smiling valleys.

From border to border, north and south through the center of the State, rises a great, broken ridgepole of mountains, now straight, now crooked, here higher, there lower, as if buildings had been picked up hit-or-miss and set end to end without sequence or order, broad and narrow, long and short, one-story and five-story. Out from this ridgepole run trusses and irregular gables. Along-

side, at times, are parallel structures, with angular and knobby ridgepoles of their own, copying their larger neighbor. Southwest, northwest, and east rise other groups, connecting with the central group at times and again detached, their architecture reminiscent yet dissimilar, their ground-plan quite as complex as that of the long central pile.

The whole array is commonly embraced within the term 'The Green Mountains' — the name with which they were baptized by Champlain and his fellow explorers and the phrase that, in shortened form, gives title to the State wherein they lie. They are just that — the green mountains. Far more than their neighbors to the east, the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and more completely than the precipitous Adirondacks across the big lake, these slopes and summits are clothed in the richness of forest green, the dark velvet of spruce and the lighter draperies of maple, beech, and birch. That is their first characteristic, and it is an impression that exploration does not change.

But if we are to see their further characteristics more in detail we must distinguish between the major divisions of the whole group. For there are really four separate ranges, rather than one. And while each of these is made up of parts that, for all their diverse appearance, display certain points of

family likeness, nevertheless each is essentially different from the others.

In all mountains, wherever situated, there are group characteristics, I think, just as there is definite and essential individualism on the part of every summit. No mountain peak is like any other peak. And no mountain range, in turn, is like any other range. The difference between ranges may not always be so evident at first sight as is the difference between individual summits. But in the one case as in the other the specific character exists. It becomes more and more observable as one tramps over the range. Just as the climbing of a mountain brings to the tramper a wealth of new understanding of its character, so to traverse a range is to discover the individuality of that group, its peculiarities and family resemblances. Killington, Grant, and Ellen are distinctive mountains, but they are sprung from the same stock and they are related. Equinox and Dorset have their essential points in common. But Ellen and Equinox can exhibit only less direct relationship.

The great central ridgeline of the Green Mountains is very, very old, even in the terms by which geologists reckon time. It is not quite the oldest land in America, but it approaches that venerable estate. The Adirondacks were thrust up earlier through the waves of the ancient sea, and there is

an area in Canada, the Laurentian Mountains, that can claim priority. But it was not long after the Adirondacks appeared before a fold of the earth's crust came into being, the foundations of the central axis of the Green Mountains. Between the two groups, the Adirondacks on the west and the young neighbors on the east, the valley of the Champlain became defined, at that time a long and wide sea, open at either end.

Many chapters of rock-building and of slow wasting away have been written on the central axis since that time: a long-continued deposition of sedimentary material, a gradual elevation of the whole area, an age when ice accumulated to prodigious depth over the whole face of this northern region, its enormous mass moving slowly southward and grinding away the great layers of hard rock while its inconceivable weight so bore down upon the crust of the earth as to depress it many hundreds of feet below the level to which it had risen in the ages before; then the slow melting and retreat of the ice, with the release of torrents of water, heavily laden with sand and *débris*, tearing away at the face of the land, and with that a slow rise of the surface of the earth as it was freed of the burden of the ice — a rise that is unmistakably evidenced in the very vestibules of the mountain foothills by the remnants of ancient deltas where

the streams of that day discharged into the vast lake that in its modern, sparkling expanse we know as Champlain. And since then the gradual weathering of many centuries, the accumulation of soil, and once more the clothing of the mountains in forests.

This backbone range begins beyond the northern boundaries of the State, in the Province of Quebec. Where it crosses into Vermont the rugged slopes are rising to culminate in Jay Peak, six miles south of the border, an auspicious and interesting start for the long uplift.

For twenty-five miles south, as far as the valley of the Lamoille River, the mountains are scattered and irregular, with no clear and continuous axis. They are intersected by several roads, very steep, narrow, and winding for the most part, though there is an excellent highway through the cleft known as 'Hazen's Notch,' and another that crosses the divide just southwest of Belvidere Mountain. Directly in the Lamoille Valley there is a main thoroughfare, which skirts the northerly slopes of Sterling Mountain and makes its passage within ten miles of Mount Mansfield, the highest point in all the Green Mountains.

South of the Lamoille the mountains form themselves into more definite lines. The principal ridgeline narrows, its crest jutting up to make the

summits of Whiteface, Morse, the Madonna — the three peaks of Sterling Mountain — then Mansfield, Dewey, Clark, Mayo, and Bolton. Diagonally through this curving line of summits runs the narrow and deep Smugglers' Notch, with a State highway in the bottom of it, leading from Stowe on the southeast to Jeffersonville on the northwest, and twisting its way up through one of the most rugged and constricted valleys in the East.

In this area the main range is flanked by a parallel, subsidiary system, the Worcester Mountains, lying about ten miles to the southeast and culminating in the fire-scarred slopes and the bare summit of Mount Hunger, which rises to 3554 feet and looks out upon the impressive rampart on the northwest.

Now comes the Winooski River, down in the bottom of a remarkable low gap in the ridgepole, its waters rising in the northeast and breaking through the big range in a cleft that is only three hundred and thirty feet above sea level. Here again is a highway that is a thoroughfare between east and west.

Again the central chain rises sharply, and for twenty miles there is no way across except by trail. In fact, for the next sixty miles the roads that do cross are compelled to climb to altitudes of



SMUGGLERS' NOTCH FROM THE HASELTON TRAIL ON MOUNT MANSFIELD

more than two thousand feet in order to make the passage, and they find it steep going. Thus a road manages to connect Lincoln on the west with Warren on the east by way of the pass between Mount Abraham and Mount Grant, another climbs through Middlebury Gap and descends to Hancock, a third trends northeasterly from Brandon and crosses at the foot of Mount Horrid to wind on down to Rochester, and a fourth, barely negotiable for motor-cars, twists and climbs easterly from Chittenden. A few miles south of this the main highway from Rutland to Woodstock makes the crossing by way of Sherburne Pass and does it admirably — so well, in fact, that one is surprised to learn that at the high point one is about twenty-two hundred feet above the sea. Ten miles farther south the range opens up enough to let highways and a railroad pass through, though still at altitudes of more than fifteen hundred feet.

In this stretch of sixty miles of rugged backbone there are many of the most commanding summits of the Green Mountains and there are many miles of as beautiful forest trails as can be found in New England. Camel's Hump, or Couching Lion, leads the procession of mountains on the north — an impressive summit with marked individuality. It is followed by a long row of notable peaks: the

Allens, Burnt Rock, the Starks, Ellen, Abraham, the President Mountains, Bread Loaf, Horrid, Carmel, Pico, and, toward the southern end, Killington, second highest in the State. Flanking this line on the east and extending for thirty miles is a lesser, parallel range with summits rising to somewhat more than three thousand feet. About the middle of this stretch the main range and its neighbor draw near to each other, with the narrow Granville Notch between. Here the bony framework is much constricted from right to left.

Below Sherburne Pass the mountains again spread out over wider territory, and once below the group in which Killington and Pico stand out, the ridgepole has various gables and irregularities. There remains, however, an impressive line of summits, beginning with White Rock Mountain in Wallingford and extending over Green, Tabor, and Bromley in the direction of Stratton. Through this region, at the foot of the southern slopes of Bromley Mountain, runs the State road from Manchester to Peru, with an alternate route ascending the extraordinarily steep and persistent hill to Bondville.

To the south now comes a wilderness for the next twenty miles or more, with only the ancient, narrow, and precarious road from Arlington to Wardsboro to permit a wheeled vehicle to cross it

— a road that keeps on rising and rising until at the point where it finally begins to dip down on the farther side it is more than twenty-seven hundred feet above sea level. In this region, south of the ambitious old road, lies Glastenbury Mountain, on its west a long ridge of which Bald Mountain is the culmination, and to the east, across the valley of the Deerfield River, another ridge with precipitous Haystack Mountain punctuating the southerly end.

Another State road, famous because it was here that Molly Stark made her ride through the forests, crosses from Bennington to Brattleboro, climbing to more than twenty-three hundred feet in the process. Then ten miles more of wilderness, and the procession of mountains passes on into Massachusetts.

Curiously enough it was the ancient Adirondacks that contributed the materials for the making of a second group of low but distinctive summits in Vermont — the Red Sandrock Hills in the northwestern part of the State, not far from the border of the Lake. Slowly, century by century, the waves of the sea where Lake Champlain now lies were beating against the face of the mountains that stood as barrier on the west. Bit by bit their rock substance was dislodged and disintegrated, and grain by grain was laid down under the water

as sand. Very, very slowly this accumulated until, probably, it was several thousand feet deep. Gradually it was consolidated into a sandrock. Ages later it was elevated along with the rest of the earth's crust in all this region, but it was never so squeezed and thrust upon as to become metamorphosed out of its old condition in the way in which the rocks overlying the main axis to the east were changed. Then through countless ages came the wearing away of the great sandrock layer. And to-day there remain a few visible remnants standing up above the shores of the lake, the Red Sandrock Hills, beginning at Saint Albans and extending south about fifty miles to Addison.

Characteristically these are isolated hills or small mountains, with abrupt cliffs on the westerly side facing the old sea, and with more gently sloping contour on the east. One of them, Hogback, is a long mass and in outline is a little suggestive of mountains in the wholly different range to the east. This one also attains to the greatest elevation, about 1850 feet. Mount Philo, Malletts Head, Cobble Hill, and Snake Mountain are others in the series. Because of their isolation some of them command a wide-sweeping panorama, notably Mount Philo.

The ancient forces that elevated the Adirondacks and the central axis of the Green Mountains

brought into being also another group, the Taconics, that begin a few miles northwest of Rutland and extend south along the western border of the State, continuing across the line into Massachusetts. In rock structure these also are very old mountains, directly related to the deep strata that form the foundations of the Adirondacks. Their history is a record of many chapters, each in its turn a story of diverse forces and events extending through long geologic periods.

The whole region that they now occupy once stood at a much higher altitude. But hundreds or even thousands of feet of rock have been worn away. The grinding and erosion have not proceeded evenly, for the forces were not always in balance and the material on which they operated varied in resistance. Uplifts had resulted in long, parallel folds in the rock structure, and these in turn were followed by profound changes, sometimes evidenced by lines of weakness in the framework, sometimes by alteration and hardening of the rock material. In the course of time came streams, to seek out the weak places or to be turned aside by the resistant substances. The great ice sheet carved and ground and denuded the rocks. With the ice gone there came the inexorable etching by frost, the subtle corrosion by the elements of the air, and the ceaseless work of streams.

To-day the Taconics stand as a long, confused array of lesser and greater summits, essentially a disorganized and helter-skelter group. There is no definite axis or backbone here. Valleys twist this way and that. The mountains that lie between seem to have little bearing, as to direction, one to another.

But they are rugged and interesting masses, and they give to the tramper and climber a marked and satisfying impression of a genuinely mountainous region. Often their sides are steep and their contours bold. Even those of lesser altitude, such as Bird Mountain west of Rutland, are distinctly vigorous and mountain-like in character, while the major summits, such as Equinox, are noteworthy climbs. Each, whether large or small, whether crowded by its neighbors or isolated, is individual, a lone eminence, not leaning upon others or trailing its skirts over the feet of a companion, but standing vigorously by itself, aloof.

And finally, to the east of the main axis of the Green Mountains, there are the granite upthrusts, bold, dome-like masses that as fluid rock were forced up from below, tearing their way through weakened spots in the ancient earth crust, and sometimes carrying with them, embedded in their substance, fragments of the older and adjoining rocks, unmistakable evidence of their more recent

birth. Two such domes, Mount Pisgah and Mount Hor, form the magnificent portal at the southerly end of Willoughby Lake. Others are scattered over the region northeast of Barre. Some are yielding of their core to produce the multitude of granite blocks that Vermont sends out from her quarries.

It is interesting to find that the geologist sees in the minute structure of these granite domes clear evidence that ages ago they were overlaid by other rock — probably by strata of the same period as those which were involved in the early history of the central range. For the crystallization of the granite must have taken place under pressure — beneath vast layers of other rock. Its nature shows this unmistakably. The fluid mass was checked by deep layers above and never reached the surface. In the long periods since that time the overlying rock has yielded to the forces of destruction, just as have the layers over the Taconics or the central range, until now the granite domes stand out in the open as mountains.

Of the four groups of mountains in Vermont the great central axis is much the most extensive and includes all of the higher summits. Its length is that of the State itself and its width in places is more than twenty-five miles. All of the five peaks of the Green Mountains that rise to more than

four thousand feet altitude are within its territory, and all but three of the twenty-four summits that fall short of four thousand feet and attain thirty-five hundred or more are found here. There is no lack of beauty or interest nor dearth of climbing in the other groups, but they are the lesser elements. So it comes about that the characteristics of the central range dominate, in a measure, the mountains of the State.

The summits of these mountains often are wooded, though a considerable number are open ledge. Thus of the highest five there are four, Mansfield, Killington, Camel's Hump, and Abraham, that are bare on top. Among those of lesser altitudes there are a number that afford unobstructed views or at least wide lookouts. But there is no such austere character as that which is typical of the principal peaks in the White Mountains. The type here is different: not less interesting, but of another kind. There is no true timberline in the Green Mountains, no line of altitude beyond which trees cannot grow. In the New Hampshire ranges there is an upper limit of tree growth at forty-two hundred to forty-three hundred feet, and there are summits that rise more than a thousand feet higher than this — Washington two thousand feet higher. These upper reaches are great rock cones, bleak and severe. They give a note to the

views that is absent from the ranges in Vermont.

So, too, there are no glacial cirques cutting into the heart of these mountains as they strike into the Presidentials of the White Mountains. Ravines there are, but not the gaunt bowls that local glaciers left behind them elsewhere. The work of the ice age is much less in evidence. One can speculate on what it did and can realize the part that it must have played, but over its work has been drawn a thick coverlet, softening, obscuring, and hiding the marks of its crushing and grinding force.

The forested slopes of the Green Mountains are rich and full. The garments in which these swelling upthrusts are clothed are incomparably beautiful. Any one who has tramped over their flanks will never forget the endless aisles in the midst of tall columns of spruce trunks, the vaulted, dark ceiling overhead, or the great upspringing maples and the shining boles of birches. The paths through these are a rare delight.

In the lesser forms of plant life, too, these mountains are richly endowed. Ferns grow luxuriantly, sometimes species that are rare elsewhere. Mosses are vivid cushions of green. Rock walls of ravines are living tapestries. In moist openings there are gardens of turtle-head, of closed gentian, of great blue asters, and of jewel-weed, yellow and orange.

In any mountain range, just as in the climbing of a single peak, the impressions that you carry away with you are made up of many elements. But of these there are always two that stand out with greatest emphasis: the views that were afforded you from your summits, and the near-by pleasures of the trails that led to the heights.

In the Green Mountains these two elements are characteristic and unforgettable. The way by which you make the ascent lies typically through magnificent forests. Whether dark spruces or shining birches, the great trees are everywhere about you. The floor beneath them is that of the rich forest, clothed in ferns and mosses and spattered with light from a vaulted canopy, far overhead.

As you look down from the summit you see broad, curving valleys, marked and lined in a mosaic of farmlands. Each piece in the pattern has its own shape, each its own color, from the green-black of a spruce woodlot to the tawny hues of autumn pastures. Yet all are deftly fitted together and all blend softly and beautifully in their many tints.

As you look abroad, your view is one of majestic curves. There are seldom abrupt mountain masses, crowding and shouldering about, as in some ranges, nor are there the stark and slide-scored peaks of others. Instead, there are the

flowing lines of forested slopes, leading your eyes down to the wonderful pattern of the many-colored robe in the valley, and on beyond to the curves that sweep away to other summits, and still on and on until lost in the distance.

These, it seems to me, are the beauties of the Green Mountains. And these are worth any man's time and effort to visit and to look upon.

CHAPTER II

TRAIL-BUILDING IN VERMONT

THE oldest trails in the Green Mountains date back, no doubt, to a period long before the coming of the white men. There are paths in use to-day in southwestern Vermont, crossing from one river course to another by way of a convenient notch, that must have been trod by the feet of redskins untold years ago.

But the story of trails to mountain summits, laid out for the purpose of gaining the views from the heights, does not begin until after settlement by the white race was well under way, and does not reach considerable proportions until comparatively recent years.

So far as can now be ascertained, the first path to the top of any Vermont mountain was cut through to the summit of Ascutney in 1825. The undertaking was carried out with the intent that General Lafayette, on his memorable visit to the United States, might visit that height and might see from it some hundreds of square miles of the country that he had helped to save. Apparently, however, circumstances interfered and the trip did

not take place. The trail that had been made became obliterated.

Sometime before 1847 there was a rough path to the top of Mount Mansfield from the westerly side. A writer in the 'Vermont Chronicle,' of October 27, 1847, refers to this path. From his description it was very different from the modern well-cleared trail and was at best a heartbreaking affair. Some of the observations that the 'Chronicle' writer offered concerning it are quoted in the chapter on Mount Mansfield in this book.

Soon, however, there came a period of interest in mountain climbing, a movement that saw similar development at the same time in other parts of New England. The day of bridle paths was approaching when, for a time, it was the popular thing to climb a mountain on horseback and to spend the night on its summit. The period was not to last long, for with changing notions the public presently lost its enthusiasm for the hardy activities of the saddle and the mountain path. But while it lasted it was responsible for an active trail development in a few places.

In Manchester the old Equinox House was a center of social and recreational life, then as now. A bridle path there came into use, leading from Beartown Notch to a spur of Mount Equinox well toward the summit.

On Mount Mansfield a trail was built in 1856 that ascended over Maple Ridge to the Forehead. That same year the first tent was erected on the mountain. Two years later the Halfway House Trail was completed. About this same time the carriage road that ascends the mountain from the east was finished as a road about two thirds of the distance to the summit and as a bridle path the rest of the way. The road was completed all the way to the summit in 1868.

Before 1860 there was a trail in existence on Camel's Hump as far as an opening just below the summit. This was developed into a bridle path and gave access to a hotel which was built about 1860. On Killington Peak a road was put through to a level area at the base of the summit cone and a hotel was erected there.

Each of these ventures, however, with the exception of the hotel on Mansfield, declined in favor and presently came to an end. For many years a period followed when interest in mountain trails was at a low ebb. The pleasures of climbing by horseback were out of favor, and the delights that the tramper now enjoys had not been widely discovered.

There were men and women here and there whose love of the wilderness and of mountain heights was warm enough to lead them to the sum-

mits or even to build paths. Theron Bailey, proprietor of the Pavilion Hotel, in Montpelier, built a road to a point well up on Mount Hunger, beginning it in the fall of 1877 and completing it in 1878. Carriages were used to a point half a mile below the top and from there a path ascended the mountain, surmounting the ledges by means of stairs. Colonel Joseph Battell in 1899 was building a buckboard road up Mount Abraham and a trail along the skyline of Lincoln Mountain. In his lodge below the summit of Abraham he entertained many guests. Four years later he was building another lodge at the northerly end of the mountain.

In 1906 a group of persons living in Windsor formed the Ascutney Mountain Association. Volunteers had already erected a stone hut on the summit ledges and for some years a trail had been kept open to the top. The Association took over the summit property and attempted to maintain it in attractive condition for trampers.

Two years later the Camel's Hump Club was organized. An old path was opened and improved, tents for lodging were provided, and later three houses of galvanized iron were built, the first in 1912. A caretaker was maintained on the summit and the tramper was made welcome. The records show that in 1910 seven hundred persons climbed

the mountain, many of these remaining overnight. At this time there were paths in use to the summits of eight or ten of Vermont's higher mountains, including Mansfield, Camel's Hump, Lincoln, Killington, Haystack, Jay Peak, Equinox, Ascutney, and possibly two or three others.

The year 1910 marks the beginning of the modern era of trail construction in the Green Mountains. Mr. James P. Taylor, then Associate Principal of the Vermont Academy at Saxton's River, was the man of vision who paved the way. He had conceived the idea of a continuous trail that should start at the southern border of the State and should follow the skyline of the Green Mountains all the way to Canada — a 'footpath to the wilderness' as it has since been described. Mr. Taylor called a meeting of such persons as might be interested in the formation of a Green Mountain Club. In his call he said: 'The work of the Club would be to awaken an interest in the mountains of Vermont, to encourage mountain climbing, to make trails, build shelters, and aid in the preparation of maps and guidebooks.'

The meeting was held at Burlington, March 11th, with twenty-three persons present, as follows: James P. Taylor, Saxton's River, Associate Principal, Vermont Academy; M. E. Wheeler, Rutland, manufacturer and former owner of the

hotel on Killington; W. H. Spence, Rutland, pastor, Congregational Church; Frank H. Clark, Windsor, lawyer, and writer for Windsor 'Tribune'; O. K. Hollister, Barre, Principal, Goddard Seminary; H. G. Thomas, Stowe, State Fish and Game Commissioner; Seneca Haselton, Burlington, Judge, Supreme Court; Elwin L. Ingalls, Hartford, Superintendent of Schools; Carroll H. Drown, Wallingford, Superintendent of Schools; Arthur W. Eddy, Bristol, Superintendent of Schools; Frank E. Sawyer, Vergennes, Principal of High School; C. W. Brownell, Burlington, lawyer and ex-Secretary of State; J. S. Southwick, Burlington, editor, Burlington 'Free Press'; H. C. Whitehill, Waterbury, editor, Waterbury 'Record'; K. R. B. Flint, Northfield, Professor, Norwich University; J. E. Tracy, Burlington, writer, Burlington 'Daily News'; M. D. Chittenden, Burlington, Principal, High School; Mason S. Stone, Montpelier, State Superintendent of Education; Clarence P. Cowles, Burlington, lawyer; Edward K. Allen, Burlington, secretary, Y.M.C.A.; C. H. Morrill, Randolph, Principal, Norwich School; D. T. Page, Bakersfield, Principal, Brigham Academy; C. W. Gates, Franklin, State Highway Commissioner and later Governor.

Before the meeting adjourned, the Green Mountain Club was officially organized and a constitu-

tion was adopted. The purpose of the Club was set down briefly and admirably as follows:

‘The object of the Club shall be to make the Vermont Mountains play a larger part in the life of the people.’

It was provided that members of the Club should be organized in sections, according to their place of residence. Mr. James P. Taylor was elected president, Judge Seneca Haselton vice-president, Mr. Elwin L. Ingalls secretary, and the Honorable C. W. Brownell treasurer.

The first group to be organized was the Burlington section, with ten members at the beginning in August, 1910, and with ninety-five in October of the same year. No trail construction was carried out in 1910, but logging roads were explored and possible routes were tried out for new trails.

The programme thus begun gradually expanded and the work of making the Green Mountains accessible proceeded. Mr. Taylor found able associates and assistants in other Vermont men who had a love for the wilderness and a realization of the pleasures that mountains offer. Dr. Louis J. Paris later became secretary of the Club and carried out a remarkable programme of publicity, preparing illustrated articles, drawing many maps, piloting trampers over trails, and answering hundreds of letters. Charles P. Cooper, Willis M.

Ross, Judge Clarence P. Cowles, Fred W. Mould, J. Lawrence Griswold, the Reverend Frank W. Hazen, and Theron S. Dean became leaders in the work of arousing interest and in the task of trail-building. Professor Will S. Monroe and his associates from New York and New Jersey put through a remarkable piece of trail-building.

A Killington section of the Club was organized and began active work, under the leadership of C. P. Cooper and W. M. Ross, especially in the section south of Killington Peak.

By the close of 1911 a through route along the skyline was available from the summit of Camel's Hump to Smugglers' Notch. Judge Cowles surveyed and cleared a part of the route. Judge Haselton built the trail that bears his name. In this same year a Bread Loaf section of the Club was organized, and this was followed by one at Brandon and another at Rutland.

In 1912 the trail to the north from Smugglers' Notch was continued to Sterling Pond by W. M. Adams, who utilized logging roads part-way and built a trail the rest.

In this year the Club entered into an arrangement with the State Forestry Department by which a programme of trail-building was to be carried out by the Department, utilizing funds raised by the Club. In accordance with this plan

a considerable sum was expended in opening a trail south from Camel's Hump. By August of 1913 a route was available for the trumper from Camel's Hump to Killington Peak.

It was found, however, that the purpose to be served by a trail useful to the Forestry Department was not always the same as that of a path desirable for pleasure tramping. In the former case the need was for access to the forested foothills of the mountains, while in the latter the desire naturally led to a skyline path along summits, preferably to places where there was an outlook because there was no timber.

Some of the route, therefore, that had been selected for the trail south from Camel's Hump was later abandoned. On the other hand, in certain sections, as notably in approaching Killington, the trail was well adapted to both purposes and has remained in use.

The building of shelters was begun in 1913. Miss Emily Proctor provided a fund through which three log lean-tos were erected, one at Birch Glen, one at Bread Loaf Glen, and another south of Mount Horrid. This year a trail was built from West Bridgewater to Killington Peak, with funds raised by persons in Woodstock.

A Bennington section of the Club was organized in 1914 and the work of exploring many miles of

abandoned highways and old logging roads in that area was pushed forward, in order that a route might eventually be worked out to the Massachusetts line. In the northern end of the Long Trail a path was opened from Sterling Pond to the village of Johnson on the Lamoille River, through the activities of a newly organized section in that area.

The first guidebook of the Club was issued early in 1915. It was a reprint of an article that had appeared in the Burlington 'Free Press,' 'Along the Skyline over the Long Trail.' By an arrangement with the State Publicity Department, with railroads, hotels, and various persons, sixty-eight thousand of the booklets were distributed. The publicity resulted in a rapidly increasing interest in the project of the Long Trail. Other articles appeared in the newspapers. The public was awakening to the beauties of the Green Mountain wilderness.

For two or three years, however, actual trail construction had lagged, in so far as the real building of modern trails to summits was concerned. This was especially true in the region from Camel's Hump south to Middlebury Gap where the route of the trail as it then existed lay on the mountain slopes and not over the summits.

At this juncture Professor Will S. Monroe began his notable work of trail-building, which eventu-

ally resulted in a remarkable skyline path all the way from the valley of the Winooski to Middlebury Gap, a distance of fifty miles. Professor Monroe was at that time a member of the faculty of the summer school maintained by the University of Vermont. He had spent many summers in Europe and had climbed many mountains. For two seasons he had been building trail in New Jersey. Having become deeply interested in the Green Mountains, he offered to build trail at whatever point the Green Mountain Club might desire. His offer was promptly accepted and the Club assigned him the task of building such new sections of the Long Trail as might be desirable between Camel's Hump and the Lincoln-Warren Pass.

In June, 1916, Professor Monroe began his work, taking with him on his first expedition J. Ashton Allis and Kerson Nurian, of New York, and Olden Paris, of Burlington. Judge Clarence P. Cowles, J. E. Woodruff, Theron S. Dean, and Philip D. Chamberlin were drafted as helpers.

An oxcart with a single pair of enormous wheels was requisitioned to haul supplies for the party from the end of the public road east of Camel's Hump to the divide between that mountain and the next summits to the south. Old logging roads were used as a means of access. From

the end of the logging roads the supplies were carried down to a valley that later was christened Montclair Glen.

Using this place as headquarters the trail workers opened a path back to an old route to Camel's Hump, and another south over the col between Ethan Allen and Ira Allen, on over Burnt Rock Mountain, the Stark Mountains, and as far as the sag where Glen Ellen Lodge now stands.

This same year a new link was added to the approach trails at the northerly end of the skyline path. Fred W. Mould cleared a path from the caves in Smugglers' Notch up to Sterling Pond. In the City of New York a new section of the Green Mountain Club was organized.

In 1917 the Green Mountain Club assumed corporate form, retaining the purpose and the essential plan of the original organization, but making provision for holding property and for carrying out such activities as the enlarged organization would naturally be called upon to perform. An enlarged guidebook was published. In fact, this was the first real guidebook giving explicit directions for following trails and including three detailed maps. A new metal camp was built on Killington. The work of trail-building begun by Professor Monroe was continued by him and his co-workers and a skyline path was opened from Glen Ellen over the

series of summits of Lincoln Mountain to Lincoln-Warren Pass.

The following year Professor Monroe built on south as far as Burnt Hill Lookout, beyond Bread Loaf Glen. In October the long stretch of trail engineered by him and christened by the Club 'The Monroe Skyline,' was finished to Middlebury Gap.

Meanwhile, this group of workers had built a lodge at Montclair Glen. Later a shelter was built at Glen Ellen and another at Cooley Glen. A section of the Club, newly organized at Middlebury and now known as the Lake Pleiad section, built a lodge at Pleiad Lake. Dunsmoor Lodge was built. A new trail was worked out from Montclair Glen to the summit of Camel's Hump.

Mr. C. P. Cooper, who had been chairman of the trails committee, now became president of the Club and continued his manifold activities. With Willis M. Ross as co-worker he laid out many miles of trail south of Killington. These two, in fact, planned most of the Long Trail from Killington to Prospect Rock and cleared much of it for travel.

By the end of 1920 the Club was able to announce that a continuous trail was ready for use from the Massachusetts line north to Johnson in the valley of the Lamoille River, a distance of 209



GLEN ELLEN LODGE IN FOG

miles as the trail goes. A Proctor section had been organized. The new shelter at Cowles Cove was completed. This same year Taft Lodge, the log cabin just below the Chin of Mansfield, was built and made ready for the public, the funds being provided by Judge Elihu B. Taft and the work superintended by Judge Cowles. Early the following season a group of men from Middlebury built a shelter at Sucker Brook. A closed camp was erected at Mount Carmel.

In 1923 the Mount Hunger section at Montpelier came into existence. That same year a Jay Peak Day was held at Newport and at Jay Peak itself, to arouse interest in the project of further trail-building in that region. Three new shelters were erected, one between Styles Peak and Bromley Mountain, another on the Bondville road east of Manchester, and a third, built by F. W. Mould, on the slope of Whiteface Peak of Sterling Mountain.

Meanwhile, exploring was under way in other quarters of the Green Mountains. The Brattleboro Outing Club took up the work of trail-building and opened a route which it named 'The Winged Ski Trail' from Brattleboro to the foot of Stratton Mountain, a distance of forty miles. A group at Northfield, drawn especially from members of the faculty of Norwich University, was

opening paths in the mountains of that region, especially on Bald Mountain, Scragg and Paine Mountain. The Stratton Mountain Club was active in developing an interest in that mountain, improving the path from the direction of West Wardsboro, and helping to place an observation tower on the summit.

In 1923 an approach trail was improved from South Lincoln to Emily Proctor Lodge. A new section of the Club was organized at Worcester. The Lake Pleiad Lodge, which had been destroyed by fire, was rebuilt. Another Jay Peak Day was held, this time attended by fifteen hundred persons, and a Jay Peak section of the Club was organized. The trail from Sucker Brook to Brandon-Rochester Pass was relocated so as to follow a skyline route. A shelter was built in Sherburne Pass by the Killington section. The Long Trail was extended north from Johnson to Belvidere Mountain, under the direction of Willis M. Ross. Funds for this extension were provided by ex-Lieutenant-Governor Hulburd, and the path was named the Marjorie Hulburd Trail in memory of a daughter.

This year saw the building of the beautiful new clubhouse in Sherburne Pass. Mortimer R. Proctor and Mrs. Fletcher D. Proctor provided the funds for building and furnishing the new home of

the Club, and Paul W. Thayer designed the structure. The clubhouse was so planned as to fit into the rugged surroundings and to utilize not only native material but the cliffs themselves at the site selected. Logs of yellow birch and of white birch, with their shining bark untouched, were used for beams and posts within the building. Lichen-covered and fern-decked rocks became a part of the walls. A great chimney, resting upon a ledge, provided two big stone fireplaces, one for the lounge and the other for the piazza. Bedrooms were outfitted with furniture made of native material. Even the lighting fixtures were fashioned out of sections of birch limbs. By later action the clubhouse was christened "Long Trail Lodge."

The Club adopted the policy of welcoming the public at its new home. Meals are obtainable by any who desire them. Guests introduced by members may have lodging overnight. Since the building is situated close to the motor thoroughfare through Sherburne Pass, it is easily accessible and has a host of visitors.

Improvement of trails and building of further shelters continued in 1924 and 1925. An open camp was built at Mount Tabor by the Killington section. Another was built at Ritterbush Pond, six miles south of the summit of Belvidere, and still another, called the Theron Dean Shelter, on

Stark Mountain. Shelters were erected near the summit of Pico Peak and at Noyes Pond, and a cabin was built near the old Goshen Lodge. A new observation tower was placed on the summit of Pico. Additions were made to the equipment at Long Trail Lodge. The work of scouting the Long Trail north from the summit of Belvidere made progress.

A notable link of the Long Trail was finished in 1925 through the activities of Professor Monroe and his assistants. This is a spectacular trail from the summit of Camel's Hump to the Winooski River and is intended to serve as an alternate route to Bolton.

And so the work of extending trails, building shelters, and making the beauties of the Green Mountains accessible continues and will continue. Where eight or ten summits were provided with paths twenty years ago, fifty or more are now within reach. Where the trails available then were sometimes vaguely marked or poorly planned, the paths to-day are designed not only to help the tramper safely to the top, but to afford outlooks and near-by pleasure while on the way. Where the paths then existing were isolated one from another, there is now a great system of trails with a central path extending from the Massachusetts line almost through to Canada. Along the route there

are thirty-one shelters for the overnight use of trampers.

Only those who have helped to cut trail and to build shelters can know what this means, both in the labor involved and in the pleasure resulting. A writer in the 'Middlebury Register,' returning from a first experience at erecting a shelter on a mountain trail, wrote thus:

'There may come a day when cabin-building on the Skyline Trail will be child's play. The imagination can picture the time when airplane landing stations may be hewn out on the mountain sides, and all the necessary paraphernalia can be dropped on the scene. But as things are now, the work of preparation is tremendous. The site has to be chosen with care; and, regardless of how inaccessible this may be, the axes and saws, hammers and spikes, chains and shovels, and other tools all have to be lugged up on the backs of the men. A bushel of potatoes, canned goods, beef and bacon and pork, fruit and milk and coffee, cocoa and tea, cereals, and a large outfit of cooking utensils and incidentals, all have to go up in the packs too. . . . This may not sound like work. But carry fifty to sixty pounds on your back up four miles of steep, rough trail and you will agree that it feels like something.'

But there are compensations in full measure.

The same writer in the midst of his thoughts of the hard work remembered other phases as well.

‘Sucker Brook,’ he wrote, ‘is a rendezvous for at least a few deer, for the tracks of several were seen, and one fine specimen of the animal itself was sighted. . . . Chipmunks were abundant. A hawk whose nest is at the halfway point on the trail gave warning of our invasion. An owl hooted his derision when our party sprawled out for the first night’s rest. The tree-squeaks were just in their mating season. The whole scene in the glen was delightful by night or by day. . . . A discovery of unusual interest was some phosphorescent wood, which glowed in the dark with the brilliancy of radium.’

With it all there is the joy of exploration, of discovering that which no other has found before you. And, most of all, there is the satisfaction of building that which those who follow, the friends whom you do not know and never will meet, will enjoy.

CHAPTER III

EQUIPMENT

MANY of the summits in the Green Mountains can be visited by climbs that occupy only a single day, from the time that you leave the highway, or other point of access, to the time that you return. Each of the highest five summits may thus easily be encompassed, with the exception of Mount Ellen, the northerly peak of Lincoln Mountain, which is a little out of reach unless one be capable of a somewhat vigorous journey. Most of the remaining summits to which trails have been built may be visited in similar fashion.

To those who are willing to taste of wilderness life, however, and who enjoy a more liberal allowance of woods and mountain trails, the Green Mountains offer, through the Long Trail, an alluring opportunity. Links in this trail serve as the best means of access to a considerable number of peaks, and as the only means of approach to others. Thus there is opportunity to combine the pleasures of a wilderness trip with those of climbs to the heights, the only penalty, if one choose to view it as such, being the necessity of adding various essentials to the equipment carried, since in

that case one will be sleeping out, will be cooking meals, and essentially will be setting up a movable home in the woods.

The tramper who goes for a day at a time may make his journey, if he wishes, with no special equipment and at the same time without danger or serious difficulty. Trails can be selected that are readily followed. No guides are needed. Ordinary city clothes can be made to do for trail wear, if necessary. It is much better to go that way than not to go at all, and indeed most of the people who have come to love these mountains, who have crossed them up and down and roundabout, made their first journey with no other equipment than that which they possessed for working in the back yard on a Saturday afternoon. The first point is to go, to see for yourself the wonders that mountain summits offer and to share the pleasures that they give.

But if you have time and inclination for moderate preparation beforehand, I would recommend that first of all you make sure about your shoes. This you should do even if you have opportunity to do nothing else. No one can say precisely what style of shoe is best suited to your comfort. But I think that there are four essentials to be demanded of any shoe that is to be satisfactory. They are the following:

First, the shoe must be broad enough to give your foot genuine freedom. Undoubtedly this means a wider shoe than many people usually wear. If you would see what room your foot would really like to have, take off one of your shoes, put your weight on that foot on a piece of paper laid on the floor, and trace on the paper the outline of the foot that is carrying your weight. Take up the shoe that you have just removed and place it on the outline. Observe whether you are really giving your foot freedom to do the task that you ask of it. Then get your tramping shoes to conform to the needs of your feet and not to some other standard.

Second, tramping shoes ought to be light in weight. Some day you will have the experience of tramping for a while in shoes that are heavy and then changing to a pair that are a few ounces lighter, and you will be amazed at the difference.

Third, your shoes ought to be flexible and easy to walk in. New leather shoes as they come from the store are nearly always more or less stiff. It is all right to break in such shoes a little at a time, until the leather has become more pliable and the shoe has shaped itself to your foot. But to put on a new shoe at the beginning of a mountain climb of eight or ten miles is a different matter.

And fourth, the shoe that you tramp in should be durable. Most of us possess old shoes that are

well enough broken in and possibly will suffice for a good deal of wear from day to day in ordinary going. But in mountain climbing you will be asking unusual service of your footgear. Your shoes should be capable of giving it and should not be likely to leave you in the lurch halfway through your journey.

The kind of soles to select is a matter of individual preference. So, too, in a measure, is the choice between leather uppers and those made of substantial canvas. Crêpe rubber soles are more durable and will stand more punishment than ordinary rubber soles. They cling well to dry rocks, though they are treacherous on a wet and earthy bit of trail. Leather soles continue to be the standby of many trampers. Leather is less likely to slip if you will insert in each sole about eight or ten roundhead, blued screws, close to the margin.

In the matter of clothing the ultimate guide is bound to be individual preference. Woolen material, if of good quality and firmly woven, is comfortable and not seriously unpleasant when it gets wet. Canvas clothing can be obtained that will resist rain until it has been worn for a time. Whether or not to take a coat is always a matter of preference, though it is my own belief that it has far less place in the woods than it has on city

streets. There is just one matter of clothing that seems to me to be worth insisting upon, and that is that women trampers shall wear either knickers or riding-breeches. Skirts are out of place on mountain trails.

In one-day climbs you will not usually start on a rainy morning. But you will sometime find yourself returning in a downpour, while in a journey extending over several days you will need to accept whatever the skies may offer. It seems to me to be worth while to carry some sort of garment that will save you from getting completely soaked in case of a shower. A long-tailed raincoat will do this in the city, but, like skirts for women, it is out of place in mountain climbing. A poncho will do a halfway job. The best garment that I know of and the one that goes with me on every trip that I make is a sort of rainshirt made of thin, lightweight, waterproof material. It is just big enough to go on comfortably over outer garments and it extends nearly to my knees. It has sleeves that are set into the garment by openings large enough to let my arms slip through readily. The front is closed. The pattern is the same as that of the parka widely used in the Far North, but minus the fur trimmings. It shuts out the winds that blow across cold summits, it keeps out driving fog and brisk rain, and it will bring its owner reasonably

dry to a camp site at the end of a day of bad weather.

In your pockets when you start out on a woods trail there should always be a supply of matches, no matter whether you expect to be back in a few hours or not. A part of these should be tightly enclosed in a waterproof matchbox such as can be bought in any sporting goods store and at most hardware stores. You should have a compass, and it should be your rule before you start on a day's journey to get the bearings of your surroundings and to find out in what direction your objective lies. In your pockets also should be a good jack-knife — a remark that applies quite as much to women trampers as to men. If you are going back by train, a time-table may save much speculation. If you are interested in elevations, a pocket aneroid, by which you can read your approximate elevation from time to time, will be a source of continual interest. So will a pedometer, even though its accuracy is only relative in mountain travel.

For much of the region in which the Green Mountains lie good maps are available. The guide-book issued by the Green Mountain Club and obtainable at a small charge by sending to the Club headquarters at Rutland, Vermont, contains sketch maps of the Long Trail and the mileage between important points as well as brief descrip-

tions. It does not include mountains that the Long Trail does not touch upon.

That part of the Long Trail between Belvidere Mountain on the north and Middlebury Gap on the south is covered by a series of detail maps drawn by Captain Herbert Wheaton Congdon and obtainable at twenty-five cents each, by sending to the Club headquarters at Rutland. There are twelve of these maps, as follows:

B, from Belvidere Mountain to Parker Camp.

A, from Parker Camp to Johnson.

No. 1, from Johnson to Sterling Pond.

No. 2, from Madonna Peak, Sterling Pond, and Morse's Mill to the Nose of Mansfield.

No. 3, from the Chin of Mansfield to the Lake Mansfield Trout Club.

No. 4, from the Trout Club to Bolton.

No. 5, from the deserted village above Bolton to Montclair Glen Lodge.

No. 6, from the summit of Camel's Hump, or Couching Lion, to Burnt Rock Mountain.

No. 7, from Burnt Rock Mountain to Glen Ellen Lodge.

No. 8, from Glen Ellen Lodge to the Lincoln-Warren Pass.

No. 9, from the Lincoln-Warren Pass to Emily Proctor Lodge and the summit of Bread Loaf Mountain.

No. 10, from Emily Proctor Lodge to Middlebury Gap and Worth Mountain.

The topographic maps issued by the United States Geological Survey cover only a part of Vermont, largely the western part of the State, although the series is complete across the bottom line of the State and across the middle at Woodstock. The quadrangles available that include substantial mountain territory are as follows, beginning at the latitude of Burlington:

Burlington	Camel's Hump	Montpelier
Middlebury	Lincoln Mountain	Barre
Brandon	Rochester	Castleton
Rutland	Woodstock	Pawlet
Wallingford	Equinox	Londonderry
Bennington	Wilmington	Brattleboro

The maps themselves are obtainable at some bookstores, or may be secured by sending to the United States Geological Survey, Washington, D.C. The price is ten cents each. Each map measures about sixteen and a half by twenty inches, and is on a scale of approximately one mile to the inch. An outline map of Vermont, which shows the area covered by each topographic sheet, is obtainable without charge by addressing the Geological Survey at Washington.

For a general map of Vermont a sheet issued by the State Highway Department serves well. This

measures twenty-eight by forty-four inches and exhibits all of the roads of the State, as well as railroads and watercourses. The Long Trail of the Green Mountain Club, the Winged Ski Trail of the Brattleboro Outing Club, and a few approach trails, are shown by dotted lines. The general trend of the principal mountain ranges is indicated. The map is distributed by the Secretary of State, Montpelier, Vermont, and is obtainable on request.

Whether you are off for a day's journey or for several days, you are likely to carry with you camera and films, sweater or outer garment, a poncho or other rain garment, lunch or food supplies, and possibly a kettle or frypan and a canteen. A satisfactory way to carry these is in a packbag or rucksack. If they are carried in this way, on your back, they are secure and your hands are free. The kind of packbag to select, as in the matter of shoes or clothing, is a question of preference. The bag that will carry comfortably from your shoulders may not suit some one else. If you have climbed many mountains and have carried a pack a few hundred miles, you probably have gone through a certain sequence, trying first one pack and then another, until finally in the whole collection you arrive at one that appears to fit your particular anatomy. In general, packbags may easily be too large and too heavy. Straps, buckles,

and the material of which the bag is made should be durable and trustworthy, but they need not be built like the harness for a horse.

The food supplies for a trip of a single day may, of course, be practically whatever fancy dictates. You can carry canned goods, fresh fruit, loaves of bread, or whatever else you like. You may wish to cook your noontime meal, or at least to have something hot from the fire, if only tea or coffee. There is an undeniable satisfaction in a good meal cooked out of doors, as compared with a lunch made up of sandwiches and other similar supplies prepared before starting.

If you cook a meal, beware of permitting your fire to spread. The Green Mountains are surpassingly beautiful, in part because they are covered with magnificent forests. It is a calamity that strikes at the joys of every one when any part of that forest is injured or destroyed by fire. A little heap of rocks in the middle of a stream bed is the safest place that I know of to build a fire, and even there the fire should be not much larger than you can cover with your two hands. Before you leave the spot, make use of the water from the stream and put out the fire. Remember that the building of any fire in the open is forbidden within State Forest reservations, such as that on Camel's Hump.

If your journey is to last for more than one day you will or should select your food supplies with deference as to their weight. Dried fruits weigh far less than fresh fruits and can be made thoroughly palatable. Dried vegetables may be bought when they happen to be on the market. They can be prepared at home. If you set out to prepare them yourself, you will find it best to use only moderate heat in the drying process. The oven in which you place them to dry should be only warm, not hot.

There is one article of food that I believe in providing in liberal amounts, even though everything is carried on your back. That item is fresh butter. It is valuable food in itself in proportion to weight, and it is exceedingly useful with other foods. Pack it in a friction-top tin, cool it well before you start, place it in a spring or stream when you camp, and it will keep for many days. Sugar, also, should be taken in liberal amounts. It is valuable fuel with which to fire up the bodily furnace when energies are lagging.

Most food supplies can be carried conveniently and satisfactorily in small paraffined bags made of such cotton cloth as you can obtain at any dry-goods store. You can construct these in various sizes, sew tapes near the top with which to tie them shut, dip them in a mixture of one part of warm paraffin dissolved in two parts of gasolene,

and hang them up to dry and to lose the gasoline smell, which they will do presently.

The following table gives the amounts of staple food supplies consumed in the average, per day, per person, by members of tramping parties where I have had opportunity to keep accurate record:

Butter.....	2 ozs.
Sugar.....	2 to 3 ozs.
Bacon, 3 long strips.....	$2\frac{1}{2}$ ozs.
Prunes, 6, seeded.....	3 ozs.
Dry cereal.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs.
Powdered milk.....	$\frac{3}{4}$ oz.
Triscuit or other dry substitute for bread.....	5 ozs.
Ready-prepared cocoa, containing powdered milk and sugar.....	2 ozs.
Dehydrated vegetables, two varieties.....	1 oz. each — 2 ozs.
Dried apples for sauce.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs.
Maple sugar, hard.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs.
Nuts.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs.

People who drink a good deal of coffee at home are apt to feel a desire for it at the beginning of a woodland tramp of several days, but the desire usually diminishes. Lumberjacks and old woodsmen drink more tea than coffee. Cocoa is an acceptable drink, especially that of the modern variety that contains milk and sugar already added in the right proportions.

Your packbag, if you are going to remain out

more than one day, must contain either blankets or sleeping-bag. Of the two, blankets are obtainable without delay or bother, but a sleeping-bag has definite advantages. It is decidedly more economical of material and, weight for weight, will keep you warmer at night. It often happens that blankets are too firmly woven to provide the best sort of insulation. Such blankets are durable, of course, and do not pick up dirt so readily as those that are fluffy, but they are far less warm. Sleeping-bags can be bought that do not weigh over four pounds and that will ensure sufficient warmth, even on the chilly nights of spring and fall. An excellent bag can be made at home out of a wool bat weighing about two and a half pounds, covered with any close-woven, light-weight material that will not let the wool come through. When you have covered the bat, fold it over, sew it up along the edge, and thus make it into a bag open at the top.

If you are following the Long Trail, you will find shelters every five or six miles for most of the distance. Thus you will not need a tent. But if you are willing to carry a very light, small shelter tent, just big enough to give you proper protection for the night, you are independent of shelters, you can go elsewhere if the quarters happen to be crowded, you can stop and camp when you are ready, pro-

vided there is water and suitable ground available, and, furthermore, you can penetrate to places where shelters do not exist.

There is no one best shelter tent. An excellent plan is to buy about five or six yards of the most closely woven, light-weight cotton cloth that you can find, design a small tent of your own, make it, paraffin it, and enjoy it. Such a tent need not weigh more than two pounds.

In your packbag for a wilderness journey you will need a small hand axe, the lighter the better. There is practically no reason for cutting heavy wood, and none for cutting any at all if you will find dry small limbs to pull down and break up into short pieces. You will wish to have an axe for driving tent stakes and for occasional chopping. But the very smallest that you can find is all that is necessary.

You will carry, also, a few other sundries: one or two candles or possibly a small carbide lamp; a toilet bag in which you will have soap, towel, and so on; fly dope if you are journeying in spring or early summer when black flies or midges are on the warpath; such extra clothing as you may elect to take with you. A flashlight is sometimes exceedingly handy, but I believe that the kind to select is the smallest and lightest that you can obtain. If you must travel a trail after dark, let your



MONTCLAIR GLEN LODGE

eyes become accustomed to the dim light. Under those circumstances a flashlight that is alternately on and off may be a bother rather than a help and is likely soon to give out. Save it for emergencies — for descending a steep cliff in the dark, or crossing a stream where you must jump from rock to rock, or finding something that you have lost.

This array of articles to carry with you may give the impression of a heavy and awesome burden. But it should not be so. I have started on a three weeks' journey, in which I crossed three mountain ranges, with a packbag that weighed only twelve and three quarters pounds, including sleeping-bag, tent, extra clothing, cooking-kit, toilet articles, rain garment, and the weight of the packbag itself.

Even if you cannot go for a longer stay, do not omit the one-day trips. They have their advantages. They will enable you to share in the pleasures of mountain trails and to taste the joys of beautiful summits. You can choose your weather and you can go with little or no burden to carry. But if you can go for a longer stay, do not forego the opportunity, for there are few experiences in this world that can yield as much genuine and varied pleasure.

CHAPTER IV

HAYSTACK MOUNTAIN

A mountain with a sharp summit cone and a broad, deep lake just under the precipitous peak. The view a wide and complete panorama. An excellent trail. Distance, highway to summit and return, $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Time 4 hours. Option of varying the return by taking a trail that is partly poorly marked, leading past the lake and entering the main trail part-way down the mountain. Distance by this route the same.

FIFTEEN miles from the southern boundaries of Vermont, and midway of the State from east to west, there is a vigorous ridge extending in a north-and-south direction for about five miles. The northerly end of this ridge is known as 'Mount Pisgah' and is its highest point, with an altitude of 3605 feet. At the southerly end is a peak that is really the striking feature of the ridge. It is only slightly less than Mount Pisgah in altitude, its height being 3462 feet, and it is distinctive in contour — a definite, pointed cone suggestive of its name, Haystack Mountain.

There is a remarkable and beautiful lake high up on the mountain, just northeast of the summit and almost overhung by the cliffs that drop from the summit. It is a much larger lake than one would

expect to find at such an altitude, its length being nearly three quarters of a mile and its width about half as much. In its situation and its relative size, an extensive body of deep water almost at the summit of a craggy mountain, it has unusual interest.

A very good trail, to which access by highway is easy and which can readily be followed, leads to the top of the mountain. A branch trail, steep but passable, descends from the summit to the blue lake and may be followed on out to a point where it joins the main trail.

If you are coming by motor from Bennington or from Brattleboro, you will follow Route 9 to a point about a mile and a quarter west of Wilmington, where a road turns squarely off, directly north. Avoiding a short private road leading to the left to a farmhouse, and another on the left that passes through woods and gives access to a second farm, you will cross a substantial stream, somewhat more than a mile from the point where you left Route 9. Just beyond there is a fork. The road to the right at this point leads uphill and swings around past a number of farms to the east. The road straight ahead penetrates the valley a short distance and stops.

On the road that runs straight ahead, a few yards beyond this fork, there is a private road

turning to the left, crossing a stream, and leading past farm buildings on the slope just beyond. There is a sign, 'Haystack Mountain,' where this farm road turns off. Cars should be left at this point.

Crossing the stream and following the farm road the trail passes to the left of the house and to the right of the barn. There is a sign, 'Haystack Mountain,' on a corner of the barn. The road now becomes a cart track. Crossing the field back of the barn in a diagonal direction it enters the woods at the farther right-hand corner of this field. The place where it enters is clearly evident, and the road itself, beyond that point, is wide and unmistakable. In fact, it has been used in recent times by horse-drawn vehicles up to a big spring, farther along.

The grades for nearly two miles are moderate and the climbing is easy. About half an hour from the start of the trail a telephone wire comes in on the left. This is the line that runs to the cabin of the forest fire lookout near the summit, its lower end cutting across through the woods in the direction of Wilmington. The distance to this point is about a mile and a quarter and the gain in altitude is about seven hundred feet.

Presently the trail becomes almost level for a few yards. There is a water main here that follows

the route of the trail for a distance and is not always wholly buried. Sections of iron pipe driven vertically into the ground mark the spot where the main crosses the path from time to time.

This main runs to a private reservoir east of Wilmington and is eight miles long. There is another line, a larger one, which descends the mountain, drawing part of its supply from the lake high up toward the summit and furnishing water for the city of Wilmington. This line also follows the route of the trail for a time.

A little above the place where the water-pipe is first noted, a small brook crosses the path from right to left. Just beyond the brook there is a small enclosed basin on the right of the trail and a few rods beyond this there is another larger one on the left. The smaller one helps to carry and regulate the flow of water in one of the mains. The larger one encloses the big spring from which the private water line draws its supply.

The trail for the summit keeps to the right of the larger basin and soon passes the unmarked end of the trail that comes down from the lake. This is not much traveled and may not be noted unless you look for it.

About ten minutes after passing the spring the trail arrives at the beginning of the steeper part of the climb. The lake lies off in the woods to the

right. The course that the trail is following does not lead directly toward the top of the mountain, but climbs a ridge that extends southerly from the summit, follows that in a northwesterly direction, and then circles to the right. Thus, when you arrive at the top of the mountain you will be coming from the northwest, having approached by the opposite side from that where you made your start.

The summit is a rough and broken cone. There are spruces growing rather thickly in what soil there is, and these for the most part shut off the view, but there is a substantial wooden tower which is easily climbed and which has a platform at the top enclosed to the height of one's chest. From this a full panorama is afforded.

Because it is so far south in the State the view from Haystack Mountain is made up largely of different elements from those that you find in the views from most other summits. To the south you look far across into Massachusetts, over the waters of the large, artificial lake known as the Whitingham Reservoir. To the west is a wilderness territory. To the northwest are the Taconics, to the north the summits of the Green Mountains, and to the northeast, if the air is clear enough, your eye can pick out summits that are a hundred miles away.

In this wide sweep of view to the northeast, Ascutney Mountain, situated near the Connecticut River and forty-six miles from where you stand, is unmistakable. If the air is very clear you may be able to see some of the White Mountains in that same direction, to the right of Ascutney, but the distance to the Presidentials is approximately a hundred and twenty-five miles, and they can be seen only in the clearest conditions of atmosphere. Moosilauke is practically in line with Ascutney and is ninety-six miles distant. The Franconias are slightly to the right of Moosilauke and are fourteen miles farther away. Mount Monadnock, in southern New Hampshire, is somewhat south of east and is forty-three miles distant.

South from your viewpoint sections of the Whitingham Reservoir shine in the midst of their surrounding hills, looking like three separate lakes. Over the middle one, and farther away, is Sadawga Pond, interesting in the fact that on its surface is a large floating island. Over the left of this pond you can see Mount Tom, which looks very small at this distance and which has a precipitous drop on its right-hand margin. To the right of Mount Tom, in a southwesterly direction, is Greylock, its outline irregular and steep on the left.

Bennington is down in the valley and fourteen

miles distant, almost due west. Northwest is the big bulk of Glastenbury Mountain, which appears as a long ridge. It is nine miles distant. To the right of Glastenbury but much farther away is Mount Equinox, which lies immediately west of Manchester, and is the highest of the Taconics. It is twenty miles distant. Through the notch to the right of Equinox, if the air is clear, you can see some of the peaks in the Adirondacks, sixty miles or more away. Other summits of the Taconics in the town of Dorset shut off further view in that direction.

East of north and close at hand extends the long ridge of which Haystack is a part, ending in the rounded summit of Mount Pisgah three miles and a half distant. Stratton Mountain, which is twelve miles away, is in line with Pisgah and practically hidden by it.

In the same direction, but slightly more to the right, is Killington Peak, thirty-seven miles away. It can be distinguished as a rather sharp point in the midst of other summits. Its compass direction is east of north. To the left of Pisgah and twenty-four to thirty miles distant are the mountains of Peru and others in that region, including Bromley Mountain, which is a rounded, irregular mass, and to its left the flat top of Table Mountain.

You can plainly see part of Haystack Lake from



FORESTER'S CABIN AT HAYSTACK POND

the tower on the mountain. It looks to be very near at hand, but it is nearly five hundred feet lower than the top of the mountain and is by no means as near as it looks.

The trail down to the lake leads to the left, just at the foot of the tower. It is rough, and part of it is steep, but it is easily followed as far as the lake. The distance from the summit of the mountain to the lake is a little more than half a mile. The time required for the descent is ten to fifteen minutes. To return to the summit, if you elect to do so, will require twenty to thirty minutes. You should not attempt to go down to the lake in dusk or very dense fog without exercising care, for there are precipitous drops just off the trail, and to lose your way might involve serious risk.

At the lake the trail comes out just back of the cabin occupied through the summer by the forest fire lookout. There is a spring near the cabin, a few yards to the right of it as you face the lake.

It is possible to take a trail from the cabin out to the main trail, joining it a short distance above the big spring, but the route is not the clear-cut, well-marked path followed in climbing the mountain. If you can have some one paddle you across the lake to the point where the pipe-line starts that supplies water for the city of Wilmington, you will find relatively open going from there on. Other-

wise it is necessary to follow a winding trail around the right shore of the lake. There is a path, open and well-traveled, which starts out around the left shore as you face the lake, but this does not lead down the mountain.

The trail around the right margin of the lake starts over wet ground, passing the spring a few yards from the cabin. It soon skirts the foot of the cliffs, cuts through the woods diagonally at a gentle downward grade, and presently emerges in the more clearly marked path that you would be following if you were taken across the lake by boat.

From this point the distance to the main trail is short. Ten minutes will suffice to bring you out in the path a little above the spring. The way out to the highway from that point is open and unmistakable.

CHAPTER V

STRATTON MOUNTAIN

Essentially a wilderness mountain. The summit wooded, but provided with a tower, from which the views are extensive. A link of the Long Trail gives easy access. Because the mountain stands on elevated foundations the rise from the beginning of the trail to the summit is less than with most others of similar height. Distance, highway to summit and return, about $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Time 4 hours.

IN the midst of a wilderness in southern Vermont rises Stratton Mountain, seventeen miles east of the line between Vermont and New York and twenty-four miles north of the Massachusetts boundary. The Indian name of the mountain was 'Manicknung,' but it has long since been known by the name of the town in which it lies, that name in turn being derived from that of Samuel Stratton who was one of the early settlers of the town. It is a large mountain with a long and gently curving summit that extends in a northeast and southwest direction. Its slopes on the northwest are drained by branches of the Windhall River, which swings north and east and finds its outlet in West River; those on the east are drained by another branch of West River; and those on the south by a branch of the Deerfield River.

The foundations of the mountain are broadly

placed and are fifteen hundred to two thousand feet above sea level. Thus, although its summit is 3839 feet above the sea the journey to the top from a road on the south represents a climb of somewhat less than fifteen hundred feet. The view from the tower on the summit is broad, sweeping over much wilderness and including many distant summits.

A link of the Long Trail leads to the top of the mountain from the road to the south of it and provides easy access. The best way to reach the beginning of the trail is to go to West Wardsboro and follow the highway that leads westerly from that town and eventually finds its way across a high divide to the village of East Arlington in the valley of the Battenkill River. This highway passes the foot of the trail. West Wardsboro is on a motor route leading from Wilmington north and north-east. If you are coming from the direction of Bennington or Brattleboro, you will follow Route 9 as far as Wilmington, then turn north and proceed through West Dover to West Wardsboro, where you will turn west and follow the road that heads toward the divide and East Arlington. If you are coming from the north, you will follow Route 101 as far as East Jamaica, where you will diverge and take the road to Wardsboro and West Wardsboro, whence you will proceed as noted.



STRATTON MOUNTAIN FROM MOUNT EQUINOX

Through most of the summer season you can, if you wish, reach the foot of the trail by following the narrow, winding, and unusual road that leads east up the valley of Roaring Branch from the village of East Arlington, a few miles south of Manchester. As you drive out of the village you will pass a road in half a mile that branches to the south. In three quarters of a mile beyond this you will cross Roaring Branch and will here turn sharply to the right.

From this point the road is one of steep grades winding its way up into the mountain wilderness, with the rapid waters of Roaring Branch close beside it. In about two miles and a half a little-used road leads off to the south, following a branch stream. Continuing up the main stream for another two miles and a half you will arrive at an opening known as 'Kelley Stand,' once a considerable community, now evidenced by only a few empty houses.

The road soon crosses one of the forks of Roaring Branch, passes through an area in which there is little grade but much swamp, and then again climbs steeply to the top of the divide where it reaches an altitude of 2726 feet. Soon it begins to descend steeply on the easterly side and after a time becomes a more traveled road, wide enough for vehicles to pass.

Presently, a sign on the right indicates the spot where the Long Trail, coming from the south, enters the highway, which it follows to the east for a distance of about two miles. After crossing a stream you will pass the site where there was a great gathering at a Harrison and Tyler rally in 1840 and where Daniel Webster addressed the throng. For this rally the Whigs built a log cabin fifty feet wide and one hundred feet long. A marker on the left of the road indicates the spot where the meeting was held. About a mile beyond this point you will reach open fields, and here the Long Trail leaves the highway that you have been following, turning to the left for the summit of Stratton Mountain.

This means of approach to the mountain trail is best not undertaken in bad weather, for the road is by no means a motor thoroughfare. In good weather it is unique and interesting.

The trail from the road to the summit of the mountain was built by the Vermont Forest Service and is known as the 'Ross Trail.' It begins near an abandoned house and adjacent to the northwesterly end of the Winged Ski Trail, coming from Brattleboro. The end of the Winged Ski Trail is marked by a large sign and the beginning of the trail up Stratton Mountain is marked by a smaller sign.

The route of the trail across the field in a northerly direction is marked by occasional targets. About five minutes after leaving the highway the path enters evergreen woods and four minutes farther there is a spring. A few rods beyond this the trail leaves the close-growing evergreens and enters a hardwood forest. The path is cut out to a substantial width and follows steady, moderate grades. Fifteen to twenty minutes beyond the first spring there is another, on the right of the trail. The altitude at this point is somewhat more than five hundred feet above the highway and the distance to this spot is a little less than a mile.

In six or eight minutes the trail passes a sign which indicates that you are forty-two miles by Long Trail from the Massachusetts line and nine miles from Prospect Rock. Occasional large spruces now make their appearance in the midst of hardwoods. About fifteen minutes after passing the sign the path turns to the left and begins broad zigzags. The distance from the highway to this point is about a mile and three quarters and the altitude here is a little less than nine hundred feet above the beginning of the trail.

Ten minutes farther there is a spring on the left, and a few rods beyond this there is another Long Trail sign which now reads, '43 miles to Massachusetts line, 8 miles to Prospect Rock.' A little

beyond this the trail turns sharply to the left, then to the right, and zigzags up the final slope of the mountain. After about ten minutes it enters a stretch that is nearly level, where small evergreens grow closely on either side. In another two minutes it reaches the top of the mountain, coming out at the foot of the steel tower which stands on the summit. The distance from the highway to this point is about two and three quarters miles.

Since the summit of the mountain is closely wooded, it is necessary to utilize the tower in order to enjoy the view. There is a small platform enclosed with a railing of wire at the top. Access to this is by means of a ladder made of iron loops attached to the angle iron that forms one of the corner posts of the tower. In windy or stormy weather this ladder may not be relished. However, it is not necessary to climb all of the way to the platform in order to see over the tops of the rather low-growing trees that cover the summit of the mountain.

As you look abroad from the tower you see many wooded slopes and ridges about you, with several ponds shining in the midst of the forest. A little west of south is Somerset Reservoir, an extensive body of water made by damming the east branch of the Deerfield River and serving as a storage basin for the important power develop-

ments of the region to the south. Just to its left is a high, wooded ridge, the nearer end of which is known as 'Mount Pisgah.' At the farther end, but hidden by Pisgah, is the cone of Haystack Mountain. To the right of the Reservoir is a broad valley and on its right are the slopes that lead to the summit of Glastenbury Mountain, ten miles distant in an airline from your viewpoint. Bennington is beyond and behind Glastenbury, and in the same line.

West and northwest from where you stand are peaks of the Taconics. Almost due west is Spruce Peak, fifteen miles distant. To its right, north of the valley of the Battenkill, is Red Mountain, thirteen miles distant. Again, to the right and approximately northwest by compass is Equinox, the highest of the Taconics, twelve miles away.

To the right of Equinox is the valley in which Dorset and South Dorset lie and to the right of that are Mount Æolus and Dorset Mountain, a little west of north from your viewpoint. The distance to Æolus is thirteen miles and that to Dorset is sixteen.

Slightly east of north is the wooded summit of Bromley Mountain, eleven miles away, and behind it is Mount Tabor. To the right of these you can see Killington Peak, thirty-seven miles distant. Again to the right, but somewhat nearer, is Lud-

low Mountain, twenty-four miles away. East of northeast Mount Ascutney stands out plainly, thirty-two miles distant. Farther to the right and almost due east is Mount Sunapee in New Hampshire, forty-seven miles away. Still farther to the right and in a direction a little east of southeast by compass, Mount Monadnock may readily be distinguished at a distance of forty-five miles.

The return from the summit of Stratton to the Arlington-Wardsboro road is easily accomplished in an hour, for the trail is broad and open and it offers no steep grades to delay progress.

There are two other trails leading from the summit of the mountain, in addition to the one by which you ascended. One of these is a continuation of the Long Trail. It is marked by a sign and it will be found passing close to the left of the tower. From the summit of the mountain to Prospect Rock, three and a half miles from Manchester, is a distance of approximately eight miles. Another trail, which is not marked by a sign, leads easterly from the summit. This gives access to a small cabin which once served as shelter for the forest fire lookout, and is half-a-mile distant from the summit. There is an excellent spring near the cabin.

In addition to these still another trail, formerly much used, branches from the Long Trail a few

rods south of the summit of the mountain and descends the mountain in a southeasterly direction, coming out upon the Stratton-Jamaica road about a mile below the old Stratton church. This route is known as the 'Stratton Mountain Club Trail' and was maintained by a voluntary organization known as the 'Stratton Mountain Club.'

The tower on the summit of the mountain was originally much higher than it is now. It was not built strongly enough to withstand the wind velocities that it was exposed to, and it was partly wrecked by a storm that swept the mountain in the winter of 1920-21. Some of the twisted framework lies near the present structure. A section of it, however, came through the gale without serious harm and was used to make the present structure. It is not heavily built, but it is anchored to many trees and stumps and in its present height is probably able to survive whatever blasts may strike it.

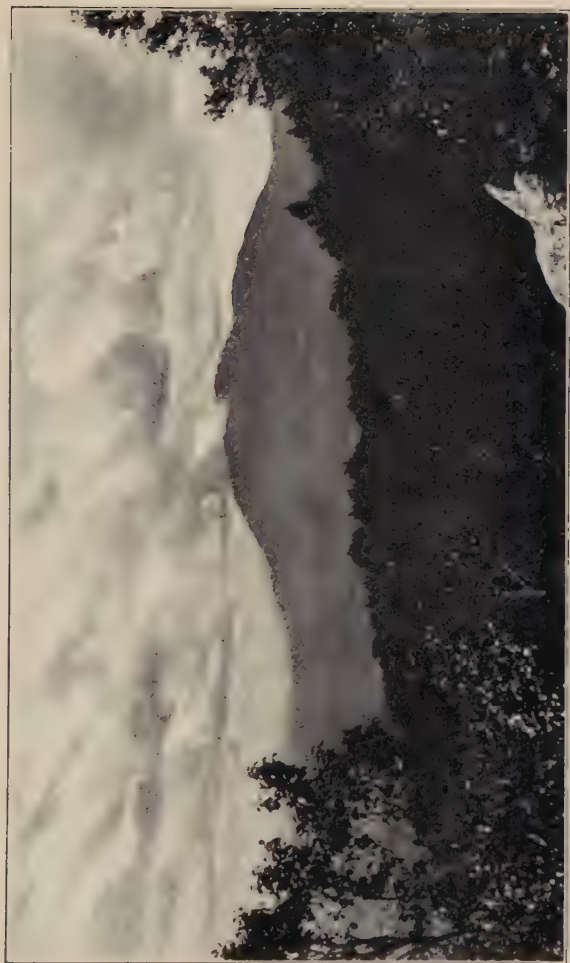
CHAPTER VI

MOUNT EQUINOX

The highest of the Taconic Mountains. A broad mass, with steep slopes. A rocky opening adjacent to the summit affords a panorama. Lower there is a lookout ledge with a wide view. The trail broad and unmistakable, except close to the summit itself. Distance, highway to summit and return, $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles. To the lookout ledge only, half a mile less. Time, highway to summit and return $5\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 hours. Optional return route by trail to north from lookout ledge.

MOUNT EQUINOX is beyond doubt one of the most impressive of the Taconic Mountains, that irregular group that is strung out along the southerly line of the boundary between Vermont and New York. It is a mountain of steep slopes and rugged crown and it stands out impressively because it rises directly from the broad valley of the Battenkill River. Its altitude is 3816 feet. At its foot on the east lies the village of Manchester, and from the edge of this village runs a trail that climbs to an excellent viewpoint on a northerly spur of the mountain and thence a short distance to the summit.

Manchester is situated on the through motor route that runs from North Adams through Bennington to Rutland and beyond. It is reached eas-



MOUNT EQUINOX FROM MOUNT ÆOLUS

ily from the east, also, by Route 11 coming from Springfield, Vermont, and by Route 101 coming from Brattleboro.

The Taconics are essentially a different group from the main axis of the Green Mountains. They are related to the latter in a way, for both the Taconics and the main range are very ancient mountains and both represent the results of long-continued weathering and denuding by the forces of ice and water, proceeding through countless ages. But if you will look at a contour map of the mountains west of the Battenkill and compare their ground-plan with that of the mountains rising to the east and southeast, you will find that the former are a jumble of twisting lines with great numbers of summits crowded closely about, while the latter have broad and sweeping curves with summits that yield gently one to another.

Only a few of the Taconics in Vermont are as yet accessible by trail. While there are highways winding about in their valleys and usually sufficient means of access to their bases, many of them rise precipitously, and for the most part they are not climbed. Because of their abrupt contour there are many distinct summits in proportion to the total area covered by the whole group.

The direct path from Manchester to the summit of Equinox has been in use for many years and is

known as the Burr and Burton Trail, so named from the Burr and Burton Seminary. It begins just back of the Seminary buildings and for a time crosses ground that is owned by that well-known institution. Maintenance of the trail is largely the work of the Seminary staff and the students.

The Seminary is situated at the end of a street running west from the Manchester Library, one block north of the Equinox House. Back of the large stone main building there is a barn, in front of which a cart road ascends a short slope, proceeding thence through a field that rises gradually to the west. Part-way across the field you will find a sign indicating that the cart road is the beginning of the trail.

In about ten minutes the path enters a wood road, along which it continues by easy grades. It is well defined, curves slowly to right and left, and is wide enough for horse-drawn vehicles. In this lower part, in fact, it might be used for such, although farther along the grade is too steep for anything on wheels.

About three quarters of an hour from the start you will pass a fairly conspicuous rock on the left of the trail. The distance to this point is about a mile and a half and the altitude here is a little more than twelve hundred feet above that at the beginning of the trail.

A short distance beyond, the path begins to slab the side of the mountain. On the right the forested slope above is very steep, while on the left there is a corresponding pitch. The grade of the trail is now at a decided incline, and while the path continues to have the appearance of a cart road it is no longer passable for any sort of ordinary conveyance. In this section the path has a southerly direction, having swung around to the left since leaving the Seminary.

Two or three minutes after the steep grade begins you will hear the sound of falling water to the left, and in three or four minutes more will arrive at a branch trail which leads down to Equinox Spring. There is a sign at this point. It is worth following the branch trail in order to see the spring and to have a drink of its cool water. A minute or two will suffice to reach it from the main trail, though a little more will be required for the return because the way is steep. The spring itself comes out from the side of the mountain with a rush and flows away like a young torrent. The basin in which it starts is roofed over. The spring is about fifteen hundred feet above the village of Manchester.

Returning now to the main trail you will find the path climbing steadily. About twenty-five minutes from the branch that leads to the spring

there is another branch which leads to the left in the direction of Table Rock, some distance down the side of the mountain. The altitude above the village of Manchester at this point is about twenty-two hundred feet and the distance from the Seminary is about two miles and a half.

The trail now swings squarely to the right and the grades become relatively easy. Ten minutes farther there is a branch path that leads up to the left through the woods. This eventually gives access to a spring, but the distance to it is considerable. The branch proceeds straight uphill for about five minutes, then turns sharply to the left and zigzags through close-growing evergreens for another five minutes, coming out finally at the edge of an opening that has been logged. The spring is close at hand. From this logged opening there is a good view of the summit of the mountain, which is straight above and not far away, practically at the upper edge of the logged area. There is an excellent view, also, of distant mountains to the south and southeast. The altitude of this spring above the village of Manchester is approximately twenty-five hundred feet.

Again returning to the main trail you will find the way ahead nearly level. In ten minutes you will arrive at a junction where paths diverge, to right and left. The path to the right leads to a

lookout ledge while that to the left leads to the summit of the mountain. The time required from the junction to the lookout is about five minutes. The time from the junction to the summit of the mountain is about fifteen minutes.

The trail to the lookout passes close to the crest of a sharp ridge and follows it to a point where it begins to drop off on the north. Here there is an open ledge that commands an unobstructed view over the greater part of a half-circle in an easterly direction.

Near the right margin of this view and twenty miles away the sharp peak of Haystack Mountain is visible at the right end of a ridge which looks shortened because of the distance. The summit at the left end of the ridge is Pisgah. Stratton Mountain is twelve miles distant and appears as a long ridge rising above the wooded slopes beyond the Battenkill Valley. Mount Monadnock in New Hampshire, fifty-five miles distant, is visible in clear weather, just to the left of Stratton. Bromley Mountain is a broad, wooded summit almost due east, ten miles away. Mount Ascutney, in eastern Vermont, is thirty-eight miles distant and is nearly in line with Bromley. At the left margin of the view and somewhat continuous with Bromley is Mount Tabor, thirteen miles away. Ludlow Mountain, twenty-five miles distant, is almost in line with Tabor.

A few feet west of the lookout ledge a trail begins that leads to the northeast, to a road that climbs over the divide between Equinox Mountain and Bear Mountain. This road connects with the highway from Manchester to Dorset. The trail follows essentially the northeasterly spur of the mountain, remaining near the crest of it most of the way, though following easy grades. The distance from the lookout point to the road is somewhat more than two miles. This route was once used for taking horse-drawn vehicles up to the lookout ledge on the mountain.

If you elect to follow this route on your return from the mountain you will arrive at the road mentioned close to the place where it crosses the divide and where it has reached an altitude of about twenty-three hundred feet above sea level. Turning right you will descend sharply for more than a mile and then more gradually for another mile and a half. In the lower part a road enters on the left from the direction of South Dorset. You will continue until you come out upon the road from South Dorset to Manchester, where you will turn right and will follow this to the village of Manchester, which is two miles distant. To return from the mountain by this route requires somewhat more than twice as long a journey as to return by the path used in ascending, but it is a

pleasant variation and is feasible if there is sufficient time.

Returning now to the junction where the trails diverged, and taking the branch to the summit, you will find the path winding about at first in the midst of close-growing, small evergreens. In a few minutes the trail enters an area where many trees have been blown down. Here it is forced to twist and turn. Soon it crosses a rocky hummock from which there is a panorama sweeping three quarters of the horizon. This is a splendid viewpoint and will be referred to in a moment in connection with the view to be enjoyed from this mountain.

Beyond this point the trail enters close-growing trees, again obstructed by windfalls which it escapes by twisting about. There are no wide vistas from this part of the trail. After ten minutes of this sort of going the path reaches the highest point of the mountain, a small opening in the midst of close-growing evergreens which shut off the view. There is a very old wooden tripod attached to one of the trees, which may be utilized to enable you to see over the tree-tops. The satisfactory way, however, is to return to the bare, rocky knoll mentioned above. The altitude at the summit is somewhat more than twenty-seven hundred feet above that of the village of Manchester

and the distance from the Seminary to this point is nearly three miles and a half.

Returning now to the rocky knoll you will find that your view covers a horizon line extending from the southwest all the way around through east and north to a point well into the northwest.

West of south, if the air is clear, you can readily see Mount Greylock in Massachusetts, thirty-six miles away. It stands out fairly alone and conspicuous. Almost in line with Greylock, but only seventeen miles away, is Bald Mountain, which rises four miles northeast of Bennington. The village of Bennington itself is down in the broad valley of the Walloomsac River and is twenty miles from the summit of Equinox in an airline.

On the right of the valley in which Bennington lies there is a row of summits, one after another, more or less in line from your viewpoint. These begin with Red Mountain, the one nearest at hand, and extend southwest over Spruce Peak and others. These are parts of the Taconic Mountains, of which Equinox is the highest.

To the left of Bald Mountain and a little nearer is the broad bulk of Glastenbury, which is about thirteen miles away. Again to the left of Glastenbury, but farther off, is Haystack Mountain. It may be readily identified as a small, sharp cone at the right end of a distinct, elevated ridge that

looks short at this distance of nearly twenty miles. The local name for the summit at the left end of the ridge is Mount Pisgah.

Stratton Mountain appears as a rather long ridge, southeast from your viewpoint and distant about twelve miles. The lower part of Stratton is hidden by the heights that lie across the valley of the Battenkill River. Just clearing the left margin of Stratton you can see Mount Monadnock in southern New Hampshire, fifty-six miles distant. It stands alone and, if the air is clear enough to bring it into view, is unmistakable. Close under the foot of the mountain on which you stand, and east of southeast, is the village of Manchester. To its left is Manchester Center and just beyond is Manchester Depot.

Again, slightly to the left and across the valley, rise the slopes that lead to the broad, wooded summit of Bromley Mountain, ten miles distant. To the left of Bromley is Styles Peak and just to the left of that is Mount Tabor, both of these a part of the broad mountain mass often known as 'Peru Mountain.'

Almost directly over Bromley Mountain lies Mount Ascutney near the Connecticut River, thirty-eight miles distant. Like Mount Monadnock it stands alone, and if the air is clear enough it can be readily distinguished. Slightly to the

right you may be able to see Mount Kearsarge in central New Hampshire, sixty-eight miles away. Ludlow Mountain, near Plymouth, is a little to the left of Styles Peak and is twenty-five miles distant.

In the northeast is the group of mountains in Dorset and Danby, appearing as two large masses side by side. The one on the right is the higher and is Dorset Mountain, which culminates in Dorset Peak, about eleven miles distant in an airline. The one on the left is Woodlawn Mountain, twelve miles distant. To the right of Dorset Peak is Mount Æolus, sometimes known as 'Green Peak,' a part of Dorset Mountain. Its summit is much nearer than Dorset Peak, being about six miles and a half distant. On its right-hand slopes can be seen piles of rock which look from this distance somewhat like bare ledge. These are quarries. From one of these there is an excellent view, described later in this book. In line with the apparent divide between Mount Æolus and Dorset Peak is Killington Peak, thirty-four miles away.

The broad mountain mass that lies near your viewpoint and slightly west of north is Bear Mountain. The distance to its summit is about four miles. Almost over the top of Bear, beginning sixteen miles away and extending north, is a series of small detached summits. These are in the towns of Pawlet and Wells, not far from the line between

Vermont and New York State. On the farther side of the northerly part is Lake Saint Catharine. In the general direction of this row of summits lies the lower end of Lake Champlain, although it is not visible. In this same direction, if the air is clear, you can see the Adirondacks on the horizon.

Under favorable conditions of atmosphere you may be able to see the far-away summits of some of the White Mountains which, by compass, lie a little north of east from your viewpoint. They should be looked for in the direction of Ludlow Mountain and somewhat to the left, or very nearly in line with Styles Peak and Mount Tabor. The distance to the nearer summits in that region is ninety-five to one hundred miles. The distance to Mount Washington and the Presidential Range is approximately a hundred and twenty miles.

In descending from the summit of Equinox care should be taken to keep to the trail through the area where windfalls and the character of the rocks have caused the paths to wind about. Once below this section the trail is open and may be followed easily and rapidly.

CHAPTER VII

MOUNT ÆOLUS

An easy trip to an opening in front of an abandoned quarry on the side of the mountain affords a notable view. Higher up a ledge, easily accessible, extends the view many miles farther. Distance, highway to lower lookout and return, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Time $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. To continue to upper lookout and return adds to the round trip $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles and about 1 hour.

SOMETIMES a mountain that offers no view from its summit, because it is wooded, affords a wide outlook from some point on its flanks. So it is with Mount Æolus in the town of Dorset, in southwestern Vermont. Its crown is tree-clad, but a short tramp to a series of open spaces where marble has been quarried will reward you with a beautiful outlook over a long and broad valley bordered on its farther side with slopes and summits. By following a trail to a point higher up on the mountain, where there is an open ledge, you can command a still wider outlook.

Mount Æolus is a part of the tumbled group of mountains known as the Taconics which begin somewhat above Rutland and extend south along the borderland between Vermont and New York and thence into Massachusetts. The summit that

is known as 'Æolus' has been called also 'Green Peak' and is a part of the extensive mass of Dorset Mountain, the culmination of which is Dorset Peak, four and a half miles north of Æolus. The whole series of elevations lie in the angle bordered on the southwest by the Mettawee River and the West Branch of the Battenkill, and on the east by Otter Creek and the Battenkill itself. On the southwest is a highway extending from Manchester through the village of Dorset in the direction of Pawlet. On the east is the railway from Bennington to Rutland and close to it is a motor highway. Somewhat connected with Dorset Mountain on the northwest is Woodlawn Mountain, but there is a high valley traversed by a road between the two.

The mass of Dorset Mountain is about eight miles long from north to south and about five miles wide from east to west. A deep valley extends into the heart of it from the southwest. On the southeast of this valley is a series of summits, and of these the peak that lies farthest to the south and stands out most prominently is Æolus. Thus it is an outpost summit, looking down the valley of the Battenkill.

The name Æolus is said to have been given to the mountain in 1860 by a group of students from the senior class of Amherst College. On the day

they visited the peak a strong wind was blowing. Some other name than 'Green Peak' seemed appropriate for the summit, so the visitors, pouring a bottle of water over the rocks to celebrate the ceremony, christened it 'Æolus,' god of the winds.

To reach the mountain, if you are coming from the south, you will take the motor highway known as Route 4, from Manchester through Manchester Center, and beyond for a little more than a mile. There you will branch to the left at a place called 'The Old Homestead.' Soon the road forks and here you will keep to the right. Presently a road comes in from the left at a corner where there is a schoolhouse. Proceeding straight ahead you will pass a road that leads steeply downhill toward the village and railway station of East Dorset. Just beyond this you will pass a road leading to the left, to a farmhouse, and still farther along you will arrive opposite a farmhouse on the left known as the 'McLaughlin Place.' Here you will leave your car.

If you are coming from the north you will find it the best plan to continue along the motor road known as Route 4, until you reach the point where the road leads back on your right at 'The Old Homestead.' Here you will make a sharp turn to the right and will follow the directions as already given.

Starting afoot from the McLaughlin Place, you will proceed uphill across the field to a fence which you can see from the farm buildings. Climbing this fence you will find yourself in a grassy and unused road which was built as a means of hauling marble from the quarries to the highway. These quarries are your immediate destination and you will follow this disused road to them.

The road leads partly along the margin of fields and pastures and partly through open woodland. About twenty minutes from the highway there is a set of bars. Here there is a sign painted on a rock which reads, 'To Quarries.' On the slope of the mountain just above is the first of the quarries, and about a hundred yards beyond, in the direction in which you are going, is the second. Neither one of these affords the view that you will get farther along.

A little beyond the second quarry there is a fork in the old road, and here you will keep to the right. About ten minutes from the second quarry there is a third. Here a great cubical space has been cut out of the side of the mountain, like an enormous, rock-walled room without a ceiling. There is a wide opening into it, but not as wide as the room itself. In front of this opening is a level area where soil has lodged on top of the heap of marble fragments discarded in quarrying operations and

where grass has begun to grow. The distance from the highway to this third quarry is about a mile and a quarter and the climb above the highway is a little less than six hundred feet. This is the lower one of the two outlooks that were mentioned in the paragraph concerning the viewpoints on this mountain.

The prospect is really one of much beauty. At the right margin of the view Mount Equinox rises boldly, approximately southwest by compass from where you stand and distant a little more than six miles. A spur of Equinox runs out to the northeast, in the direction of Mount Æolus. Near the foot of this northerly slope and hidden in the forest is the road that climbs steeply between Equinox and Bear Mountain through a valley known as Beartown Notch.

To the left of Equinox is the broad valley of the Battenkill River. The river itself, however, swings to the northwest at the village of Arlington, thirteen miles distant, and beyond that point the floor of the valley rises. Bennington lies farther along, about twenty-seven miles distant from your viewpoint. Mount Anthony, which rises two miles southwest of Bennington and attains a height of 2345 feet, stands out at the farther end of the valley.

Just to the left of the Battenkill are long,

wooded slopes, foreshortened from your viewpoint, which culminate in Glastenbury Mountain, twenty miles away. Farther to the left and east of south is the summit of Stratton Mountain, thirteen miles distant. Close at hand in the valley beneath you, and in line with Stratton, are two small ponds. Still farther to the left, a little south of east, is the dark, wooded summit of Bromley Mountain.

The upper lookout is about three quarters of a mile by trail from the quarry just described. In part, the trail climbs moderately, in part more briskly, but it is nowhere steep. Close to the upper outlook there is a cave.

To proceed to this point you will pass beyond the quarry a few yards, following an extension of the road by which you reached it, and then will turn sharply to the right up the slope and will cross a fence. Beyond this you will find an old road which winds up the slope, soon passing on the left an abandoned house and on the right the wide opening that drops into the quarry. The footway is fairly distinct and the trail continues through woods, presently bearing to the left and crossing a level stretch. At the end of this it turns sharply to the right uphill, entering a well-defined old road by which stone was brought down from the small quarry adjacent to the ledge which is your objec-

tive. You will need to watch sharply for this turn to the right.

The road now climbs steadily. In a few minutes it forks in front of a shoulder of rock that juts out toward you. Here the branch to the right leads at once to the outlook and the small quarry, while that to the left leads a few yards farther uphill to the entrance to the cave.

From this upper outlook you will have all of the view that you enjoyed from below, but with interesting added features. At the right again is Mount Equinox. To its left is the valley of the Battenkill, in the distance is Mount Anthony, near Bennington, and to the left are the slopes that culminate in Glastenbury Mountain.

But now you are looking out from an altitude that brings into view the range northwest of Wilmington, which culminates in the sharp point of Haystack Mountain at its southerly end, and rises at the north in Mount Pisgah. The distance to Haystack Mountain is twenty-three miles; that to Mount Pisgah about twenty. These lie just to the right of Stratton Mountain, which now stands out much more plainly than it did from below. The direction of Stratton by compass is a little east of south. To the left of Stratton, southwest from your viewpoint and in the far distance, you can now see Mount Monadnock in southwestern New

Hampshire, fifty-five miles away. Bromley Mountain is a little south of east and relatively near at hand. To the left of Bromley and north of east is Styles Peak in Peru, about six miles distant.

The cave is easily found by following the other fork adjacent to the quarry and the lookout. It is a wide opening, leading down steeply, and gives entrance to a considerable room, twenty-five or more feet in width and possibly seventy-five feet long. From this room passages lead off to other chambers of smaller dimensions. In one place there is a spring. The cave is a resort of bats which sometimes hang from the ceiling in large numbers.

The return from the upper lookout to the quarry below is accomplished readily in twenty minutes. The time required from this point out to the farmhouse and highway is about half an hour.

CHAPTER VIII

MOUNT ASCUTNEY

A prominent mountain, standing isolated in the broad Connecticut Valley, the base easily accessible by motor car. A fairly good trail to the summit, from which there are views reaching from the White Mountains in New Hampshire to the Taconics in southwestern Vermont and north to Mount Mansfield. Distance, highway to summit and return about 6 miles. Time 4 to 5 hours.

IN southeastern Vermont, not far from the Connecticut River, stands a mountain that the Indians called 'Mahps-cad-na,' meaning the mountain of the rocky summit. Its present-day name is 'Ascutney,' and is thought to have been derived from the Indian name. It is not one of the higher mountains of New England, for its altitude is only 3326 feet above sea level. But it stands alone, with no other summit of similar height nearer than fifteen miles, while in some directions the distance to mountains of consequence is much greater. Thus the view that it affords is far-reaching, and the mountain stands out as the commanding elevation in an area of many square miles.

There is much of interest in connection with Ascutney aside from the sweeping view to be obtained from the ledges on its summit. In geologic



MOUNT ASCUTNEY FROM THE SOUTHEAST

history it represents a mass of rock that has withstood the grinding and weathering forces that wore down immense areas roundabout it. The rock structure elsewhere in every direction was softer or more easily attacked and gave way to the forces of destruction. The igneous rock that makes up Ascutney chanced to be harder and more resistant and thus brought into being a mountain.

The substance of the mountain is a quartz syenite. In one of its flanks there is a quarry of dark syenite which supplied the magnificent columns in the library of Columbia University. From its ledges came fragments that were picked up by the ice sheet that overlay the mountain ages ago, and were dropped here and there to the southeast. They are found to-day in stone walls and in rocky pastures. One who knows rocks may recognize these fragments and identify them with certainty. Mr. Frank H. Foster, of Claremont, New Hampshire, has sought out these travelers and thus has traced a typical boulder train which spreads out like a fan to the southeast, the borders of the fan pointing toward the mass of Ascutney Mountain.

Approach by automobile to the base of the mountain is easy, for it is situated not far from a motor highway. From south or north the through route along the Connecticut River may be fol-

lowed to a point a short distance north of Ascutneyville, just southeast of the mountain. From the east the route to follow is Number 11, as far as Claremont, then a connecting link to Ascutneyville.

The trail to the summit begins at a road that skirts the northerly slopes of the mountain. To reach this road from Ascutneyville you will proceed north, pass a road leading to the left about a mile from the village, and take the next road which leads to the left, a little farther along. This second road winds upgrate, and, while narrow and somewhat steep in places, is readily passable for motor cars. You will follow this road a little more than two miles and just before reaching a set of farm buildings on the right, known as the 'Dudley Place,' you will find a lane leading squarely to the left. A telephone wire follows the lane. Automobiles should be left at this point.

To reach this road when coming from Windsor, the main highway down the Connecticut Valley should be followed for about three miles. You will then turn sharply to the right. This road is the same as that described above, which leads to the beginning of the lane and the telephone line.

The path to the mountain proceeds up the lane to a gate opening into a sloping field, in which there is the platform and framework of an old

sawmill and near it two or three small cabins. Following a cart track across the field the trail passes between the sawmill and the cabins and proceeds straight ahead until it reaches the bank of a wooded ravine. Here the telephone wire comes in from the left. The path now bears to the right, following a plainly evident wood road which begins to ascend steadily along the top of the bank above the ravine.

About three quarters of a mile from the highway there is an obscure trail which branches to the left from the main path and leads in a few yards to a series of cascades and mossy, sloping rocks in the bed of the stream. The spot is one of quiet woodland interest. The time required to this place after leaving the highway is about three quarters of an hour. The altitude here is somewhat more than five hundred feet above that at the highway.

Resuming the main path you will arrive in about three minutes at a long corduroy bridge where a stream that comes from the right crosses under the logging road that you are following. Just beyond this bridge there is a fork. Here the path keeps to the right. In seven or eight minutes more there is another corduroy bridge where a stream coming from the left passes under the logging road. The distance from the highway to this point is about a

mile and the altitude here is a little more than eight hundred feet above that at the highway.

Above this bridge the trail grows narrower, and there is considerable loose rock under foot. In about ten minutes there is again a fork, the trail keeping to the right. Five minutes beyond this point the path, which has been climbing steadily, enters an area of sloping ledges where there are no big trees, but only saplings and bushes that are not so high or thick as to shut off all views. Looking back here you will have a good view of Cardigan Mountain in New Hampshire. The distance to it is about thirty-two miles.

Two minutes farther the trail appears to fork, but both sections come together a few rods farther up. At the place where they join there is a small, level area and close at hand is a good spring. This is the last running water that you can depend upon in a dry season. Other water may be found near the summit of the mountain, but it is likely to be stagnant. Near the spring there is a log cabin, now going to pieces, a relic of lumbering days. It has no equipment.

The distance from the highway to this point is about a mile and three quarters and the gain in altitude above the highway is about fourteen hundred and fifty feet. From here to the top of the mountain is a little more than a mile and the re-

maining climb is somewhat less than eight hundred feet.

Above the grassy opening at the spring there is a choice of trail for a few rods, one branch keeping to the left and circling about, while the other goes straight ahead up the slope. They unite a little farther along. About fifteen minutes above the opening the path begins to zigzag. There are occasional, old painted blazes on the trees that help to mark the trail, and the footway is well worn. There is a glimpse of distant country to the left at this point, but in a few moments the trail enters spruce forest.

The path continues to zigzag, and there are some branches that look like forks, but turn out to be alternate routes. Most of the way the telephone wire is in sight. In about half an hour from the time that you leave the spring you will find another opening on the left where there are bare ledges bordered with trees. There is a rustic seat here, and in a sheltered hollow near by people have camped. The altitude is a little more than twenty-one hundred feet above the highway and the distance to this point is a little more than two miles and a half.

From these ledges there is a good view to east, southeast, and northeast. Deep in the valley beneath you is the village of Windsor, with the

water of mill ponds gleaming in the midst of trees. Beyond the valley of the Connecticut are hills and mountains of New Hampshire. In the center of the view is Kearsarge Mountain, thirty-two miles away. To the left of this, but nearer at hand, is Croydon Mountain, fourteen miles distant. To the left of Croydon, if the air is clear enough, you will see the Sandwich Mountains of central New Hampshire, sixty-five miles distant. Near the right margin of the view is Monadnock, in southwestern New Hampshire, forty-two miles from your viewpoint.

Resuming the trail and proceeding up the mountain you will pass through a rocky hollow where the trail swings to the right. Three minutes beyond this the path comes out upon fairly level ledges, where there are small openings in the midst of spruces. It is now on the crest of the mountain. The trail winds about for a few minutes more, passes a rock cavity that is called a spring, although in dry weather the water is stagnant, and just beyond this arrives at a stone hut, which is situated on the northerly summit of the mountain. The altitude above the highway at this point is about twenty-two hundred feet and the distance is a little less than three miles.

A number of years ago the hut was put into good repair, was provided with a weather-tight

roof, and was given some equipment. But the roof is no longer in condition to turn rain, the equipment is gone, and the place is usable only as a strictly emergency shelter.

The real summit of the mountain is south of the hut and is reached in a few minutes by an extension of the trail. But back of the hut there are open ledges which afford a splendid view to the west, while in front of it there is an opening from which you can look to the southeast and south. Of these two viewpoints the ledges to the west are the more interesting in themselves and afford the wider panorama. From them you look out upon the backbone of the Green Mountains as they sweep across the view from north to south.

Approximately northwest the mountains about Killington stand out boldly, twenty-two to twenty-four miles distant. The summit at the right in the group is Pico. To its left rises Killington, the second highest peak in the Green Mountains, with an altitude of 4241 feet. To the left of Killington is Shrewsbury. Still farther to the left and a little north of west is Ludlow Mountain, fifteen miles distant.

To the right of Killington and Pico the main axis of the Green Mountains stretches to the right in a long, receding line. For part of the distance there is a parallel range that lies between Ascutney

and the main axis, but it does not equal in height the peaks of the principal range. The group of summits known as the 'President Mountains' are forty-eight miles distant and are west of north. Just to their right are the peaks of Lincoln Mountain and almost due north is Camel's Hump, sixty-six miles away. Slightly to the right of Camel's Hump and eighty miles distant you can see the top of Mount Mansfield.

From the opening in front of the hut you can see in a southerly direction Mount Monadnock, forty-two miles away. East of southeast is Sunapee Mountain, twenty-two miles distant, while to its left is Mount Kearsarge, thirty-two miles away.

The trail to the south summit will be found just beyond the stone hut. It is easily followed, winding back and forth and up and down. In about six minutes it will take you to the southerly lookout. Here there is a view that commands still another wide panorama beginning at the Sandwich Mountains of New Hampshire, north of east, and swinging around in a circle to the peaks in southwestern Vermont.

If the air is clear enough individual peaks of the Sandwich Range may be distinguished. Chocorua, with a cone of bare rock, lies at the right of the group. Toward the left are the peaks of Tripyra-

mid scarred with slides. Between these is the broad bulk of Sandwich Mountain. To the left of Tripyramid is Osceola.

Due west from your viewpoint is Mount Terrible, twelve miles distant. Practically in line with this is Mount Tabor, twenty-six miles away, and to the left of Tabor is the broad summit of Bromley Mountain, twenty-seven miles distant. Almost in line with Bromley you may be able to see Mount Equinox, thirty-eight miles away. Again, farther to the left, is Stratton Mountain, thirty-four miles distant, and to the left of Stratton is the peak of Haystack Mountain, forty-two miles away.

There is a low wooden tower at the southerly lookout of the mountain from the top of which you can secure the full panorama, all the way around the horizon. Nearly all of the mountains that you can see from the tower you can see, also, from the ledges already mentioned. Their direction has already been described. Some of the principal groups of the White Mountains, however, may be visible from the tower. Mount Moosilauke is east of northeast and is fifty-one miles distant. Very slightly to the right of it are the mountains of the Franconia Range, sixty-six miles from your viewpoint. A short distance to the right of these is Mount Washington, eighty-four miles away.

The cabin of the forest fire lookout is south of the stone hut and just under the shoulder of the mountain. A walk of two minutes will take you to it. It is not, of course, intended for general public use.

The return trip from the summit of Ascutney need not occupy more than an hour and a half to two hours. The beginning of the path will be found leading to the left from the door of the stone hut.

Probably the first road to be cleared to the summit of any mountain in Vermont was opened through to the top of Ascutney in 1825. Indeed, it is likely that this was the first mountain road to any considerable summit in all of New England. The occasion was the visit of Lafayette and the purpose was to show the famous visitor a panorama of wide countryside in the land which he had befriended. The road was not permanent, and it has long since been obliterated.

CHAPTER IX

PICO AND KILLINGTON PEAKS

Two noteworthy mountains, both reached by the same excellent trail and both affording splendid views. Pico Peak is the nearer and requires a round trip of 5 miles, occupying about 4 hours. To continue to Killington Peak, by way of a loop over Pico, adds about $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the round-trip journey and requires a total of 9 hours. No steep or difficult climbing. Alternate trails on east and west also give access to Killington.

SOMEWHAT south of the middle of Vermont the central axis of the Green Mountains rises in a compact group of summits. Of these Killington Peak is the highest, with an altitude of 4241 feet. Pico Peak rises to 3967 feet, Shrewsbury Peak to 3737, Mendon to 3837, and Little Killington to 3951. To the north there is no other mountain for many miles that is as high as these. To the south several miles intervene before the summits again reach 3500 feet.

The only mountain in Vermont that exceeds Killington in height is Mount Mansfield, with an altitude of 4393 feet. Indeed, there was for many years a lively rivalry between these two in the minds of various citizens, some of whom, staunch adherents of Killington, declared that that summit is really the highest in the State and consid-

ered that official records sustained their contentions. The circumstance that gave rise to this is probably the fact that certain triangulation work in the official surveys was conducted from the Nose of Mansfield instead of the Chin, and since the Nose has an altitude of 4075 feet, a reference to such Mansfield observations as were made at that point would naturally indicate Killington, with 4241 feet, to be the higher. The Chin of Mansfield, however, tops the Nose by 318 feet. Survey records made from the Nose were naturally misleading.

For several generations Killington Peak has ranked as one of the most famous of the Green Mountains. Its summit is a bare rock cone. It has long been reached by trail. For a time a road, passable for horse-drawn vehicles, was in use as far as an opening just below the summit cone. A hotel stood in this opening and was much visited. And finally the mountain, situated as it is in the central area of the Green Mountain system and roughly equidistant from the White Mountains and the Adirondacks, is a notable viewpoint.

The building of the hotel near the summit of Killington followed that on Mansfield and on Camel's Hump. The road up the mountain was surveyed by General Richard D. Cutts, who was a member of the United States Coast and Geodetic

Survey. General Cutts was assigned for a considerable period to New England mountains, and in 1879 spent some time on Killington in triangulation observations. While there he worked out a route suitable for a road, beginning in the valley northwest of the mountain and following a spur that led by moderate grades to the foot of the summit cone. Citizens of Rutland subscribed money to build the road, which was carried through the same year that the survey was made.

At its upper end the road emerges near a large spring situated at the westerly end of an area suitable for building purposes, a short distance below the rock cone of the summit. Here a frame hotel was built, and adjacent to it were stables and other buildings. The owner of the hotel for many years was V. C. Meyerhoffer. Later it was sold to M. E. Wheeler, who had acquired large areas on the western side of the mountain and who owned the summit for many years, later selling it to Mortimer R. Proctor.

By this time, however, the period of popular interest in climbing mountains on horseback or by horse-drawn vehicles had waned. The era of the present-day tramper and his modern system of trails had not yet arrived. Thus patronage for the hotel on Killington declined, and the building was no longer maintained as an active institution.

Within a few years after this it began to succumb to the destructive agencies that have obliterated many other buildings in the wilderness. Storms found their way into the structure. Picnickers visiting the mountain used parts of it for fuel. Hedgehogs, discovering their presence undisputed, settled down upon the building and hastened its passing. A barn and an ell of the main house were blown down. Finally, in 1916, fire destroyed what was left. To-day you can see the cellar and foundations, now deep in weeds and bushes, but of the structure itself or of its stables and outbuildings, not a stick remains.

There are five trails to the summit of Killington Peak. From the north a well-built path, which is a part of the Long Trail, begins at Long Trail Lodge, the clubhouse of the Green Mountain Club at Sherburne Pass, gives access to Pico Peak, and passes on to the summit of Killington. From the west the old carriage road is still passable for foot travelers, and, in addition, there is an alternate route. From the east there is a trail leading up from West Bridgewater. On the southwest there is a link of the Long Trail, connecting the Peak with Cold River Valley.

The shortest route to the summit is by way of either one of the two trails that approach it on the westerly side, starting from Brewer's Corners.

This point is accessible by motor-car, and the distance by trail from here to the summit and return is a little less than eight miles. The route from Sherburne Pass on the north, however, offers an especially attractive means of access, with the option of including the summit of Pico Peak by way of a short loop. While the total distance by this route is longer than that from the westerly side, the actual climbing is less because the beginning of the trail at Sherburne Pass is at an altitude of twenty-two hundred feet.

The trail from Sherburne Pass is easily reached by the motor thoroughfare known as Route 13, which connects Rutland on the west with Woodstock and White River Junction on the east. If you are coming from north or south you may follow Route 100 as far as Sherburne and there diverge to the west on Route 13. This motor highway crosses the main range of the Green Mountains at the Pass.

On the south side of the road at the highest point in the Pass stands the Green Mountain clubhouse, now called the 'Long Trail Lodge,' a remarkably attractive wilderness building. It is open to visitors and provides meals for the public. Lodging is available for members or for guests introduced by members. Adjacent to the Lodge is a garage, and near by is parking space.

Where the Long Trail crosses the highway there is a large signboard that gives the distances to various mountain summits to north and south. From this point the trail proceeds to the Lodge, ascends the entrance stairs, passes through the unique and beautiful lounge, ascends to a gallery, and passes out by a rear door which gives access to a wooded knoll beyond. An alternate trail leaves the highway at the signboard, passes between the garage and the Lodge, gradually ascends the slope, and joins the other trail a few rods beyond.

If you follow the path that goes through the Lodge you will find just outside the gallery door a trail leading to the right to an opening known as the Adirondack Lookoff. Three minutes beyond this branch path you will find the alternate trail from the highway coming in on the left. A telephone wire follows the alternate trail.

The path is now broad, open, and well maintained, and the grades are moderate. Its general direction is south. In about twenty minutes it passes two signs, one of them indicating a view to the west and the other reading, 'Clubhouse $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.' About six minutes farther the trail enters an area in which the trees are small and growing closely together. In another five minutes it passes the one-mile sign. The altitude above the Lodge at this point is about six hundred feet.

Three minutes beyond the sign the telephone line enters on the left. Through most of the distance to this point the wire has not followed the trail. Five minutes beyond there is a sign on the right reading, 'Patrolman's Cabin $\frac{1}{4}$ mile.' About seven or eight minutes still farther you will pass a brook which comes down a little hollow on the right of the trail and passes under the rocks and earth on which the trail is built. Three or four minutes beyond the brook there is a sign on the left indicating a camp site fifty yards downhill, and a sign on the right at the beginning of an alternate trail which the telephone line follows. You may diverge to the latter trail at this point if you wish, but it is not as interesting as the main trail and the going is steeper. It is somewhat shorter than the main trail.

Presently you will enter an area that has been logged recently, and after traveling through this for a few minutes you will find a sign on the right indicating a view to the north in the direction of Mount Carmel and the Chittenden Reservoir. Here the trail that you are following runs in a westerly direction. In another five minutes the trail passes out of the logged area and begins to zigzag up the slope, in forest.

You are now on the north side of Pico and are rising toward its summit cone. After ten minutes

of zigzag and steady rise the path crosses the telephone trail, which comes straight up from below at your right and proceeds on up at your left. The trail now makes a short loop and at the end of two minutes has swung around and back to a place known as Pico Junction, where there are several trail signs.

Just before the path reaches the Junction a trail branches to the right. This is an alternate route around the summit cone of Pico, but is not a cleared or graded path. It unites with the path around the left side beyond the cone and is about a mile longer than the main path.

At Pico Junction the telephone trail again comes in, this time on the left and from below. The path which bears to the left along the level on which you stand is the main trail to Killington Peak. The distance to Killington from this point is about three and a half miles. On this main trail, half a mile farther, is an open log shelter maintained by the Green Mountain Club. Still another trail leads from the Junction straight ahead uphill to the summit of Pico. The distance from the Long Trail Lodge to this point is about two miles and the altitude is about eleven hundred feet higher than that of the highway at Sherburne Pass.

From the Junction, if you are bound for Killing-



PICO PEAK FROM DEER'S LEAP

ton Peak, you have an option of two routes. You may take the trail that leads directly toward Killington, thus omitting the summit of Pico. Or, you may follow the trail to the top of Pico, enjoy the view from the new tower on that summit, and return to the Killington Trail by a branch path that leads from the summit to the main trail a little farther along, coming out at the Pico Shelter.

To go directly from the Junction to the shelter by the main trail requires from twelve to fifteen minutes. To go up to the top of Pico and down to the main trail and the shelter, thus following a loop over the summit of the mountain, requires twenty-five to thirty minutes, not including such time as may be occupied in enjoying the view from the summit. The climb from the Junction to the top of the mountain is not difficult, nor is the descent from that point to the shelter arduous.

On the section of the Long Trail that runs direct from the Junction to Pico Shelter there is an interesting view into the valley to the left, with a glimpse of Pico Pond in its wilderness setting. Just before you reach the shelter there is an excellent spring, close beside the trail.

The shelter was built in 1925 and is in the upper part of an area that has been logged recently. It commands an open view, with Mount Ascutney in

the distance and with Killington on the right. The structure has two long bunks, an upper and a lower, and will accommodate twenty to twenty-four people. It is not provided with food or blankets. In front of it is a fireplace built on a rock pedestal and provided with iron bars to hold utensils.

The altitude at the shelter is about twelve hundred feet above that at Sherburne Pass and the distance from the Lodge is approximately two and a half miles.

Returning now to the Junction, if you proceed to the top of Pico you will find the trail zigzagging in the midst of woods. The climb from the Junction to the top of the peak is approximately five hundred feet. At the summit the path emerges into an opening surrounded by close-growing evergreens. In the opening stands a new steel tower which has a safe and easy stairway that gives access to a glass-enclosed room at the top. Near the foot of the tower is a cabin occupied by the forest fire lookout.

The view from Pico Peak is second only to that from Killington in this part of the Green Mountains. While Killington is somewhat higher than Pico, that part of the view which is shut off by Killington is not the major part, and in every other direction Pico enjoys an excellent panorama.

To the northwest from the summit the waters of the Chittenden Reservoir, eight miles away, glimmer in the midst of forest-clad slopes. Over the right margin of the reservoir Mount Carmel is visible, a little more than ten miles distant. To the right of Carmel is the broad summit of Bread Loaf Mountain, twenty-six miles distant. Slightly to the right of this the sharp top of Camel's Hump may be distinguished, forty-eight miles away, and again, to the right, if the air is clear enough, you may be able to see the Chin of Mount Mansfield, sixty-four miles distant. The direction of Mount Mansfield by compass is somewhat east of north. To the right of Mansfield and still farther away is Belvidere Mountain, eighty miles distant.

North of east the White Mountains are visible in favorable conditions of atmosphere. Mount Moosilauke is the nearest of the major summits in that direction and is fifty-eight miles distant. Just to the left of Moosilauke are the Franconias, twelve miles farther away. Almost in line with the Franconias is Mount Washington. The distance to its summit is eighty-eight miles. To the right of Moosilauke are the mountains of the Waterville region in New Hampshire and those of the Sandwich Range.

Southeast from your viewpoint Mount Ascutney stands out alone in the midst of a relatively level

area. It is twenty-four miles distant. Close at hand in that same direction, but only a mile away, is the summit of Little Pico. To the right and approximately south by compass is Killington. The distance in an airline from the summit of Pico to that of Killington is two miles and a half. To the right of Killington is Mendon Peak.

In the west is Bird Mountain in Castleton, fifteen miles distant. It is not a high summit, but is recognizable by the steep contour of its left margin. The city of Rutland is in line with Bird Mountain. To the left, twenty-two miles away, is Lake Saint Catharine. To the right of Bird Mountain are other summits in the town of Castleton. North of west is the village of Pittsford and over that can be seen the dump of a marble quarry. Halfway between Rutland and Pittsford a long sandbank can be distinguished, and leading from this a tramway by which sand is carried to the works of the Vermont Marble Company in Proctor.

In the northwest is the mountain mass known as Blue Ridge. Beyond it in the farther distance is Lake Champlain, beginning at a line slightly to the left of the summit of Blue Ridge and extending to the right as far as the right margin of the Chittenden Reservoir. Beyond Lake Champlain, if the air is clear enough, peaks of the Adirondacks can be distinguished, fifty to seventy miles away.

If you plan to return from Pico Peak without going to Killington, you will take the trail by which you ascended the mountain. The beginning of the trail will be found leading in a northerly direction not far from the base of the tower.

If you are going on to Killington the direct route is by way of a cutoff that leads southeasterly from the opening and connects with the Killington Trail at Pico Shelter. The way is plainly marked, and while the descent is rapid it is not in any sense difficult. At Pico Shelter you will turn to the right and will follow a path that leads in a general southerly direction toward Killington, which you can see from the open space in front of the shelter.

The distance from the shelter to Killington is about three miles. The time required to reach the summit of Killington and to return to this point will be four to five hours, without allowing for a stay on the summit. If you plan to proceed to Killington and then to return to the highway at the Lodge, you should allow about six hours from this point, unless the journey is made with more than average speed.

Through much of the distance until you begin to climb the slopes of Killington, you will find the trail fairly level. A large part of it is in beautiful woods, and there are occasional vistas of distant mountains.

About ten minutes from the shelter there is a junction of paths. Here the trail that goes around the west side of the cone of Pico comes in from the right. At this same point an alternate trail on the route to Killington leaves on the left, proceeding around the left side of the knoll ahead, whereas the older path goes around the right side. The two come together in a saddle beyond, and the distance is the same by either.

In about forty minutes you will arrive at the hollow that lies at the end of the spruce-covered knoll. Here the alternate route comes in on the left. Beyond this the trail begins to climb, slabbing the side of another hill, this time with the upward slope on the right instead of the left. Presently you will have a glimpse of the summit of Killington straight ahead. Ten or fifteen minutes farther a brook appears on the left and there is a good spot near by for rest or for lunch. Beyond this the steady, moderate rise continues, largely in hardwood forest. Parts of the trail in this section are muddy.

After a time you will arrive at a junction of trails at the end of a grassy level area. To the left is a path leading to West Bridgewater, a little more than six miles distant. To the right is the clearing where the hotel stood, and in the midst of bushes you can see what is left of its foundations.

At the farther end of the level area is the big spring. At this point, two other trails leave the mountain for the valley regions, one of them starting just before you reach the spring and following the old carriage road west to Brewer's Corners, while the other, known as the 'Rooney Trail' and named for a former lumber operator in this region, begins beyond the spring and leads westerly, connecting with the old hotel road at a point known as 'Rooney Junction,' a mile and a half before the road reaches Brewer's Corners.

The path to the summit of Killington Peak turns to the left from the hotel clearing and in a few rods passes a round, metal hut owned by the Green Mountain Club and available to trampers. The hut was once a good shelter, but has been damaged both by storms and by visitors. It is provided with a small stove and a few bunks, but has no other equipment.

From this point to the top of the peak the climb is at a sharp angle, but it is easily made and leads over no difficult ledges. The footway over the rocks has been much worn by the thousands of visitors. When you are part-way up, if you will stop and look back you will enjoy an attractive vista of the summit of Pico, through the trees. The time required for the climb from the metal hut to the top of the mountain is twelve to fifteen minutes.

The summit of Killington is open ledge and offers an unobstructed view in every direction. The mountain is so situated as to command one of the widest panoramas to be obtained from any summit of New England.

Close at hand are several mountains that rise to within a few hundred feet of the altitude attained by Killington. To the north Pico Peak stands out boldly, two and a half miles away. To the south is Shrewsbury Peak, two miles distant. Southwest and close at hand is Little Killington. West is Mendon Peak, a mile and a half away. To the left of Pico and six miles and a half distant is Blue Ridge Mountain. Between Mendon Peak and Blue Ridge is a deep valley, on the farther side of which rises the ridge known as East Mountain. Directly behind the left margin of East Mountain is the city of Rutland, eight miles distant. Over the right margin of Rutland is Lake Bomoseen, twenty miles away.

In the north is the Chittenden Reservoir between the line of Blue Ridge Mountain and that of Pico Peak. Over the right margin of the reservoir is Mount Carmel, thirteen miles distant.

The level summit of Bread Loaf Mountain is almost in line with the top of Pico and is thirty miles away. Slightly to its right and eight miles farther is Mount Abraham, the southerly peak of

Lincoln Mountain. Again, slightly to the right, is Camel's Hump, fifty miles distant. Its direction from your viewpoint is somewhat east of north. Mount Mansfield is a little more to the right and is sixty-five miles away. If the air is very clear you may be able to see Belvidere Mountain to the right of Mansfield, eighty-four miles distant, and possibly Jay Peak twelve miles farther, close to the Canadian line.

South and southwest along the line of the Green Mountains you can see, at a distance of twenty-five miles, the summits in Peru. Stratton Mountain is to their left, thirty-seven miles distant. Dorset Peak is to their right, twenty-four miles away.

A little south of southeast Mount Ascutney is easily recognized because it stands alone with no other mountain of similar height anywhere near. The distance to its summit in an airline is twenty-two miles. To its left is Croydon Mountain in New Hampshire, thirty-two miles distant. Mount Kearsarge, in central New Hampshire, is almost in line with Croydon and is fifty-one miles away.

To the right of Ascutney and farther away, in a direction south of southeast, you may be able to see Mount Monadnock in southwestern New Hampshire, sixty-two miles distant.

The principal summits of the White Mountains

are north of east from your viewpoint and are from fifty-five to eighty-five miles away in an air-line. Mount Moosilauke is the nearest and is almost directly in line with the Presidential Range. Osceola, Tripyramid, and Sandwich are in the group to the right of Moosilauke.

In the northwest, to the left of Blue Ridge Mountain, are the Adirondacks, fifty-five to seventy miles distant, across the waters of Lake Champlain.

If you are returning from Killington to the highway at Sherburne Pass, you may follow the route used in ascending, except for the loop over the summit of Pico Peak, or you may vary the journey by taking the alternate trail around the spruce-covered knoll. At the hotel site below the summit cone of Killington the path will be found bearing to the right to the end of the level area and then turning left toward Pico and the Lodge.

When you reach the saddle in front of the spruce-covered knoll you may take either route. But at the Junction, farther along, the trail around the west side of Pico should not be chosen unless there is ample time, for it is not cleared. When you reach Pico Shelter you will go straight ahead in front of the shelter and in ten or fifteen minutes will arrive at Pico Junction, where the trail turns to the right downhill.

For diversion, as you leave the Junction you may follow the trail along the telephone line if you wish. This will cross the main trail a few rods down the slope and after a time will join it farther down the mountain.

From Killington Peak a link of the Long Trail leads to the south toward the valley of Cold River and on to East Clarendon, where the trail crosses the Rutland Railroad. The distance from Killington to the nearest highway to the south is five miles. From that point to East Clarendon Depot is six miles and a half. The Long Trail as it leaves the mountain for the south does not start from the summit but from a point near the old hotel site. It is marked by a sign.

There is good access to Killington from the west and from the east by trails already mentioned. On the west automobiles may be driven as far as Brewer's Corners. There are two routes to this point from Rutland, one of them a rough road which passes through a notch between Bald Mountain and East Mountain, the other by way of the motor thoroughfare Number 13 to a point beyond the village of Mendon, thence by a road branching to the right. The distance from Rutland by the first route is seven miles, that by the second nine miles and a half.

From Brewer's Corners a lumber road leads a

mile and a half farther, to Rooney Junction. This road is not passable for motor cars, although horse-drawn vehicles may use it. From Rooney Junction there are two trails to the site of the hotel on Killington. To the left is the old hotel road, now much grown up to bushes and small trees. To the right is the so-called 'Rooney Trail,' which first follows a logging road for about a mile and then climbs steeply to the hotel site. The distance from Rooney Junction to the hotel site is about two miles by either route.

On the east side of the mountain there is a path leading up from West Bridgewater, which is a village on Route 13. This path is maintained as a branch of the Long Trail. At the beginning it follows an old road for a mile and a half, as far as an abandoned farm known as the 'Juggernaut.' Beyond this the trail rises moderately, following an old wood road, until it attains the summit of a ridge. Later it climbs steeply up the final cone of the mountain. The distance from West Bridgewater to the summit is a little more than six miles. Either of these two trails may be used as a means of descent from the mountain, if desired. Each is well marked.

CHAPTER X

BIRD MOUNTAIN

An isolated summit of relatively low altitude, but affording wide and interesting views. High, vertical cliffs on the west and south sides. The climb short and easy. Distance, highway to summit and return, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Time 2 hours.

IN southwestern Vermont, beginning north of the city of Rutland and extending south to Massachusetts, are the Taconic Mountains. While they are closely crowded, their contours are such that for the most part each summit stands out by itself. They are distinctive, different in many of their characteristics from the main axis of the Green Mountains.

West of Rutland there are several of these compact summits, and one of them, Bird Mountain, has long been visited for the sake of its commanding views. It is not one of the major elevations in Vermont, for its height above sea level is only 2210 feet; but it has great cliffs on its westerly and southerly aspects, and it is well worth climbing.

The mountain is partly in the town of Castleton and partly in Ira. It figured in early history in an incident that gave it its name. Castleton was settled, in large part, by people who came from

Salisbury, Connecticut. One of the original owners bore the name of Castle and his holdings were sold to Colonel Amos Bird. The early exploration and surveying of the town was done by Colonel Bird and Colonel Noah Lee. The story goes that Colonel Bird, while surveying the boundaries of his holdings, found himself late one day on the summit of a precipitous mountain and was forced to remain there because of oncoming darkness. He camped on top of the mountain and, according to the story, protected his camp site for the night from the wild animals that were supposed to be about by peeling the bark from trees, so that the white inner bark would show and theoretically would deter dangerous beasts from coming too near. Whether the Colonel did this or not, the fact remains that the mountain was named for him. The date of the incident is set down as 1767.

One hundred and nineteen years later another and quite different historic event took place on this mountain. On August 27, 1886, a large company of members of the Masonic order laid the corner-stone of a unique monument on the summit. Early in that year a Masonic Lodge in Castleton proposed to hold a picnic at Bird Mountain. Some one made the suggestion that each member attending the picnic and climbing the mountain bring with him a stone of some kind, and

that all of these be piled up to serve as a permanent reminder of the occasion. From this beginning the idea grew until finally the plan was adopted of building a monument each stone of which should be of the dimensions of an ordinary building brick and each furnished by a lodge of the Masonic order or by an individual. The face of each stone was to be suitably inscribed.

This plan was carried out, and before the close of the year the monument was built upon the highest point of the mountain. The foundations were cemented into the summit ledges and upon these was built a simple, rectangular shaft about twenty feet high and about three and a half by four and a half feet in dimensions at the base. The shaft was recessed at successive stages so that its upper course was two feet square. The stones with which it was faced were of many materials, largely various sorts of marble.

On the day when the corner-stone was laid about two thousand people visited the mountain, the summit being covered with the throng. There were appropriate exercises, and later a record of the occasion, with a list of those who contributed stones for the monument, was printed as a booklet.

But the monument could not endure the combined effects of frost and the work of irresponsible visitors who carried away the bricks as memen-

toes. In the course of time it was decided to take down what was left of it, and for a period some of the stones were buried near by. Later they were removed and found a place in various Masonic lodges.

Formerly the mountain could be reached by two roads which extended as far as its base, one on the east and the other on the west. Access now, however, is by a road on the easterly side which leads to a point within a short walk of the base, whence a tramp across fields and a climb by a well-marked trail lead to the summit.

To reach the mountain you will take the motor route Number 13 to a point seven miles west of Rutland where the highway passes a small school-house. Opposite this a road branches squarely south. Following the branch road for a mile and a half from the main highway you will find it turning then to the right. There is a private road straight ahead through fields at this point, but there are bars shutting it off from the public road. Continuing along the public road about a quarter of a mile you will reach an old and insecure bridge across a small stream. Automobiles should be left here. Sufficient parking space for this purpose will be found beside the road.

Crossing the wooden bridge you will find a small house and barn at the top of the bank just

beyond. The trail passes between these two buildings, descends a short slope, crosses a brook and proceeds in the direction of a slight sag in the top of the mountain, which is now straight ahead of you and only a short distance away. This is the sag that is nearest to the cliffs. There are old pastures with clumps of trees and the remains of old stone walls between you and the base of the mountain. Along the base there is a thick growth of small trees. The trail enters these about opposite the perceptible sag in the summit line. Once the trail is found there will be no difficulty in following it to the top of the mountain, for it is open and clear and has been much used. In a compass direction the start of the trail is northwest from the point where you pass between the house and barn.

The first part of the trail through the woods rises at a moderate grade. About twenty minutes from the old house you will arrive at a branch trail which leads to the left ten yards to a good spring. Beyond the branch the main trail ascends sharply. The footway is rocky and is well defined. After climbing for about ten minutes you will arrive at the top of the ridge and will be in the dip of the summit line that was noted from below. The altitude here is about six hundred feet above that at the old house.

Here the trail turns left and gradually climbs to

the summit of the mountain. The path winds about and two or three times gives access to look-outs from which there is a view down into the valley. In about fifteen minutes from the turn at the dip in the ridge the path arrives at the summit.

Beyond this as well as to the left are the crags of the great cliffs that give the mountain its characteristic appearance from a distance. The main trail does not continue to these, but they can be visited by proceeding down the slope through the trees. In going down to the cliffs care should be exercised, for once you reach them the drop is perpendicular for a distance of several hundred feet. The monument that has been referred to stood on the highest point, where the main trail comes to an end, but no trace of it remains to-day.

The view from the summit of Bird Mountain includes an excellent vista of the high summits of the Green Mountains that center about Killington Peak, which is fifteen miles distant, north of east from your viewpoint. To the left of Killington, Pico Peak stands out clearly, and to the right is Mendon.

In the northwest is the valley of Castleton River and beyond are the waters of Bomoseen Lake, six miles distant. In the direction of Lake Bomoseen, but several miles farther away, a small part of Lake Champlain can be seen, while beyond it

many peaks of the Adirondacks stand out. Glen Lake is visible just beyond Bomoseen Lake. In the southwest, Lake Saint Catharine is in view about ten miles distant.

To the south, from an outlook at the summit of the cliffs in that direction, you look across the valley where the trail to Bird Mountain begins, toward the slopes that rise beyond to the summit of Herrick Mountain, which is 2727 feet high and is another characteristic peak of the Taconics.

The cliffs of Bird Mountain have been a nesting-place of eagles in times past and are to-day the home of the duck hawk, which in this region nests at only a few places.

In returning from the summit of the mountain you will follow the trail as it winds gradually down along the rocky ridge until it reaches the dip in the summit line. There you will turn to the right and descend steeply for a few minutes, presently passing the branch trail that leads to the spring. From this point out the path is easily followed.

The height of the summit above the old house where the trail begins is somewhat more than eight hundred feet, and the distance to the top, as the trail goes, is about a mile and a quarter.

CHAPTER XI

MOUNT CARMEL

A wilderness summit with a beautiful view across the Chittenden Reservoir to mountains in the south, and with good outlooks in other directions. Readily climbed by easy trail. Distance, end of public road to summit and return, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Time 4 hours.

ALMOST in the center of Vermont and surrounded by a wilderness of slopes and summits stands Mount Carmel. Although it is in the midst of unsettled country, a combination of country road and relatively easy trail makes it more accessible than are many other mountains. From an opening near the top there is a remarkably beautiful view toward the south, across the shining waters of the Chittenden Reservoir. From another opening there is a view to the north into a remote and rugged wilderness.

The trail starts from a point known as 'New Boston,' once the center for thirty or more farms roundabout, but now little more than the end of a remote country road. If you are coming from the east you will follow motor route Number 13 as far as the village of Mendon a few miles east of Rutland. Here you will turn north toward East Pittsford and Chittenden. In about two miles this road

comes out upon the margin of East Pittsford Reservoir and runs within sight of that attractive body of water for about a mile and a half, diverging then to the right to Chittenden.

If you are coming from Rutland the route lies north on North Main Street, past the chapel at the end of Mill Village, over twin bridges and to the right at the first turn. It then follows the main road northeasterly to Chittenden.

At Chittenden the route lies north, uphill. Passing a fork that branches to the left it continues along a fair country road, over two or three hills and down through two or three deep hollows.

Soon the waters of Chittenden Reservoir come into view in the valley to the right, and after a time the public road branches, one fork turning squarely to the left. A large house and barn stand at this corner, while a little farther, on a continuation of the road that you have been following, there is a white-painted house used as a summer residence. This is the center of the district that was formerly known as 'New Boston.' Automobiles should be left at this point.

Following the road that diverges to the left the trail passes a small, unpainted frame house on the left of the road, in about a hundred yards. Beyond the house it passes through a set of bars, follows a cart track that leads through a small group of

spruces toward the right, and goes through another set of bars giving access to a hillside pasture. To the right and close to the fence that separates this upper pasture from that below it there is a spring.

Passing through the second set of bars the path follows a cart track leading uphill and soon bears somewhat to the right. You will need to avoid here another cart track that bends sharply to the right and leads to a gravel bank. The trail that you are to follow passes in front of a small hunting cabin, in the midst of clumps of trees, and a little beyond this becomes a definite, well-marked wood road that is unmistakable from that point up to the mountain.

Five minutes beyond the hunting cabin the wood road passes through a gate, and ten minutes farther you can hear the sound of a brook on the right, although it is not in sight. In another ten minutes the wood road crosses a brook which comes in from the left. The grades to this point have been moderate and they will remain so for most of the remaining distance until you reach the final steep climb up the summit slope of the mountain.

In six minutes another small brook, coming in from the left, crosses the trail, and twenty-five yards beyond this there is a fork in the road. The

trail for Mount Carmel keeps to the left at this point.

Ten minutes beyond the fork you will arrive at Carmel Camp, owned and maintained by the Green Mountain Club. This is an oblong, closed building, with walls and roof of metal. Across the front is a piazza. Within there are bunks to sleep six people, and other furnishings, including a good stove, table, bench, and some utensils. There are no blankets. The camp stands in a grassy opening partly grown up to raspberry bushes. A branch path to the left as you enter the opening leads to a good spring. The distance from 'New Boston' to the camp is about a mile and a half and the rise in altitude is about six hundred and fifty feet. The camp is open for public use.

To the left of the camp as you approach it a continuation of the trail leads on uphill. Five minutes beyond the cabin this path unites with the Long Trail of the Green Mountain Club which to the north leads to the Brandon-Rochester road and to the south to the Rutland-Woodstock highway.

Turning to the left and following the Long Trail you will arrive in six or seven minutes at Carmel Junction, where another branch diverges that makes the final climb to the top of Mount Carmel. The distance from 'New Boston' to this point is about two miles and the rise in altitude is about

a thousand feet. From the Junction to the summit of Mount Carmel is a steady, steep climb though not difficult or dangerous. The summit of the mountain is about four hundred and fifty feet higher than the Junction and the time to be allowed for reaching it is twenty to thirty minutes.

As you near the summit you begin to get vistas toward the south. Presently the trail is sufficiently in the open to permit an unobstructed view around half of a circle, all the way from east to west.

A striking feature of the view and one that will linger in memory is the prospect of the shimmering waters of the Chittenden Reservoir in the midst of the slopes to the south. Because the contour of the country is so irregular the margin of the reservoir is made up of bays and inlets. The surroundings for the most part are densely forested and the whole scene is one of much charm.

Over the narrow part of the reservoir, in a direction west of south, is Blue Ridge Mountain, its summit about seven miles distant. To the left the sharp peak of Pico stands out clearly ten miles and a half away. Killington Peak, two miles and a half farther, can be seen just to the right of Pico, while Mendon, marked by a slight notch at the top, is a little farther to the right.

To the right of Blue Ridge Mountain you look up the long valley of Otter Creek, in which Rut-



SOUTH FROM MOUNT CARMEL

land is situated, twelve miles away. On the left of this valley are the distant mountains of Wallingford and Peru. On the right of it are the Taconic Mountains, with the bulk of Dorset Mountain at the head of the valley in the distance, thirty-four miles away.

Southwest from your position is the sharp summit of Bird Mountain west of Rutland, while to its left is the higher mass of Herrick Mountain. From west to northwest you look across the broad stretch of country in which the lower end of Lake Champlain lies and on to the Adirondacks beyond. South of southwest is the East Pittsford Reservoir, which you passed on the way to the foot of the mountain. South of southeast you can plainly see Mount Ascutney, thirty-two miles distant.

The view to the north from Mount Carmel can be reached only by zigzagging and scrambling through the fallen trees and the young standing timber that more or less cover the summit of the mountain. While the trail over the summit is rough and obscure, the view is worth the effort. The opening to the north does not afford the wide prospect obtainable from the southern outlook, but is rather a series of vistas.

At your feet, as you look toward the north and northwest, the cone of Mount Carmel drops away sharply to the depths of Wetmore Gap. On the

farther side of this valley, and only about a mile and a quarter away, the slopes rise sharply again to the summit of Bloodroot Mountain. Beyond Bloodroot the range continues in rising and falling summits, gradually curving to the right. Fifteen miles distant and somewhat east of north is the characteristic top of Bread Loaf Mountain. Still more distant the sharp top of Camel's Hump can be distinguished, thirty-eight miles away. In the west and northwest, as from the southerly outlook on the mountain, the view commands the lowlands around Lake Champlain and many of the Adirondacks beyond.

In returning from the summit of the mountain you will descend the steep branch path to the Long Trail and will turn left and follow this for about five minutes to the path that leads to Carmel Camp. Turning to the right at this point you will reach the camp in another five minutes.

Proceeding straight ahead, keeping the camp on the left, the path enters the wood road which leads to the end of the country road at 'New Boston.'

CHAPTER XII

BREAD LOAF MOUNTAIN

One of the wilderness mountains. Steep slopes on all sides and a broad top. The view one of the best in the Green Mountains. Four approach trails, two of which lead from Bread Loaf Inn. By the more direct of these two the distance, public road to summit and return, 12 miles. Time 10 hours. By a route from South Lincoln the distance, public road to summit and return, $9\frac{3}{4}$ miles. Time 9 hours.

ONE of the splendid wilderness summits of Vermont is Bread Loaf Mountain, situated east of Middlebury and north of the gap in the axis range between Middlebury and Hancock. It is the highest summit between Pico Peak, many miles to the south, and Mount Abraham, eight miles to the north. Its slopes are very steep, dropping off to Middlebury River and the New Haven River on the southwest and northwest and to the headwaters of White River on the east. Its top is a wooded plateau, and its whole contour, as seen from south or north, is suggestive of its name — a gigantic loaf of bread.

Southwest of the mountain, about four and a half miles distant in an airline, is Bread Loaf Inn, the property of Middlebury College and the seat of that institution's famous summer school of

English. Much of this region, including Bread Loaf Mountain and a dozen other summits, is within the Battell Forest, now the property of Middlebury College.

Because of its situation in a splendid wilderness and the magnificent views that it commands, the mountain is a notable objective. It may be reached as a one-day climb by trails that approach it from public roads on the southwest and on the northwest.

From the southwest there are three principal means of access. The first of these is by way of the Long Trail from the height of land in Middlebury Gap. The second is by way of the Burnt Hill Trail which starts from a road adjacent to Bread Loaf Inn. The third is by way of a trail passing 'Blowdown Camp,' also reached from Bread Loaf Inn. The Inn is twelve miles from the village of Middlebury on the Rutland railroad. Trampers who come by train may go by stage from Middlebury to the Inn.

The Long Trail leaves the highway at an elevation of 2149 feet in Middlebury Gap, at a signpost at the highest point in the divide, two and two thirds miles from Bread Loaf Inn and six and a half miles from Hancock. Following a wood road at first the trail reaches in about eight minutes a branch path which leads a third of a mile to the



BREAD LOAF MOUNTAIN FROM MOUNT GRANT

summit of Silent Cliff, from which there is an impressive outlook down into the Gap and over a wide stretch of country to the south. The altitude here is about three hundred feet above that at the highway.

Continuing along the main trail the route soon passes an area in which there are curious natural upright stones, the spot being known as the 'Indian Cemetery.' Proceeding along the summit line of a wooded ridge in the midst of splendid timber, the trail presently climbs to Burnt Hill, where a short side trail leads to the left to a ledge known as Burnt Hill Lookout, the altitude of which is seven hundred and fifty feet above that at the highway. From the lookout there is a wide view across to Lake Champlain and beyond. Continuing to the north the path is joined by an approach trail known as the Burnt Hill Trail.

The main trail now slabs the slopes of a wooded summit on the right known as 'Kirby Peak,' on the north margin of which a cutoff path from the Burnt Hill Trail comes in from the left. Presently the main trail swings around the northerly end of this summit to Boyce Lodge, a new shelter beautifully situated and adjacent to a good supply of water.

Beyond the shelter the trail continues to slab a ridge on the right, the summit of which is Boyce

Peak. Passing through an area where the standing timber was laid low by storm, the trail alternately rises and falls, trending in a general northerly direction, the slopes rising on the right to the two summits of Battell Mountain.

The trail now approaches Bread Loaf Mountain which is ahead and to the right. Slabbing the mountain the trail trends somewhat west of north and arrives at a point known as Bread Loaf Junction which is approached by an obscure trail coming from the west. Here the path turns sharply to the right and begins a steep climb of more than six hundred feet to an outlook near the highest point of the mountain. There is a ledge here reached by a side trail of a few yards, from which there is an extensive view to the south and west.

The main trail continues north three minutes' walk to the principal summit of Bread Loaf, from which there is a beautiful panorama.

From this viewpoint the main range of the Green Mountains is seen, summit after summit, to the north. Close at hand in the north is the forested bowl in which rise the headwaters of the New Haven River. Straight across this bowl and somewhat east of north is Mount Grant, four miles distant. Much nearer and somewhat to the right is Mount Roosevelt, a mile and a half away. Still more to the right and very near is Mount Wilson,

separated from Bread Loaf by a shallow valley. To the left of the summit of Grant, the line of peaks of Lincoln Mountain can be seen, eight miles away. Slightly to the right is the sharp cone of Camel's Hump, twenty-two miles distant. Almost in line with Mount Grant and to the right of Camel's Hump is the summit of Mount Mansfield, thirty-six miles away. Far away, north of northeast, is Belvidere Mountain, fifty-six miles distant, and slightly to its left, if the air is clear enough, the view includes Jay Peak, sixty-eight miles away and near the Canadian line.

East is the valley of White River, narrowing in its northerly end to the pass known as Granville Notch and bordered on its easterly margin by the Northfield Mountains. Southeast the valley widens out, flanked on its farther side by a continuation of the parallel range, the Braintree Mountains.

Far in the east over the flanking range, the White Mountains in New Hampshire are visible, under favorable conditions of atmosphere, seventy-five miles distant.

The main range of the Green Mountains swings south of southwest over the summits that lie between Bread Loaf and Middlebury Gap and on to the mountains beyond in the direction of Cape Lookoff and Mount Horrid. Still farther in that

direction the range trends to the left, disclosing Pico and Killington Peaks, twenty-six and twenty-eight miles distant. In the southwest, Mount Moosalamoo stands detached, eight miles away.

Over the right of Moosalamoo and extending thence in a long line to a point far away in the northwest stretch the waters of Lake Champlain. Beyond the farther shore the horizon line is filled with peaks of the Adirondacks, thirty-five to fifty miles distant.

From the summit of Bread Loaf the Long Trail descends rapidly and makes a long loop to the north and later to the south on its way to Emily Proctor Lodge, which is situated in Bread Loaf Glen, twelve hundred feet below the top of the mountain and only a little more than half a mile from the summit in an airline. The trail makes this long circuit in order to accomplish the big drop in altitude.

As it leaves the top of the mountain the path soon begins to zigzag, presently passing through a sag to the easterly side of a ridge. Continuing north for a third of a mile, it then turns sharply to the right and soon takes a southeasterly course, slabbing the slopes that rise rapidly on the right and fall off on the left. Much of this is in splendid forest. Crossing successive brooks that are branches of the New Haven River, it enters

Bread Loaf Glen, crosses a bridge over the main source of the river, and arrives at Emily Proctor Lodge, a club shelter.

A branch trail, beginning at the Lodge, leads down the valley of the New Haven River to the end of a public road, which in turn continues to South Lincoln. Thus, in descending from the summit of Bread Loaf the trumper may, if he wishes, utilize the link of the Long Trail that leads to Emily Proctor Lodge and the branch trail out from that point.

The second means of approach to the mountain from Bread Loaf Inn is by way of Burnt Hill Trail. The beginning of this trail will be found by proceeding past the barn at Bread Loaf Inn, crossing a pasture and following a cart track to a place known as the 'Gilmore House.' Continuing in front of the house the route leads across a brook, past a cemetery and directly east through a considerable pasture which is bordered by woods on the farther or easterly side. Entering the woods the route proceeds as a trail, steadily climbing the ridge. About two and a half miles from the Inn the trail crosses a stream and then branches. The path straight ahead climbs the slope and joins the Long Trail, giving access to Burnt Hill Lookout which is to the right on the Long Trail. The branch to the left also joins the Long Trail, but

farther to the north and just before the latter reaches Boyce Lodge. The route to Bread Loaf Mountain takes the branch to the left, comes out upon the Long Trail, turns to the left upon it and follows it to the mountain as already described. The distance from the Inn to the summit of Bread Loaf Mountain by this route is six and a half miles.

The third route from Bread Loaf Inn is by way of Blowdown Camp, a set of buildings erected for logging purposes. The start of this trail is the same as that for the Burnt Hill Trail. The route leads past the barn at the Inn, crosses a small pasture, and follows a cart track past the Gilmore House and across a brook.

On reaching the cemetery beyond the brook the route turns to the left, following an abandoned road. This leads in one and a half miles to the lumbering center known as 'Blowdown Camp.' Continuing past the camp by a logging road and taking a right-hand fork, the trail leads easterly, gradually rising and following logging roads. There are blazes to mark the right way at forks. The logging roads lead to an area on the west side of Bread Loaf Mountain where timber was blown down in a heavy storm. The route follows the northerly side of the blowdown, enters forest, and at once comes out upon the Long Trail. To the

left is the summit of Bread Loaf Mountain, which is two miles distant by trail.

The total distance from Bread Loaf Inn to the summit of the mountain by this route is six miles.

The remaining approach to Bread Loaf Mountain available for a one-day trip is by way of South Lincoln. Automobiles can readily reach South Lincoln by proceeding to Bristol and there taking the Lincoln-Warren road southeast to a fork a mile beyond the village of Lincoln. The right-hand road at this fork leads in a mile and a half to South Lincoln. Trampers coming by train may take a branch railroad from New Haven Junction to Bristol and a stage from there to Lincoln.

From South Lincoln the route lies along a public road, two miles, to a fork. Motor cars can reach this point. From the fork the route follows logging roads for two miles up the valley of the New Haven River, then becomes a trail which continues up the valley to Emily Proctor Lodge. The distance from the point to which automobiles may be driven to Emily Proctor Lodge is three miles.

The Lodge is on the Long Trail. To the left the Long Trail leads steeply up, near a cascade. To the right it crosses a small bridge in front of the Lodge and begins a circuit of one and eight tenths miles in order to reach the top of Bread Loaf Mountain, which is more than twelve hundred

feet higher than the Lodge. The trail in accomplishing this rise slabs the slopes of the mountain, first following a northerly course, then bearing to the northwest, and, after about three quarters of a mile, turning sharply to the left, or south. Presently it crosses through a small valley and on the farther side begins a rapid ascent through forest to the summit of the mountain.

The total distance from the end of the public road, near South Lincoln, to the summit of Bread Loaf Mountain by this route is a little less than five miles.

A route is planned, and will probably be built, that will follow the skyline of the summits as they approach Bread Loaf from the south, instead of slabbing the westerly slopes. This route will cross over the top of Kirby Peak, pass Boyce Lodge, and then go over Boyce Mountain, Battell Mountain, and continue along the skyline to the summit of Bread Loaf. Beyond Bread Loaf it will cross the saddle between that mountain and Mount Wilson. It is expected that a lodge will be built in the saddle. Thus, trampers who are bound north over the Long Trail may, if they desire, avoid descending to Emily Proctor Lodge. The approach trails, however, by Emily Proctor Lodge, will be maintained.

Whatever route may be followed, Bread Loaf

Mountain will be found a splendid wilderness summit, remote from civilization, and overlooking not only the highest peaks in the Green Mountains to north and south, but far-distant ranges to east and west.

CHAPTER XIII

MOUNT GRANT

The northerly summit of the President group of mountains. Open ledges give interesting views over a region little visited, as well as distant panoramas. There is a striking outlook to the north, including high summits as far as Mansfield. A link of the Long Trail affords access. Not a difficult or steep climb. Distance, highway to summit and return, 8 miles. Time 7 hours.

THE main axis of the Green Mountains is crossed from east to west at several points by passes. Only one of these, the valley that is occupied by the Winooski River, cuts deeply enough into the skyline to afford a crossing of relatively low altitude. Most of them represent only moderate dips in the skyline of the range.

About twenty miles south of the Winooski, at one of the higher sags in the range, a road leading from the railway at Bristol through the village of Lincoln crosses the mountains to Warren. The place of crossing is known as the Lincoln-Warren Pass. At its highest point the altitude of this road above sea level is 2424 feet. The highway is steep and winding as it climbs to this height, but is passable for motor cars. North of the road lies the long backbone of Lincoln Mountain, and south of it is Mount Grant.

Between the Lincoln-Warren Pass and the valley of the Winooski two other roads once crossed the range. One of these connected Huntington on the west with Fayston on the east, but of this road no trace now remains. Four or five miles to the south there was another that connected the village of Starksboro on the west with Waitsfield on the southeast. This road is grown up and impassable, but may readily be followed afoot.

To reach the highway that climbs through Lincoln-Warren Pass you may follow Route 100 as far as the village of Warren, if you are approaching the mountains from the east. This route runs from Waterbury south through Rochester to Ludlow. If you are coming from the west the best access is by Route 4 to Middlebury or Vergennes, thence to Bristol and Lincoln.

The group of mountains of which Mount Grant forms a part describes a long easterly curving arc, beginning with Bread Loaf in the south and continuing over Wilson, Roosevelt, Cleveland, and Grant. Of this group Bread Loaf, with an altitude of 3823 feet, is the highest and most massive, Wilson is second with an altitude of 3756 feet, Grant with 3661 feet is third, Roosevelt with 3580 feet is fourth, and Cleveland with 3510 feet is fifth. In the great valley bounded by this arc lie the headwaters of the New Haven River.

A link of the Long Trail follows the skyline of the arc. Trending south from the Lincoln-Warren Pass it climbs by a long ridge to the summit of Mount Grant, then turns sharply to the east and southeast for Mount Cleveland, swings south and southwest to Mount Roosevelt, south to Mount Wilson, and then westerly to Emily Proctor Lodge and on up to the summit of Bread Loaf Mountain. By means of the Long Trail, Mount Grant is made accessible and can readily be visited in a day's trip from highway to summit and return.

It is a striking mountain with a fairly open top and it commands a notable view of the summits to the south, across a great wilderness valley. To the north it affords an equally interesting view of the long line of mountains in that direction, as far as Mansfield. East and west it gives a wide panorama of distant summits. While the mountain is not as often selected for one-day trips as are various others, it is nevertheless well worth a visit.

The trail begins at a large signboard beside the highway at the highest point in the Lincoln-Warren Pass and at once ascends a moderate slope in the midst of trees. After crossing a fairly level area it begins a steep ascent which leads in a few minutes to a series of cliffs where the trail travels along rocky benches, with vertical walls rising on

the left and dropping off on the right. Beyond these it climbs moderately, entering an area that has been burned over.

In about fifteen minutes from the cliffs the path surmounts a rocky knoll where there is a striking view into the wooded valley to the west and beyond this over many miles of valley and plain. In the distance the Adirondacks are visible. The altitude at this point is about three hundred feet above that at the beginning of the trail at the highway. Just beyond this outlook the trail, after bending sharply, comes out upon another bare ledge where there are good views in an easterly direction.

All of this area was devastated some years ago by a forest fire and is now grown up to scattering clumps of bushes and small hardwood trees. The trail winds about in the midst of these, much of it over ledges.

For the next mile the path rises and falls as it slabs the easterly side of a ridge. It passes under cliffs not far away on the right, and toward the end of this mile enters a region of hardwood forest in which there are many big birches. Beyond these it zigzags up a steep slope and, crossing to the west, now has the ridge on the left.

Here it enters a long, nearly level stretch where some of the path is likely to be muddy. Toward

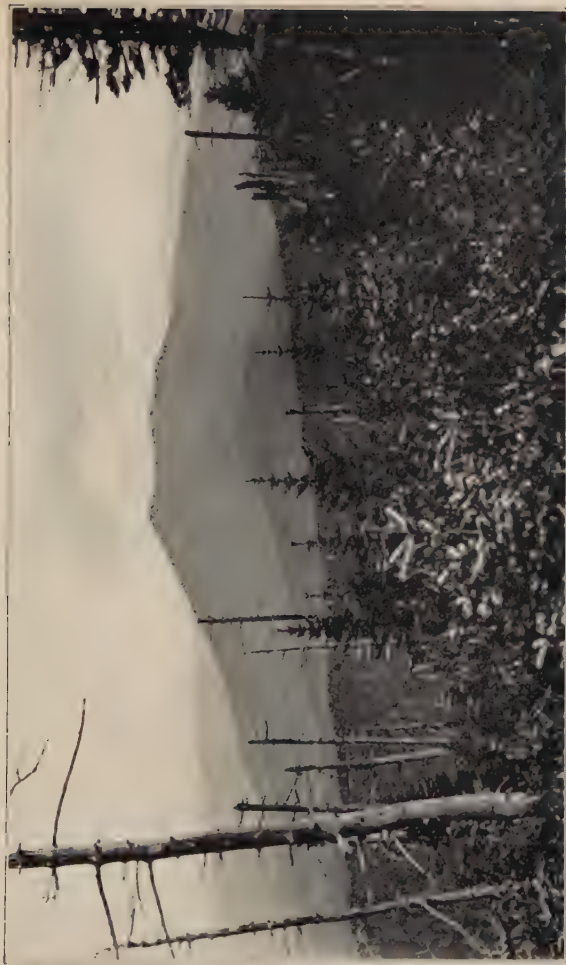
the end of this a stream crosses the trail, coming from the left, and two minutes beyond there is another similar stream. This is the first reliable water after leaving the highway. The distance from the highway to these streams is about two and a half miles, and the time required for the journey to this point is about two hours. The path here is following an old logging road.

At the farther end of the logging road there is a marshy area where the trail makes a considerable bend. Immediately afterward the path begins to climb steeply, following an old skidway.

After ten minutes of steep ascent the grades become more moderate and soon the path enters a wide, rather marshy opening, almost like a meadow. In the latter part of summer this place is blue with wild asters. In the rich moist mould nettles also grow luxuriantly. The altitude here is about seven hundred feet above that at the highway and the distance is about three and a quarter miles.

Again the trail enters woods and soon begins to climb, at first gradually and then more rapidly. You are now approaching the final rise to the summit of the mountain. For a time the path is in the midst of small sapling hardwoods, but as it grows steeper it enters evergreens.

Finally, there is a sharp climb, the trail swinging



LINCOLN MOUNTAIN FROM MOUNT GRANT

somewhat westerly, and you emerge at a point where the timber has been cut off and where you can look back to the north along the main range of the Green Mountains. There is a sign here, 'Congdon Lookout,' and this is the point from which the northerly view from the summit is obtainable. Scrubby evergreens, through which the path proceeds, lie between you and the summit of the mountain.

North from the Lookout you will see near at hand the ridges that extend in the direction of the Lincoln-Warren Pass, while beyond rises the impressive bulk of Mount Abraham, which is the southerly peak of the long ridge of Lincoln Mountain. The altitude of Abraham is 4052 feet and the distance to its summit in an airline is about five miles.

Much of the long ridge of Lincoln Mountain is hidden by Abraham, and so are the Stark Mountains that lie just beyond. A little to the right, however, Camel's Hump shows plainly as a sharp peak, nineteen miles away. Again, slightly more to the right, you can see the Chin of Mount Mansfield, which is thirty-five miles distant. The direction of Camel's Hump and Mansfield by compass is somewhat east of north.

Westerly your view sweeps over the valley of the New Haven River, then across the ridges that

lie on its westerly margin, and on over Lake Champlain to the Adirondacks beyond. The distance to the lake is about thirty miles, while that to peaks of the Adirondacks that can be seen from your viewpoint is fifty miles or more.

Proceeding now to the summit ledges you will find wide and beautiful views to the south and southeast. While there are clumps of scrubby evergreens scattered about, these do not shut off the panorama.

Below you toward the south is the great forested bowl where the headwaters of the New Haven River have their beginnings. West of south is the wide bulk of Bread Loaf Mountain with its long, level top. On its left, separated from it by a shallow, V-shaped notch, is Mount Wilson with an equally long and level top. In fact, these two as seen from this angle or from the south suggest strongly a double loaf of bread, quite like the bakery product. Striking up into this broad mass you can see the line of Bread Loaf Glen. From your viewpoint the distance to the summit of Bread Loaf in an airline is four miles.

Slightly to the left of Wilson and a mile nearer is Mount Roosevelt, which is straight south by compass. The broad and wooded summit of Mount Cleveland is farther to the left and is quite close at hand. Cooley Glen lies between Mount Cleveland

and the summit on which you stand. The slopes of Bread Loaf and Wilson, and a part of the slopes of Roosevelt facing your viewpoint, are within the Battell Forest.

In line with the summit of Roosevelt is Killington Peak, thirty-two miles away. Slightly to its right is the sharp eminence of Pico Peak and just to the right of that is Mendon Peak. To the left of these and fifty-one miles away you can see Mount Ascutney far down in the Connecticut Valley.

The Long Trail continues east down the slopes of Mount Grant, presently swinging southeast into Cooley Glen, where there is a shelter maintained by the Green Mountain Club. The distance from the top of the mountain to the shelter is about three quarters of a mile and the descent is somewhat more than five hundred feet. There are bunks and a stove in the shelter, but there are no blankets. Beyond Cooley Glen the trail continues over Cleveland, Roosevelt, Wilson, and Bread Loaf to Middlebury Gap.

The return from the summit of Grant to the highway at Lincoln-Warren Pass will be over the route by which you ascended. The time required from the summit to the highway is two and a half to three hours.

The name of Mount Grant is not derived from

that of the famous President. The mountain was given its name because there was a family of early settlers in this region whose name was Grant. Since other peaks in this group, however, have been named in honor of Presidents, the mountain is now often spoken of as 'Mount Ulysses Grant.'

CHAPTER XIV

LINCOLN MOUNTAIN

Mount Abraham is the open, southerly summit of Lincoln Mountain. Mount Ellen is the northerly and more remote summit. The Long Trail, beginning at the highway in Lincoln-Warren Pass, crosses both peaks and makes possible the ascent of Abraham as a fairly easy trip or the full circuit of Lincoln Mountain as a long but profitable full day's journey. There is a magnificent panorama from Abraham. Outlooks, also, along the skyline of Lincoln Mountain afford wide views. Distance, highway to summit of Abraham and return, $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Time 5 hours. To continue along the ridge to Mount Ellen and out to the highway at South Starksboro makes a total journey of 11 miles. Time 9 hours.

ONE of the famous mountain masses of Vermont, and one of the highest, is Lincoln Mountain, situated twenty miles southwest of Montpelier and thirty miles southeast of Burlington. The mountain is essentially a long, narrow, and lofty ridge, extending in a general north-and-south direction and rising in several distinct summits. Of these Mount Abraham, with an altitude of 4052 feet, is farthest to the south, while Mount Ellen, with a height of 4135 feet, is farthest to the north. The distance between these two summits in an airline is nearly three miles. There are lesser summits between Abraham and Ellen, including Little Abe

with an altitude of 3960 feet, Lincoln Peak, 4013 feet, Nancy Hanks Peak, 3860 feet, and General Cutts Peak, 4080 feet.

All of the upper part of the mountain, with the exception of a limited area, is within the Battell Forest, now the property of Middlebury College. The holdings here are about five miles long and more than three miles across in the widest part. They begin near the Lincoln-Warren Pass and extend north to the line separating the towns of Lincoln and Warren from Starksboro and Fayston.

These are part of the areas that were acquired by Colonel Joseph Battell with the purpose of reserving for the public welfare large tracts of untouched forest and mountain summit. Piece by piece sections were bought as they became available, many of them regions that had never seen the lumberman's axe. Gradually these holdings accumulated until they embraced thousands of acres and included a dozen mountains. Beginning in the south at the top of White Rocks Mountain in the town of Goshen, five miles below Middlebury Gap, they extended in an unbroken line along the main axis of the Green Mountains almost to the valley of the New Haven River, eleven miles distant in an airline, taking in one of the summits of Romance Mountain and including Worth Mountain, Monastery, Burnt Hill, Kirby Peak, Battell,



MOUNT ABRAHAM FROM MOUNT GRANT

Bread Loaf, and Wilson. After a break of five miles the holdings began again, at Lincoln-Warren Pass, and with a slight break, close to the Pass, extended north for five miles more.

At his death Colonel Battell left these forests, with other property, to Middlebury College. In his will he wrote: 'Being impressed with the evils attending the extensive destruction of the original forests of our country, and being mindful of the benefits that will accrue to, and the pleasures that will be enjoyed by, the citizens of the State of Vermont, and the visitors within her borders, from the preservation of a considerable tract of mountain forest in its virgin and primeval state . . .'; and with this thought in mind he placed all of the property in the care of his *alma mater*, as trustee for the public.

The forests are maintained under the supervision of an expert forester. Such mature timber is removed as should be disposed of for the welfare of the whole tract. Thus the area is a remarkable illustration of forest management on a large scale. At the same time it is a vast section of primeval wilderness.

Just below the summit of Mount Abraham Colonel Battell erected a lodge of logs and up to this he built a road passable for horse-drawn vehicles. Here he entertained many people. At the

mile northerly end of the mountain and one third west from the summit of the peak known as 'Mount Ellen' he built Ellen Lodge. The trail that crosses the mountain from south to north passes the lodge on Mount Abraham. Neither building, however, is any longer in use.

From the highest point in Lincoln-Warren Pass a link of the Long Trail climbs to the summit of Mount Abraham. Thus the top of this impressive mountain can easily be reached in a round-trip journey of about five hours from a point to which automobiles can be driven. The panorama from the peak is unobstructed and is one of the best in the Green Mountains.

For those who have plenty of time at their disposal and who are capable of a longer journey, the day's trip may be extended to include the whole ridge of Lincoln Mountain to the summit of Mount Ellen, thence down the northerly slopes to Glen Ellen Lodge and out by trail to the village of South Starksboro, also known as 'Jerusalem,' which is on a public road. While this is a much longer journey, it is not too long or difficult for a vigorous tramper to undertake in a single day and it is a remarkably interesting and beautiful circuit.

The highway through Lincoln-Warren Pass is accessible from the east by Route 100 and from the west by roads diverging from Route 4. The road

through the Pass is steep and rises to an altitude of 2424 feet, but motor-cars readily climb its grades. If a tramper is coming by train the nearest railway station is Bristol on the west. From this point there is a stage to Lincoln Center. The distance by road from Lincoln Center to the height of land in the Pass is a little more than four miles and a half. The village of Warren is four miles east of the Pass.

The trail to the summit of Abraham leaves the Pass at a signboard and immediately enters forest. The first third of a mile is occupied in ascending a knoll and descending the farther side. In doing this the trail winds about considerably and alternately rises and falls.

About fifteen minutes from the highway the path settles down to a steady ascent of the mountain, slabbing the side of a ridge that rises on the right of the trail. About half an hour from the highway the trail enters a fairly level area which it follows for a few minutes. It then climbs steeply, again runs at a level, once more climbs briskly, and about forty minutes after leaving the highway comes out upon ledges. The distance to this point is a little less than a mile and the gain in altitude is about three hundred and fifty feet.

Continuing in a steady rise for three or four minutes the path reaches the top of a spur and

now descends somewhat. Soon it begins to rise again and presently emerges in a more open area which has been logged. Passing through a region of small spruces followed by one of bushes and small hardwoods, it climbs steeply, the footway being wide and full of loose stones. Beyond this the trail passes between two large boulders where there is a sign reading, 'The Carpenters.' The sign refers to two trail workers who helped to put through the Long Trail in this region — the Misses Carpenter, of New York City. The altitude at the two boulders is about six hundred feet above the highway at Lincoln-Warren Pass and the distance to this point is somewhat less than two miles.

Crossing an area that has been logged recently the trail soon enters a region of close-growing, small evergreens. In three or four minutes there is a vista of the summit of Mount Abraham ahead. Five minutes beyond this a brook, coming from the right, crosses the trail, and a few rods beyond the brook the trail forks in the evergreen woods, one branch leading to the left, to Lincoln Center, while the main trail turns to the right.

Following the right branch a short distance you will find the trail for the summit bearing to the left, while the branch to the right leads to a spring a few rods distant. Turning to the left and continuing along the main trail, you will arrive in an-

other minute at an opening. On the left and close at hand are the ruins of Battell Lodge.

In the years that have elapsed since the Lodge was in active use it has rapidly fallen into poor repair and has become uninhabitable. It was built in 1899, in the same year in which the buckboard road was constructed up the mountain. At that time, also, the trail was laid out and cleared from the Lodge to the summit of Mount Abraham and was continued along the summit as far as Mount Ellen. The ruined cabin below the summit of Ellen was built in 1903.

Keeping to the right at the opening in which the Lodge stands, you will find a well-marked trail in which, for a time, upward grades alternate with fairly level stretches. In about twelve minutes after leaving the Lodge, you will come to White-Throat Sparrow Spring, so-named because a pair of these birds were nesting near by when work was in progress on this section of the Long Trail. The spring is not as reliable as the one near the Lodge.

The trail now begins to climb steeply and in three or four minutes reaches Wildcat Outlook, which was given its name because the men who worked here on the Long Trail reported hearing wildcats howling at night in the neighborhood of this outlook.

You are now only a few minutes from the top of

the mountain. A short distance above Wildcat Outlook the trail crosses a fairly level area. Rising again, in about eight or ten minutes the path emerges in low scrub and follows a line of cairns from this spot to the top of the mountain, which is reached in another five minutes.

The distance from Battell Lodge to the summit of Mount Abraham is somewhat less than a mile and the rise in altitude is a little more than five hundred feet. The time required from the Lodge to the summit is about three quarters of an hour.

The top of Mount Abraham is open ledge, fringed farther down with scrubby trees, but with nothing on the summit to obstruct the view. There is a large pile of rocks at the highest point and near by is a low, rock wall which serves as windbreak in times of storm.

The view from the summit is diversified, including a long vista of the main axis of the Green Mountains, both north and south, a prospect over many valleys with their mosaics of farm lands, a panorama of Lake Champlain and the Adirondacks, and another broad panorama to the east.

In the north the narrow and wooded ridge of Lincoln Mountain stretches away, first to the right toward Lincoln Peak, then on toward the north. The summit of Mount Ellen at the farther

end of the ridge is nearly three miles distant in an airline.

Beyond Ellen but hidden by it are the Stark Mountains. Still farther along the axis swings to the right to Burnt Rock Mountain, Ira Allen and Ethan Allen, with the peak of Camel's Hump standing up beyond them, about fifteen miles distant. Almost in line with Camel's Hump, but slightly to the right, is the summit of Mount Mansfield, thirty miles away.

Close at hand the ridge of Lincoln drops into a valley to the east, on the right of which is another range of lesser height including Scrag Mountain and Bald Mountain. Over this range in the distance, if the air is clear enough, you can see summits around Willoughby Lake, sixty-five miles away. East and southeast the lesser, parallel range continues, drawing nearer as it approaches Granville Notch. Farther away, south of southeast, is Mount Ascutney, fifty-four miles away.

Directly south is the main axis of the Green Mountains. Across the dip of Lincoln-Warren Pass a wooded spur leads up to Mount Grant, which is five miles distant in an airline. Just over the right slopes of Grant is Bread Loaf Mountain, eight and a half miles away, with Mount Wilson at the left. Over the left slope of Grant is Mount Cleveland.

Much farther away, if the air is clear enough, you can see the group of mountains around Killington Peak, thirty-six miles distant. Killington stands out as the highest. A line drawn to these summits from your viewpoint would cross the top of Mount Grant slightly to the left of its highest point.

In line with the shallow notch between Mount Wilson and Bread Loaf Mountain is the tip of a distant cone, believed to be the summit of Mount Carmel. To the right of Bread Loaf and detached from the main chain stands Mount Moosalamoo, fourteen miles distant. Lake Dunmore is hidden behind its slopes.

The valley of the New Haven River, with its checkerboard of farm lands reaching up toward the slopes of Bread Loaf and Grant, begins southwest from your viewpoint and extends into the west. The river breaks through the lesser range that lies west of the main axis by a notch which is plainly visible. On the right of the notch is the long ridge of Hogback Mountain and on the left is South Mountain. Just beyond the notch is the village of Bristol.

Over this lesser range on the west and extending for many miles from south to north is the long line of Lake Champlain. Beyond it are the Adirondacks rising in an extended, irregular mass.

In leaving the summit of Mount Abraham to go down to Battell Lodge, you will find your trail starting southeast and marked by cairns. In fog or storm it is well to be careful to find these cairns and to make no mistake.

At the fork in the trail below Battell Lodge it is possible to take an alternate trail which descends the mountain by the old buckboard road. This trail winds down a westerly spur and in two miles emerges on a public road at the 'Eldon Atkins Place.' Motor-cars can be driven to this point. About half a mile beyond is the 'Elmer Atkins Place,' and a quarter of a mile farther there is a crossroad and schoolhouse. Here, if you continue along the road straight ahead, you will come out at West Lincoln, which is on the main road from Bristol to Lincoln. If you turn to the left you will arrive in about a mile at the main highway leading from Lincoln to the Lincoln-Warren Pass.

If you have left your car at the Lincoln-Warren Pass with some one to drive it around to meet you, this can be accomplished by going west as far as the first turn to the right, diverging there and proceeding for a mile to the corner at a schoolhouse, again turning right and proceeding to the end of the road at the Eldon Atkins Place.

If there are at least six hours of daylight ahead

of you when you are ready to leave the summit of Mount Abraham, and if you are capable of continuing your journey for a distance of eight miles, three and a half of which will be an up-and-down trip and the remainder a descent from the highest point of Lincoln Mountain, you can continue to the north along the ridge of the mountain to the summit of Mount Ellen, thence down to Glen Ellen Lodge and out to a public road at a place known as South Starksboro. This route follows the Long Trail as far as Glen Ellen Lodge and an approach trail beyond that point. The trip is interesting and affords many beautiful outlooks and vistas. South Starksboro is reached by motor-car from the Lincoln-Warren Pass by proceeding west to the first public road about three miles from the Pass, then north two miles and a half to Downingville, where there is a jog in the road to the left across a bridge and immediately a turn to the right, and thence up the valley about three miles.

The trail toward the north from Abraham descends the summit cone gradually and in about ten minutes passes a branch path which leads to a spring. At most times this water is reliable, but it may fail in dry weather. Continuing along the ridge the main trail rises and falls and in about ten minutes more crosses the first small eminence to

the north of Abraham, a knoll known as 'Little Abe.' About five minutes after passing Little Abe the trail surmounts the summit of Lincoln Peak where there are excellent outlooks.

Descending sharply, then rising and falling, the trail reaches Nancy Hanks Peak, which has a wide outlook to the east from the top of the cliff. The time required from Lincoln Peak to Nancy Hanks Peak is about fifteen minutes.

Twelve minutes farther the trail surmounts another summit, and descending for about ten minutes more passes through Holt Hollow, named for Sidney Holt, of New Haven, one of the workers on the Long Trail. Continuing along the ridge for twenty minutes more the path reaches Raiman Ravine, so named in honor of Robert Insall Raiman, of Brooklyn, New York, another trail worker.

The trail now begins to climb, and in two minutes reaches a lookout that gives a view to the left. Beyond this there is a steep climb, then a more gradual ascent along the crest of a very narrow ridge with outlooks through the trees to right and left, notably to the left. About ten minutes from Raiman Ravine the path reaches a summit formerly known as 'Battell Peak,' but more recently named 'Cutts Peak,' in honor of General R. D. Cutts, of the United States Coast and Geodetic

Survey, who helped to survey these mountains. Here there is a wide view to the left.

Continuing, the path descends sharply for a minute, then rises equally briskly for three minutes more, still on a narrow ridge with vistas through the trees, and surmounts a rocky, open spot known as the 'Malcolm Graeme Lookout,' probably the best viewpoint on Lincoln Mountain with the exception of the summit of Mount Abraham. The altitude here is more than forty-one hundred feet above sea level and the lookout is higher, therefore, than Mount Abraham, which is 4052 feet above the sea.

Again descending and then rising, the path reaches the highest point of Lincoln Mountain, the summit known as 'Mount Ellen,' with an altitude of 4135 feet above sea level. There is no open lookout, but a little to the north there is a good view to the northwest.

The trail now begins to descend the northerly slopes of Lincoln Mountain. In about four minutes from the summit a branch path leads to the left to a log cabin about a third of a mile distant, formerly habitable but no longer a usable shelter. Just below the branch the main trail crosses an opening and then descends a steep slope, zig-zagging from side to side in order to accomplish the descent by easy grades.

Fifteen minutes from the summit of Mount Ellen the trail passes Spinulose Fern Spring, so named because of the large numbers of spreading spinulose fern found in this region. Unfortunately this spring cannot be relied on in times of drouth.

Continuing its downward course along the backbone of the ridge the trail winds about, passing large, mossy rocks. In eight minutes from Spinulose Fern Spring the path reaches Roderick Dhu Lookout, which gives a vista to the east toward Mad River Valley. This and other places on the northerly slope of Lincoln Mountain carry names drawn from Scott's 'Lady of the Lake.' Beyond this point the trail winds about in the midst of moss-covered rocks and cliffs and in a splendid forest of spruce and fir. Ferns are everywhere.

In twenty-five or thirty minutes from Roderick Dhu Lookout, the trail emerges into an opening and passes in front of the log shelter known as 'Glen Ellen Lodge.' This shelter was built in 1919 and is provided with comfortable bunks, a stove, and a table. Back of it a path leads in a few yards to a spring which is reliable except in extreme drouth. In front of the shelter is a little rock-walled garden of native plants.

The trail to South Starksboro branches from the Long Trail to the left, or west, just before you reach the shelter. It is marked by a sign. While it

is not cleared and graded, as is the Long Trail, it is blazed and may be followed without difficulty. The distance from Glen Ellen Lodge to the public road is a little less than three miles.

CHAPTER XV

BURNT ROCK MOUNTAIN

A circuit that follows a link of the Long Trail and takes in the remarkable approach to Burnt Rock Mountain, the passage of its summit, and a sequence of ravines on the north. One of the most beautiful tramps in the Green Mountains. Distance, end of road to summit and out to another public road, 11 miles. Time about 9 hours.

FOR one who cares to follow a trail that offers a remarkably beautiful sequence of untouched and exquisite ravines, bits of magnificent forest, twisting climbs over rock ledges, and wide views of distant mountains, there is no single day's journey that surpasses the tramp from Birch Glen over Burnt Rock Mountain to Montclair Glen. The trip is a succession of ascents and descents, gradually trending upward to the triple dome of the mountain that lies central along the way, again ascending to a high col between two peaks, and then rapidly descending to a delightful valley.

It is neither an easy nor a difficult journey. The total distance from the place where you leave the public road, one mile from Hanksville, to the point where you again emerge upon another road, three miles from Huntington Center, is about eleven miles. Of that distance a part of the way is the

approach by field and by wood road to Birch Glen, and a part is the descent by a branch trail from Montclair Glen to Forest City. These two segments take up three miles out of the eleven. The remaining eight miles follow the route of the Long Trail. It is a trip of a full day, but it can be accomplished in that time without undue hurry.

The place at which you emerge upon a public road is not the place from which you started, but if you have come by car and wish to have your automobile driven around to the point of exit, you will find easy access from the one to the other. If this is not possible, arrangements can readily be made to have a conveyance on hand at the point where you come out upon the road.

Burnt Rock Mountain lies in the main axis of the Green Mountains, seven miles in an airline south of the Winooski River. It is the third mountain south of Camel's Hump, or Couching Lion, the first being Ethan Allen and the second Ira Allen. The mountain is sixteen miles west of Montpelier and twenty miles southeast of Burlington. West of it lies the valley of the Huntington River, which flows north and empties into the Winooski. East of it is Mad River, which joins the Winooski four miles below Waterbury. Round-about the mountain is a wilderness many miles in extent. South of it the backbone of the Green

Mountains continues over the Stark Mountains and the peaks of Lincoln Mountain to the Lincoln-Warren Pass.

The day's trip begins a short distance from Hanksville, which is three miles south of Huntington Center and thirteen miles from Richmond. This point is easily reached from Route 14, the highway connecting Montpelier and Burlington, by turning south at Jonesville. At Hanksville there is a road leading east about a mile to a farm known as the 'Beane Place,' where it ends. Here an approach trail begins that gives access to Birch Glen Lodge on the Long Trail. The place where the day's journey will end is near a deserted settlement known as 'Forest City,' which is three miles east of Huntington Center.

If you are coming by train you can proceed to Richmond on the Central Vermont Railway and there will find a stage running to Huntington Center. At this place there are stores, and from here a conveyance may readily be engaged to take you to the Beane Farm and to meet you when you emerge at Forest City.

The approach trail to Birch Glen begins at the farm buildings and crosses a pasture where the way is marked by cairns. Entering woods and passing through a fence the trail becomes a well-marked woodland path. At the end of a mile from

the Beane Place it arrives at Birch Glen Lodge on the Long Trail, one of the shelters maintained by the Green Mountain Club.

The Lodge is in an open forest of beech and yellow birch with occasional towering spruces. To the right as you approach it there is a brook which can be depended upon to furnish a supply of water, even in times of drouth. The shelter has four double bunks and is provided with a small wood stove and a convenient table. The location is well described by the name given to the lodge, 'Birch Glen.'

The Long Trail on its way from south to north descends to the shelter by way of a wood road, after its passage of the Stark Mountains. In proceeding to Burnt Rock Mountain in Montclair Glen you will be following a further link of the Long Trail.

The trail for the regions to the north strikes off to the left just back of the Lodge. For the first mile and a half the way is nearly level and runs in the midst of hardwood forest. About forty-five minutes from Birch Glen you will pass Huntington Gap, where the highway between Hanksville on the west and North Fayston on the east once crossed the range. The rise in altitude from Birch Glen to this point is only a little more than one hundred feet.

Here the trail begins a gradual, steady climb, soon slabbing a ridge with higher ground on the right. In about ten minutes the path swings to the right uphill and begins slabbing another ridge which rises on the left. Five minutes later the path gains the top of the ridge and now zigzags, rising and falling, crossing an area that has been logged and is now grown up to a mixture of small and large evergreens. At one point there is an old birch-bark sign on the right, the printing on which is now illegible. Beginning here a blazed trail was laid out by a troop of Boy Scouts in 1920 with the intention of opening a path to Waitsfield. The trail was never cleared or opened for use and cannot be followed to-day.

Where the path crosses a high, somewhat level area there is a sign, 'Woodruff Plateau,' so named in honor of one of the men who helped to build the Long Trail. A little beyond there is another sign reading, 'Bears' Berry Patch.' A double meaning is attached to this sign, for in part it refers to Mr. Eugene Berry, another trail worker, and in part it recalls the fact that the men who built the trail ran across bears several times in these thickets.

The path is now approaching the valley of a stream. The ground to the left rises sharply while that to the right drops very steeply. At one point there is a good outlook over the valley to the east.

About an hour and three quarters from Birch Glen the trail passes a small stream which crosses the trail from left to right and in another three minutes it reaches Cowles Cove, so named in honor of Judge Clarence P. Cowles, of Burlington, who has done much exploring for trails and who helped in the construction of the Monroe Sky-line.

A considerable stream descends through the shallow, rocky valley at Cowles Cove. A long log lies across from bank to bank, and since it is hewed flat on its upper side it presumably may be used as a bridge. In ordinary times, however, the tramper will prefer to cross on the stones in the stream bed.

On the farther bank is Cowles Cove Lodge, a shelter of Swiss type with a lower bunk that is capable of sleeping three or possibly four, and an upper bunk large enough for two. It has a good stove, and a few utensils. In front of it is a small porch. The altitude here is about four hundred feet above that at Birch Glen and the distance to this point from Birch Glen Lodge is approximately three miles.

The trail now rises gradually, but soon descends to cross a rocky ravine. In about fifteen minutes from Cowles Cove the path enters an area that has been logged recently. Crossing a part of this region of slash it again enters a rocky wooded

area, out of which it soon climbs very steeply to a fairly level region in the midst of further lumbering.

A rock here bears a painted sign, 'Slash Rock.' It was given this name when the trail was in process of building. The trail workers found the task of opening a clear passage through this region arduous because of the *débris* left from lumbering. One hot day in midsummer, as they worked their way through, they came upon this rock and found it a pleasant place for a rest. It was made a landmark by painting the sign upon it. There is a good view to the south from this place. A little beyond the trail passes out of the logged area, entering a region of big spruces.

You are now approaching the summit of Burnt Rock Mountain. Ahead for the next two miles lies one of the most interesting sections of the day's journey, the ascent of the ledges of Burnt Rock and the passage of a series of beautiful ravines on its farther side.

Ten minutes from 'Slash Rock' the path comes out upon an open ledge and begins to climb sharply, twisting about as it goes. After five minutes of this it passes a deep cleft called 'Taylor Gulf,' in honor of James P. Taylor, founder of the Green Mountain Club. Rocky defiles now follow, with a climb up steep, winding crevices in the

midst of ledges and rocks where there is an appropriate sign 'The Skidmore.'

It is interesting to know that the task of finding a possible approach from the south to the summit of Burnt Rock Mountain was for a time an unsolved problem to the trail-builders. Professor Will S. Monroe, who is largely responsible for the building of this section of the Long Trail, was assured by one who had visited the mountain that no practicable route could be found for a trail to ascend the summit from this direction. It was possible to get down by a process of sliding over precipitous ledges and dropping from the summit of cliffs, or by the use of ropes. But to find a route that was feasible for a real trail, passable in both directions, was another matter.

Finally, Olden Paris, a son of Dr. L. J. Paris, who was one of the pioneers in developing a new interest in the Green Mountains, discovered a twisting and spectacular way to descend the summit dome on the south. A cleft near the top of the mountain which ended in a vertical drop down a high cliff was found to give access to another smaller cleft, leading out of the larger one. This in turn led to a bench along the face of a cliff, which was discovered to continue around a corner to a point from which the base of the cliff on the south could be reached. The rocky gallery found at that



OLDEN PARIS GALLERY ON BURNT ROCK
MOUNTAIN

time is named in honor of its discoverer. As you climb to the summit you will make use of the route that he marked out.

Burnt Rock Mountain has a triple summit. The middle dome is the highest and has an altitude of 3168 feet. Although this is less than the height of mountains both north and south, there are beautiful views from the summit.

In the northeast the slopes and the high peak of Mount Ira Allen are close at hand. To the right of Ira Allen are the wooded slopes of Ethan Allen, while just to the left is the sharp cone of Camel's Hump, or Couching Lion, about four miles distant.

In the east is the Mad River Valley. Northeast is the long line of the Worcester Mountains, which parallel the main range north of the Winooski Valley. South are successive summits of the main range, beginning with the Stark Mountains.

If the day is clear enough you can see the White Mountains far away in the east, sixty to eighty miles distant. The Pilot Mountains are almost due east. To their right are the Presidentials, the most distant in the group. Slightly farther to the right are the Franconias, sixty to sixty-five miles away. Mount Moosilauke is fifty-six miles distant and is a little to the right of the Franconias.

In the west is Lake Champlain, twenty miles away at its nearest point. Beyond the line of its

shining waters the Adirondacks fill the western horizon.

Leaving the summit of the mountain the trail descends into a shallow ravine and at once climbs again to surmount another rocky dome, the northern peak of the mountain. Descending now over ledges and in the midst of stunted spruces the path arrives in a few minutes at the beginning of the ravines that slash the ridge from side to side north of Burnt Rock.

The first of these is known as 'Ladder Ravine,' so called because at this one point the trail-builders found it necessary to provide some means of access to the ravine other than that which Nature had furnished. There is no other place in the fifty miles of trail from the Winooski Valley to Middlebury Gap where a ladder has been installed. Here, in spite of long search, no reasonably short way around could be found. Finally, a spruce tree was felled in such manner that its trunk served as a sloping walk, while another tree yielded a hand-rail. Two minutes beyond this is Whittier Ravine, named for John D. Whittier, one of the trail workers.

As the path proceeds, groves of spruce, heaps of mossy rocks, banks of ferns, and sharply cleft hollows alternate along the trail. Ten minutes from Whittier Ravine the trail reaches Allis Gallery,

named for J. Ashton Allis, of New York. There is a deep cleft here, clothed in spruce, carpeted in brown needles, draped in drooping ferns, and spattered with the brilliant green of wet moss. The trail crosses the margin of this high up toward the top, and the view into its untouched loveliness will not soon be forgotten.

Two minutes later the path enters another logged area and in five minutes traverses a shallow hollow known as 'Tannin Ravine,' because the water in the slow brook that flows along its bottom is colored brown from forest seepage.

Beyond Tannin Ravine the trail arrives at the end of the 'Long Game Run' and for some distance follows a runway that animals had made through the woods. A few minutes later it reaches the bottom of the 'Paris Skidway,' named for Dr. L. J. Paris. Here, where logs were once skidded down with the evident assistance of gravity, the path makes a long and steep ascent. Beyond the top it enters an open, logged area which it crosses for the next ten minutes.

You are now nearing the precipitous upper slopes of Mount Ira Allen. The trail ahead keeps to the right of the summit, climbing to the col between Ira Allen and Ethan Allen. Passing over the divide it swings around to the slopes that lead north from Ethan Allen, and descends into the

valley between that mountain and Camel's Hump.

At the end of the logged area the path climbs in the midst of some large boulders and then passes along a nearly level stretch. On the left here is a small cave under the rocks, known as 'The Rock Refuge.' It was used occasionally as an emergency shelter in the days of trail-building. A few rods beyond there is a depression, occupied by a shallow pond in early season, but dry as soon as the spring rains are over. It is named 'Lago Seco.'

The path now rises gradually in the midst of evergreens. About fifteen minutes after passing 'Lago Seco' the trail reaches the highest point in the col between Ethan Allen and Ira Allen and beyond this begins a steady descent. From this point all of the way to Montclair Glen and on out to the public road will be downhill. The altitude above sea level at the highest point in the col is nearly thirty-four hundred feet.

Three minutes after beginning the descent you will pass Nurian Spring, named for Kerson Nurian, a native of Bulgaria and one of the men who helped to build the Long Trail. Continuing the steady descent for fifteen minutes more you will catch ahead a vista of the summit of Camel's Hump rising as a narrow and lofty rock cone.

In another fifteen minutes the path crosses a brook in a shallow ravine and on the farther side

arrives at Montclair Glen Lodge. The distance from Birch Glen to this point is about eight miles. From here to the public road at Forest City is two miles.

Montclair Glen Lodge is an open board shelter maintained by the Green Mountain Club. It is provided with four bunks, each of which is large enough for three people. Other furnishings include a good stove, a table with benches, shelving, cupboards, and, out in front, a seat. Roundabout is an open grove of small birches with several platforms for tents. Close to the Lodge is a tiny flower garden.

From the Lodge the Long Trail continues over the summit of Camel's Hump. A short distance above the Lodge, in the pass known as 'Wind Gap,' there is a branch leading to the right from the Long Trail and swinging around the base of the mountain in an easterly direction to Couching Lion Farm, formerly known as 'Callahan's,' whence a public road descends the valley to North Duxbury. From the Lodge to Callahan's is two and a half miles. If one cared to do so and had the time one could continue out by the public road from Callahan's to North Duxbury, which is a station on the Central Vermont Railway. The distance from Montclair Glen to North Duxbury is a little more than six miles.

The trail to Forest City is a broad path leading westerly from the Lodge and is easily followed. The journey from the Lodge to the public road at Forest City is easily accomplished in an hour.

Leaving the Lodge the trail starts downhill and in ten minutes crosses a branch stream which comes down from the right. The main stream is on the left. In another ten minutes the path crosses the main stream and in five minutes more crosses it again. Here the path enters a wood road which it now follows.

In about twenty-five minutes the trail emerges into a clearing where there are two or three abandoned houses. This is the one-time settlement known as 'Forest City.' The wood road crosses the stream once more below the buildings and in five minutes joins a public road. The distance from here to the village of Huntington Center is about three miles.

Many mountain climbs are a steady uphill journey where there is, of course, considerable of interest by the way, but where the principal reward is the attaining of the summit. These are all worth the time and effort, for there is no mountain that does not amply repay in some fashion for the energy expended in climbing it. But the interest is centered largely upon a single feature in the day's programme.

The circuit of Burnt Rock Mountain is more than this and different. Every hour of the walk is full of interest. There are wide and beautiful views from the summit and from outlooks along the trail, and these alone are well worth while; but if there were no views at all the journey would remain one of the most beautiful imaginable.

CHAPTER XVI

CAMEL'S HUMP (COUCHING LION)

One of the best summits in the Green Mountains. The upper part a bare, rock cone. The view from the top unsurpassed. Best approached by a relatively easy trail from the east. To summit and return 6 miles. Time 5 to 6 hours. Several other trails, including approaches from north, south, and west, afford alternate routes or remarkably interesting circuits, readily accomplished in a single day.

AMONG all of the mountains of Vermont, Camel's Hump or Couching Lion is entitled to rank as the most individualistic and striking. From a broad base that covers more than ten square miles a great rock mass rises abruptly. On the north the rocks are thrust forth in a lofty shoulder, on the south they are extended in a scarred ridge, while between the two rises a naked cone. Viewed from east or west this rock structure gives the mountain an unmistakable contour.

On every side the foundations of the mountain are clean-cut. On the south the valley known as 'Wind Gap' separates it from the slopes leading to Mount Ethan Allen. On the west is the valley of the Huntington River. On the east is that of Ridley Brook. On the north the foundation drops abruptly to the gorge where the waters of the



CAMEL'S HUMP (COUCHING LION) FROM THE EAST

Winooski plunge through the rock axis of Vermont, singing the song that Blanche Finkle Gile has translated into these words:

Again in the wild, like a mettlesome child,
I fret at my reins of rock,
And flounce and whirl, like a vain young girl
Flaunting a fine new frock.

Through the depths of the cleft in the mountain reft
I surge in a volume of thunder,
While the crags o'er the head of my cavern bed
Groan aghast as I struggle under.

Like a serpent lean with fangs of green,
I chisel my channel forth,
And worry in twain the fettering chain
Of the Couching King of the North.

Then into the West where the Sun folk rest
I race with their burning rack,
While I prance and play as I bear all the way
The Sunbeam Babes on my back.

From the very beginning this mountain has caught the attention of those who came within sight of it, and its characteristic form has found echo in the names with which it has been christened. Officially it is Camel's Hump, and is so known not only in the records but in the thoughts of great numbers of people: a terse term, vigorous and homely. It is not the first name by which the

mountain was called, but it has the sanction of generations of use.

In some earlier versions the name stood as 'Camel's Rump,' retaining identification with the beast in question but shifting the point of anatomy. Thus, in 1798, in a map drawn for Ira Allen to illustrate his 'History of Vermont,' the mountain is set down as 'The Camel's Rump.' Other publications of that period used the same term, including an 'Atlas of Vermont,' published in 1808 by Professor James Dean, of the University of Vermont, and a 'Gazetteer' published in 1824 by Zadock Thompson. Later, Thompson wrote another book in which he referred to the peak as 'Camel's Hump.' Since that day, so far as official records and common usage are concerned, this name has prevailed.

There have been two other descriptive names, however, which have in them much of interest. One of these, 'The Couching Lion,' is staunchly upheld by many Vermonters as a better and more aptly descriptive term for the characteristic and inspiring peak.

Le lion couchant, the French version of this name, was bestowed upon the mountain by Champlain's party of exploration when they sailed south on the silver waters of Lake Champlain. The phrase refers to a term used in heraldry and is

rightly translated into English as the 'Couching,' not the 'Crouching,' Lion. It signifies rest and repose, rather than alertness or the imminence of attack.

To what extent this name was accepted by the people of Vermont in early years is a question. Hannah Gale Luce, in a poem written in Waterbury in 1857, used these words:

Old Mansfield rears his rugged face,
 Upturned to meet the sky;
 And south, the 'Couching Lion' rears
 His beetling crags on high . . .

Perhaps the most interesting reference to the mountain under this title is found in the second volume of the book in which Frederika Bremer set down her impressions of the United States when she visited this country in the middle of the last century. The story of her visit took the form of letters written from place to place, later brought together and published in 1853 under the title 'The Homes of the New World.' On pages 588, 591, and 593 of the second volume there are these interesting references to the mountain:

BURLINGTON, ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN
August 19, 18. .

I now write to you from a beautiful house on the shores of the Lake Champlain, which has one of the most glorious views over the water and the mountain

region which I have ever seen since the Lake of Geneva, in Switzerland. . . . The mountain called *Le lion couchant* seems possessed of life, and about to rise up in splendid glow of light — a magnificent giant form.

August 20, 18. .

The peculiar outline of the mountains is also very attractive to me, and *Le lion couchant* becomes every day more animated. . . .

SARATOGA, August 22, 18. .

We left Burlington yesterday. Many of my new friends accompanied us by steamer across the lake. . . . The picture of that romantic lake, and of the colossal reposing granite lion, which in the setting sunlight seemed to increase in size, while it receded still further and further into the dim distance, is one which I shall ever retain in my mind among the most beautiful natural scenes of America.

And yet, even the early designation of this mountain as *Le lion couchant* by Champlain's party, may not have been its first christening. The Waubanakee Indians knew it by still another term. They called it 'Tawàbodí é wàdso,' a phrase compounded of the word for mountain, 'wadso,' and the word meaning 'a place to sit upon' or 'a seat,' with the connective, 'é,' adjectival in function. Thus their term means 'the mountain that is like a seat.'

However one may think of it, whether as the Camel's Hump, the Couching Lion, or the Moun-

tain Like a Seat, the peak is one of the outstanding features of the Green Mountains and is worthy of all of the attention that it has received.

Early in the settlement of Vermont the mountain figured in quite another and different bit of history, no longer of consequence in a historic way, but interesting enough in other aspects.

As all Vermonters know, much of the territory that the State occupies was originally sold or bestowed upon various persons and companies as the New Hampshire grants. Sometimes these grants meant the immediate settlement of a region. Often they meant a series of speculative exchanges in which a deed to a parcel of property was passed along from person to person, each taking a profit from the transaction and each leaving to his successor the task of actually developing the property conveyed by the transaction.

One of these early grants included the territory occupied by the town of Duxbury. The group of men who acquired this area consisted of land speculators living in Newark, New Jersey. The tract that they secured was essentially a rectangle, and at a meeting in Newark they proceeded to divide it up into farms by the simple expedient of drawing parallel lines across the plot of the grant in two directions.

One of the 'farms,' thus passed along upon

paper, consisted essentially of the barren rock ledge at the summit of Camel's Hump. Who it was that chanced to buy it does not appear, but the fact is interesting that as long ago as the beginning of the last century land transactions were in vogue that differed in no wise from those of more recent times, except that they chanced to involve rock ledges four thousand feet above the sea instead of reaches of sand more or less under the sea.

Development of the mountain as an objective for climbers began early. Some time before 1860 a bridle path was cleared and graded to a point just below the summit cone, and in 1859 or 1860 a frame hotel was erected at this place. The builder was Mr. Ridley, who lived in the village then known as Ridley's Station, now called North Duxbury. The hotel was a plain, clapboarded affair, accommodating about twenty-five people.

The building remained open for guests only a few years. About 1869 its owner gave up the venture and it was left to the mercy of picnic parties and porcupines. Both of these agencies, especially the latter, soon made themselves felt. In 1877 or 1878 the building burned.

But the interest in the summit and the need for a place where the tramper could purchase supplies or find lodging had not vanished. Such a moun-

tain as this, with its bold crown and its far-flung views, was bound to have many visitors. In 1908 a group of men in Waterbury organized the Camel's Hump Club with the purpose of improving the trail to the site of the old summit house and maintaining some sort of shelter there for trampers. Mr. C. C. Graves was president.

The club cleared an old path, so that ox teams might haul supplies to the top, and set up tents to provide lodgings. Later, three buildings were erected, this time made of galvanized iron which would be more resistant to porcupines. Through the summer season a caretaker was on hand, selling supplies to those who wished them, and furnishing meals.

Meanwhile, the Green Mountain Club had been organized and had begun trail-building along the main axis of the Vermont mountains. Beginning in 1916 a notable section of trail had been built from the valley of the Winooski over Camel's Hump and south along the range. In 1922 the Camel's Hump Club presented its property to the New York section of the Green Mountain Club, which has since maintained the huts and continued the programme begun by the earlier club.

There are five trails by which one may climb to the summit of Camel's Hump. One of these starts

opposite the village of Bolton in the valley of the Winooski, north of the mountain. It is a somewhat tedious approach, without many interesting outlooks. The second is a new trail finished in the fall of 1925, which also starts from Bolton, but climbs the mountain by means of a ledgy ridge, an approach that offers magnificent views. The third is a trail formerly in more active use that approaches the mountain from the west, starting at the end of a road leading from Huntington Center. The fourth is a link of the Long Trail which climbs by way of the rocky, outstretched 'paws' of the 'lion.' The base of this link, in Montclair Glen, may be reached by a good trail from the west or by another from the east. The fifth is the path that approaches directly from the east, starting from the end of a road leading from North Duxbury. This is the Callahan Trail and is both the most popular and the easiest means of access to the mountain. It will be described first in the paragraphs that follow.

Since Camel's Hump is situated only a few miles south of the valley of the Winooski, in which runs the State road between Montpelier and Burlington, approach to the easterly base of the mountain by motor-car is easy. The road along the south bank of the river is conveniently reached by crossing the stream at Waterbury. From that point the

route lies westerly as far as the railway station at North Duxbury.

Here a branch road turns south up the valley of Ridley's Brook. At this turn there is a sign. The road up the valley begins to climb at once and continues to do so, but it is easily passable for automobiles. There are forks to the left at two points and at each of these there is a sign indicating the route to follow, which is to the right. Finally, the road comes to an end in an open field in front of the house formerly known as the 'Callahan Place,' but now named 'Couching Lion Farm' and owned by Professor Will S. Monroe, builder of many miles of the Long Trail. There is a parking space for cars in the field just below the farm buildings.

The beginning of the Callahan Trail is well marked by signs. It leads between the house and barn and up across a pasture. At first it is in the open, but presently it passes through scattering clumps of trees, crossing two small streams.

In about fifteen minutes from the start the trail swings gradually to the right or north. Five minutes later it reaches a brook where there are signs indicating a turn to the left, uphill. In another ten minutes the trail passes through a gate and just beyond approaches a large brook for a moment, but at once turns to the left, leaving the brook at the right. The rise in altitude from the end of the

public road to the gate is about five hundred feet.

For a few minutes the path climbs steadily. Then follows a level area where the trail is in the midst of small hardwoods with occasional large trees. There are many white blazes and the path is wide and easily followed.

After twenty-five minutes the path arrives at a fork, 'Couching Lion Junction.' To the left at this point the Dean Cutoff leads to Montclair Glen which is somewhat more than a mile distant. To the right the main trail proceeds toward the summit of the mountain. The distance from Couching Lion Farm to this fork is about a mile and a quarter and the rise in altitude is about eight hundred feet. The distance from the fork to the top of the mountain is a mile and three quarters and the climbing that still remains to be done amounts to about seventeen hundred feet.

The route now trends northwest toward the cone of the mountain and very soon discloses the summit rocks, high up in the sky and straight ahead. The grades are moderate. After a time the path bears directly toward the 'Great Ledge' that lies across this slope of the mountain. It continues to climb toward the Ledge until directly under it and then swings to the left, parallel to the rock wall.

Passing under the face of the Ledge it rises

steadily and in seven or eight minutes crosses a brook. Two minutes beyond this there is an open fireplace where tramping parties often pause to cook lunch. Climbers are cautioned to use the fireplace if they wish a fire and not to go elsewhere for that purpose, since this is State Forest and the building of fires, except in designated places, is forbidden.

The path now swings to the right, once more heading toward the summit cone of the mountain, which is now in view to the north. In a few minutes it passes through an open area where there is a broad outlook to the east. The altitude here above the public road is about fifteen hundred feet. Presently a small brook is passed. After a time the trail again bears to the left, with the cone of the mountain once more in sight, this time to the northwest. Soon it begins to zigzag right and left, climbing steadily though not steeply.

After fifteen minutes of this an abandoned trail will be seen coming in on the right. This is the route known as the 'Old Callahan Trail,' and was the former means of approach from the Callahan farm. Three minutes beyond this the path emerges in the opening where the huts are situated.

There are three metal buildings, one to the left occupied by the caretaker, one straight ahead which serves as quarters for women trampers, and

one to the right which contains the bunks for men.

Here several trails diverge. The path to Bolton, including the start of both routes in that direction, leaves just to the left of the men's hut. The trail to the summit of the mountain passes between the women's hut and that of the caretaker. This also is the trail to Montclair Glen, for the link of the Long Trail from Camel's Hump to the Glen begins at the very top of the mountain. Another trail, to the left of the men's hut, leads to a spring and to a ledge near by from which there is a view to the north. A second spring is situated beside the Callahan Trail, just below the huts.

The climb from this point to the summit is fairly steep, but is not difficult or dangerous. It is readily accomplished in ten or fifteen minutes. The rise in altitude from the huts to the top of the mountain is approximately three hundred feet.

The summit of Camel's Hump is 4083 feet above sea level. The top is open rock and the view includes many hundreds of square miles, extending to Jay Peak and Owl's Head in the north, to the White Mountains in the east, to Mount Ascutney and Killington Peak in the southeast and south, and to the Adirondacks in the west.

Slightly to the right of north lies Mount Mansfield, fifteen miles away. Bolton Mountain is nearer and lower, almost in line with Mansfield,

but a little to the right. On the horizon the skyline of Mansfield descends toward Smugglers' Notch, then rises to Sterling Mountain with Madonna on the left and Whiteface on the right. Over the slope of Whiteface, Big Jay and Jay Peak can be distinguished as two cones of equal size, forty-six miles away. Then follows Belvidere Mountain, which drops off sharply on the right. If the air is clear enough, Owl's Head, which lies in Canada near the shore of Lake Memphremagog, is visible to the right of Belvidere. The distance to Owl's Head is about sixty miles.

From east to northeast are the Worcester Mountains. Mount Hunger is the highest point and is fourteen miles distant. Mount Elmore is at the farther end of the group and is somewhat detached. Over the right slopes of Elmore you can see on the horizon the mountains near Willoughby Lake, fifty miles away.

When the air is clear enough the White Mountains are plainly visible on the easterly horizon. They begin a little north of east and extend to a point south of east. The nearest summits in this group are Moosilauke and the Franconias. Moosilauke is fifty-seven miles distant and is the most prominent summit east of southeast. Just to its left is the Franconia Range, sixty-five miles away. Again to the left are the Presidentials, including

Mount Washington, eighty miles distant. The direction of Mount Washington by compass is a little south of east.

Mount Ascutney, sixty-five miles away, stands somewhat alone in a direction east of south. To the right of Ascutney there is a short space in which no prominent summit rises on the skyline. Then comes the backbone of the Green Mountain Range with Killington, Pico, and Mendon in the far distance, forty-eight to fifty miles away. These distant peaks are in line with the wooded summit of Mount Ethan Allen which stands out boldly near at hand across the deep valley where Montclair Glen Lodge is situated. To the right of Ethan Allen is the dark, sharp peak of Ira Allen. Slightly to the right of the latter the tip of Burnt Rock Mountain can be seen.

In line with the summit of Ira Allen, but much farther away, is the flat top of Bread Loaf Mountain. To its right and somewhat nearer is the mass of Lincoln Mountain, while to the right of that is the summit of General Stark, ten miles distant.

In the west are the waters of Lake Champlain, visible for a distance of many miles, and beyond, along the horizon, are the Adirondacks. Mount Marcy, the highest peak in the Adirondacks, is slightly south of west and is in line with Split Rock

on the shore of Champlain. To the left of Marcy and a little nearer is Dix. To its right is McIntyre. The high pinnacle of Whiteface Mountain stands out a little north of west.

The city of Burlington is twenty miles away in a northwesterly direction. Practically in line with it is Lyon Mountain, beyond the farther shore of Champlain.

In returning from the top of Camel's Hump to Couching Lion Farm you may follow either one of two routes. Of these the Callahan Trail, by which you ascended the mountain, is the more direct. The descent by this route is easily accomplished in two hours, and may be done in less. The other route lies over the Long Trail from the top of the mountain south toward Montclair Glen, then northeast and east by the Dean Cutoff and thus into the Callahan Trail at Couching Lion Junction, about a mile and a quarter above Couching Lion Farm. The distance by this alternate route is about four and a half miles, as compared with the three miles required for the direct route. Return by the alternate route will require three to three and a half hours.

If time will permit choosing the longer route, and if energy is sufficient, it will be found to afford a striking series of views. The way lies over the outstretched paws of the lion, part of it in woods,

but much of it over open ledges or out upon rocky lookouts.

Leaving the summit the path to Montclair Glen swings first to the west and northwest, then around to the south above cliffs. Presently the trail passes Gilbert Smith Lookout, named for one of the trail workers, then zigzags down and for a time passes through a region that was burned over in the big fire of 1903. Again entering woods the route passes the Allen Smith Spring, named for another trail worker. Near here is a lookout, from which there is a view of the Worcester Range to the northeast.

Crossing Katherine Knoll, named for Miss Katherine Monroe, the trail descends over ledges. Here is the Annette Buck Cave, so called in honor of an alpinist who helped to survey the route. After much winding about, the path descends to Wind Gap, at the end of the 'paws' and just above the valley in which Montclair Glen is situated. Here at Wind Gap the Dean Cutoff for Couching Lion Farm leaves on the left. Montclair Glen Lodge is on the main trail, one third of a mile beyond the place where the branch trail leaves.

The Cutoff swings east and northeast around the side of the mountain, following easy grades, and joins the Callahan Trail at Couching Lion

Junction. From the Junction out to the end of the public road is about a mile and a quarter.

Two trails lead from the valley of the Winooski, north of Camel's Hump, to the summit of the mountain, the two being united at the start and again at the upper end, but following an entirely different course the rest of the way. One of these is the old Bolton or Gleason Brook Trail, a journey of four and a half miles. The other is the new Monroe Skyline Trail, which curves to the east and follows the summit line of a rocky spur, a total distance of five and a half miles. Of the various trails on the mountain the latter is the most spectacular. Either of these routes may be used in ascending the mountain from the north. Either may serve as an alternate means of descent. A circuit by which the mountain is ascended over the Callahan Trail and descended by the Skyline Trail to Bolton is one of remarkable interest.

The Skyline Trail represents the most difficult piece of trail-building done by Professor Monroe and is one of the most extraordinary mountain trails in the East. It was begun in 1923 and was completed in the fall of 1925 — a striking monument to the skill and the untiring labor of Professor Monroe, his friends, and his fellow members of the New York Section of the Green Mountain Club.

The route coincides with the old Bolton Trail as it leaves the huts near the top of the mountain. At the end of half a mile it diverges to the right and follows the top of a lofty ridge. Zigzagging from side to side over ledges and dipping into ravines, the path makes its way down, with superb views across the Winooski Valley, over the Worcester Range, and sometimes back to the impressive 'Lion.' Every advantage has been taken of the scenic possibilities, and yet the trail is not dangerous or seriously difficult. The entire distance is plainly marked with white blazes, and the trail is well cleared throughout. The time required for descending the mountain by this route is about four hours.

The other and older trail between the summit and Bolton follows a valley instead of the skyline of the ridge. It is plainly marked also, but offers few views or outlooks. In rainy weather the footway is apt to be wet. It follows an abandoned logging road most of the way.

These trails come out together upon the road that follows the southwesterly bank of the Winooski River. Through the summer season arrangements are in effect by which trampers may be ferried across the Winooski River near the point where the trails emerge. The nearest bridge is that by which the railway crosses the river at North

Duxbury, two miles to the east. The nearest highway bridge in that direction is at Waterbury, four miles farther. On the west the nearest bridge is at Jonesville, four miles away.

Camel's Hump may be ascended by either one of two routes that approach it from the west. One of these is the Huntington Trail and the other is a combination of the approach trail to Montclair Glen and a link of the Long Trail from that point to the summit.

The Huntington Trail is three miles long from the end of a public road to the top of the mountain. The beginning of the trail is reached by following the road leading east from Huntington Center. Half a mile from the village the road crosses a stream and a little way beyond it forks. The route takes the right-hand road at the fork and follows that for a little more than half a mile to a second crossing of the stream. Just beyond this there is a fork to the left which should be avoided. Continuing uphill, with the stream on the left, the road again forks at a distance of three miles from Huntington Center. Here the branch to the right leads in a few rods to the deserted settlement known as 'Forest City.' That to the left leads to a farm at the end of the road, from which the Huntington Trail starts east across a hill in an open field, on its way to the summit of the mountain.

Entering the forest the trail continues up a valley for about a mile, following a northerly course. It then bears northeast, and later east, climbing steeply toward the shoulder that strikes out north from the summit cone of the mountain. It ends at the level opening where the three metal huts are situated, just below the summit of the mountain.

The better way to approach the mountain from the west, however, is by the trail that leads to Montclair Glen, thence over the Lion's paws to the summit. This path starts from Forest City, which is easily reached by the route from Huntington Center already described. Automobiles can be driven to within a quarter of a mile of this point. Crossing a bridge and passing the deserted buildings the trail begins to ascend gradually, following a wood road. In about half a mile it crosses a stream and here keeps to the right where the wood road forks. At the end of another half-mile it again crosses a stream. A little farther up the wood road becomes a woodland path, which now proceeds directly toward Montclair Glen Lodge. The trail is clearly marked and easily followed.

At Montclair Glen the path connects with the Long Trail. To the right or south is Burnt Rock Mountain and to the north is Camel's Hump.

There are signs marking the beginning of the trail in each direction.

Following the Long Trail toward Camel's Hump the route leads uphill to Wind Gap. Here the Dean Cutoff strikes off to the right for the Callahan Trail and Couching Lion Farm. The main trail now begins to climb the rocky ridge that makes up the paws of the Lion. Winding about, clambering over ledges, and passing some interesting caves, the trail surmounts Katherine Knoll. This part of the way lies through a region swept by forest fire years ago.

Entering woods the trail passes Allen Smith Spring. This is about halfway from Montclair Glen Lodge to the top of the mountain. Again the trail traverses a region where the forest fire killed the timber. Above this it approaches the summit cone of the mountain, and finally climbs to the highest point by a loop that leads first to the north and then to the southeast.

The distance from Forest City to the top of the mountain by this route is a little less than four miles. The climb in altitude is twenty-six hundred feet, and the ascent will require about four hours.

The summit of Camel's Hump and large areas on its slopes are now owned by the State and comprise the Camel's Hump State Forest. A tract of a thousand acres, including the top of the mountain,

was given to the State in 1911 by Colonel Joseph Battell. Purchases made since bring the total area up to forty-five hundred acres. Several hundred thousand trees, largely Norway spruce, have been planted on it by the State Forest Service.

From the time when the first explorers looked upon the striking contour of Camel's Hump it has rightly been famous as one of the distinctive mountains of New England. Its bold summit cone, its rocky shoulder to the north, and its barren ridge to the south — the head, the mane, and the outstretched paws of the Couching Lion — are characteristic. In profile it is unlike any other mountain in all of the great array in the north-eastern United States.

Much has been written about it. William Dean Howells used it as the setting for his story 'The Landlord of Lion's Head.' Henry Holt found in its contour, as seen from the west, a striking likeness to the lions supporting the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square.

To the north, fifteen miles away, rises another mountain mass with a remarkable profile, Mount Mansfield, its skyline like the features of a great upturned face. These two, Camel's Hump and Mansfield, were quaintly joined in a legend which the Reverend Perrin B. Fisk, many years ago, related in these words:

The Camel's Hump is there on high,
His head, the sages think,
Is near the river's brink, where once
He ran to kneel and drink.
But stumbling in his thirsty haste,
He threw his rider high,
And there lies Mansfield as he fell,
A-staring at the sky.

'Tis said this reckless, daring youth,
Of giant pride and birth,
Had laid a bet on time to ride
The Camel round the earth;
But overdriven and weary, too,
Thus ended all their pacing,
For the fates decreed them there to lie
As a warning against racing.

CHAPTER XVII

MOUNT PHILO

One of the most beautiful panoramas in the State of Vermont, including Lake Champlain, the Adirondacks, and the line of the Green Mountains. A very easy trip. Highway to summit and return $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Time 1 hour. A road passable for motor-cars leads to the summit. Distance by road to summit and return $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles.

THERE is probably no summit in Vermont that offers so much reward for so little time and effort as Mount Philo in the western part of the State, sixteen miles south of Burlington. In a walk of half an hour from a point easily reached by motor-car, and with a climb of only six hundred feet, you can stand on the summit. If you wish you can reach the summit with no effort at all, for a public road, narrow but reasonably passable for automobiles, runs to the top. From the mountain you can see Lake Champlain all of the way from Plattsburg to Ticonderoga. Beyond the lake are the Adirondacks in remarkable array. Besides this, a new tower on the summit gives you the whole circle of the horizon, including the main axis of the Green Mountains from northeast to southwest, from Mansfield to Killington.

The road to the top of Mount Philo was built by

the late Mr. James H. Humphreys, who was much interested in the view to be had from its summit. In 1924 Mrs. Humphreys presented the mountain to the State of Vermont. It is now a State Park.

The name of the mountain is said to be derived from that of an Indian who once lived near by in the days of the early settlement of Vermont. The summit of the cliffs overlooking Lake Champlain was a lookout and signal point for the Indians of the neighborhood in the days before the white settlers took possession. The height of the mountain above sea level is 968 feet.

Mount Philo is easily reached by motor Route 4 which connects Rutland on the south with Burlington on the north. About two miles south of Charlotte a branch road leads east half a mile to a parallel highway. There is a sign where this road diverges from the main thoroughfare. A quarter of a mile south of the point where the branch road joins the parallel highway, the latter passes in front of the Mount Philo Inn. Mount Philo itself is close by, northeast from this point. Both the road to the summit and the trail start at the Inn. For part of the way to the top the road and the trail are combined, while elsewhere the trail cuts across from one loop to another of the winding road.

The beginning of the road, here combined with

the trail, you will find just to the left of a large barn immediately back of the Inn. The road trends to the north for a short distance and is nearly level. Presently the trail branches to the right, cutting across a field and joining the road after it has made a loop to the north. There is a sign at this place.

Entering the road the trail again follows it for a time, but soon diverges in the same fashion as before, making another cutoff. Once more joining the road and coinciding with it for a few rods, it passes a large spring on the right.

Immediately beyond this the two separate. The road makes a long loop to the east and thus ascends the upper slopes of the mountain from east and northeast, swinging back to west when it has reached the top. The path, however, climbs sharply up the southerly side of the mountain, straight toward an open area at the top of the steep westerly face. As you reach the top you will see the new observation tower a little to your right, while the summit ledges are to your left. The road comes in through the woods from the east as far as the observation tower.

In front of you, as you stand on the summit, Lake Champlain extends in a long, silver line, from right to left. The city of Burlington is to the right of north by compass and is fourteen miles



LAKE CHAMPLAIN AND THE ADIRONDACKS FROM MOUNT PHILO

distant in an airline. Just to its left and slightly nearer is Shelburne Point, while almost in line with the Point, but twenty-four miles away, is South Hero Island. Again, slightly to the left is Juniper Island. This is nearly north by compass. The city of Plattsburg, across the lake, lies a little to the left of Juniper Island and is thirty-two miles away.

There follow now various bays and points along the farther shore of the lake. The first distant mountain to be seen is Lyon, which is forty-two miles away and is north of northwest. It is just to the right of the line of Rattlesnake Mountain, fourteen miles away, and not far from the margin of the lake. A little to the left, Bald Face Mountain and Pokomoonshine stand close together, about eighteen miles distant.

To the left on the distant horizon is the Wilmington Range, thirty-three miles away. Then follow North Jay Mountain and neighboring summits and the lofty peak of Whiteface Mountain, which is west of northwest and is thirty-five miles distant.

A prominent group of the Adirondacks is almost due west by compass from your viewpoint. Big Slide Mountain and Mount McIntyre are to the rear, thirty-four and forty miles distant. Giant and Rocky Peak Ridge stand out in front twenty-

six miles away, while to the left are Dial, Nipple Top, and Dix, in succession, thirty-one to thirty-three miles distant. Mount Marcy is behind Giant and Rocky Peak Ridge and is not visible.

A long array of lesser summits follows in the southwest. Fort Henry is west of southwest, nineteen miles away. Ticonderoga is south of southwest, thirty-one miles distant. Fort Ticonderoga is to the left of the city. West of south is the city of Vergennes, Vermont, eight miles distant, almost in line with Snake Mountain, which is fifteen miles away.

To enjoy the view to the east you will need to make use of the new observation tower. This has recently been erected by the State of Vermont and is an excellent and well-built structure. The builder was L. T. Kinsley. The tower has a good stairway and successive platforms. The height from the ground to the observation room is sixty-three feet.

From the northeast all the way around to the south the main axis of the Green Mountains is plainly in sight. Mount Mansfield is east of northeast by compass and is easily distinguishable as the principal summit at the left of the long line of mountains. It is twenty-seven miles distant. To its right are the lesser heights of Mounts Admiral Clark and Admiral Mayo, followed by

the high, rounded summit of Bolton Mountain.

The skyline of the range now descends to the notch through which the Winooski River flows, then rises abruptly to the summit of Camel's Hump, almost due east from your viewpoint and twenty-one miles distant.

To the right of Camel's Hump are Mount Ira Allen and Burnt Rock Mountain, followed by the long mass of the Stark mountains. Southeast and adjoining Stark is the crest of Lincoln Mountain which rises in several distinct summits, the highest of which is at the left and is known as Mount Ellen, while at the right is Mount Abraham. The ridge is approximately southeast from your viewpoint and is a little more than twenty miles distant.

Three of the President Mountains, Grant, Roosevelt, and Wilson, lie farther back and just to the right of Lincoln, while Bread Loaf Mountain stands out more prominently, immediately to their right, twenty-four miles away. Then follow a long and receding row of lesser summits leading to Pico and Killington Peaks, which are about fifty miles away.

The steep, westerly face of Mount Philo, like that of some other summits in this part of Vermont, is interesting evidence of the old sea that

once occupied the area between these summits and the Adirondack Mountains. The core of Mount Philo is red sandrock. It had its origin in the ancient mountains on the west that later were worn down and gouged out to become the Adirondacks of to-day. Bits of material from these mountains, washed down and settling under water, became solidified into layers of rock. These layers in succeeding ages were elevated. Gradually, through long periods of time, they were worn down until nearly all of the substance making up the layers had disappeared. Here and there, however, hard cores remained, such as that which forms Mount Philo. The waters of the inland sea washed against these cores and the beat of the waves gave their westerly aspects the steep pitch that is characteristic of them. To-day the lake is much smaller than it was then, but the rocky remnants, such as Mount Philo, still show by their contour the work that the waves performed.

CHAPTER XVIII

BOLTON MOUNTAIN

A good trail, starting at mountain-girt Lake Mansfield, gives access to this summit. The top wooded, but there is an observation tower. The view a full panorama, from the Canadian line to Killington and from the White Mountains to the Adirondacks. Distance, end of public road to summit and return, 7 miles. Time 6 hours. Alternate route from railway station at Bolton village, round trip $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Time about 10 hours.

BETWEEN Montpelier and Burlington the backbone of the Green Mountains is cleft by the valley of the Winooski River. On the south the range rises rapidly to the striking summit of Camel's Hump, or Couching Lion. On the north a series of heights leads presently to Mount Mansfield, twelve miles from the Winooski. Midway in this northern group lies Bolton Mountain, the highest of the intermediate summits.

In character Bolton is round and darkly wooded as you view it from a distance. It appears to be smoothed off evenly in all directions. With its bulk, and its altitude of 3725 feet, it is one of the major summits of the Green Mountains. Furthermore, it is so situated as to afford a very wide view to east and west, a long vista down the line of the

main range to the south, and an interesting view of Mansfield and its neighbors to the north. An observation tower on the summit makes these views possible.

The ground-plan of the summits and valleys in this region is as follows:

South of Mansfield there is a vigorous mountain, sometimes known as 'Round Top,' but rightly as 'Mount Admiral Dewey.' South of this is Nebraska Notch, through which a public road once made its way from the village of Underhill Center on the northwest to the valley of Miller Brook and the village of Moscow in the southeast. Directly in the notch is a small, round hill, known as 'Sugar Loaf.' Toward the southeasterly end of the notch is a beautiful lake owned by the Lake Mansfield Trout Club. South of the notch and just west of the lake rises Mount Admiral Clark. Adjoining it on the southwest is another peak that rises nearly two hundred feet higher and is called Mount Admiral Mayo. Next beyond that is Bolton Mountain, rising nearly six hundred feet still higher. The admirals for whom three of these summits were named were all Vermont men.

Thus, these mountains essentially form a group around Lake Mansfield and the headwaters of Miller Brook, with Mount Admiral Dewey on the north and Bolton Mountain on the south.

Through the group runs the valley of Nebraska Notch.

There is a confusion of names of two of these summits as they are given on the topographic sheet of this region. The name 'Sugar Loaf' has been transferred to the mountain that is rightly known as 'Mount Admiral Clark,' while the name 'Clark' has been moved along to the summit next to Bolton, properly 'Mount Mayo.'

A link of the Long Trail gives good access to the summit of Bolton from the Lake Mansfield Trout Club, making it possible to climb the mountain and return in six hours or less. Another link starts from the top of Bolton and goes south toward the Winooski Valley, affording an alternate route for the return from the summit, or an alternate means of approach.

Good roads lead to the Lake Mansfield Trout Club. Motor Route 100, as it proceeds north from Waterbury, passes a trolley stop near the village of Moscow. A road diverges here to the left and passes through Moscow. At Moscow the route to Lake Mansfield keeps to the left near a stream, makes a jog to the left at the end of a mile, crosses a bridge and immediately turns to the right up the valley of Miller Brook. There is a sign at this turn. The road now winds about and rises steadily, following Miller Brook closely, and in

about six miles from the trolley stop reaches the buildings of the Trout Club. Near by is the beautiful lake itself.

The club is private, but for years it has extended its courtesy to trampers and climbers, as far as feasible. Meals may be had and overnight lodging is usually obtainable, unless available rooms are needed for club members and their guests.

The trail for Bolton Mountain follows at first a private road leading alongside the Clubhouse and in front of a garage at the rear. Passing through a gate it continues along a cart track around the northeast side of the lake. About ten minutes from the club buildings it enters the Long Trail.

To the right the Long Trail follows the abandoned Nebraska Notch road and when near Sugar Loaf turns north for Mount Mansfield, while another trail continues along the route of the old road in the Notch, northwesterly to Underhill. To the left the Long Trail leads to the top of Bolton Mountain and thence down the southerly side to Dunsmoor Lodge and the Winooski Valley. There are signs at this fork and the route of the Long Trail in both directions is marked by white blazes.

Another trail diverges here, marked with red blazes, and leads around the shore of Lake Mansfield. It is called 'Mother's Trail' and is indicated by a sign.

Turning to the left at the fork and following the Long Trail, the route to Bolton Mountain passes through woods and in three or four minutes reaches an old clearing where there are tumble-down buildings. It turns here and passes out of the clearing to the left.

Two minutes from the old clearing the trail crosses a stream. Rising steadily, though not steeply, it passes another and smaller stream in about twenty minutes. There are sloping ledges here over which the water trickles and flows. The altitude at this point is about five hundred feet above that at the Clubhouse.

Continuing to climb through a hardwood forest for another half-hour, the path then bears to the right out of the log roads that have served as a route and enters an area of mixed spruce and hardwood. Soon the evergreens predominate and the grades become fairly steep.

After fifteen minutes the path, which is now traveling through closely growing spruces, enters upon a level course for a short way. Here the ground on the right rises very steeply toward a spruce-clad summit, and on the left drops with equal steepness. A few minutes farther on there is an interesting, narrow crevice in the rock ledges to the left of the trail. Just beyond this there are cliffs on the right. Five minutes beyond these the

trail begins to descend gently and presently crosses a saddle between two adjacent summits. The altitude here is about sixteen hundred feet above that at Lake Mansfield. The time required from the beginning of the trail to this point is two to two and a half hours.

Beyond the saddle the trail rises steadily for a few minutes, slabbing the side of a small knoll on the left. It then descends slightly to a brook which it crosses. On the farther side of the stream it begins climbing once more, in the midst of moss-covered rocks and with spruces all about. In five minutes the trail passes a small opening in the trees from which there is a striking vista of Mount Mansfield and its immediate neighbors.

The path now makes its way the remaining short distance to the summit of the mountain, zig-zagging repeatedly and swinging well to the south-east. In about ten minutes it enters a flat, boggy stretch where the going is apt to be muddy. Shortly, it turns to the right, and zigzags up, and soon there is a wet area again. Four minutes beyond this the path emerges in the small open space cut out in the midst of the trees that cover the summit of the mountain. An observation tower stands in this opening. The rise in altitude from Lake Mansfield to this point is about 2350 feet.

The tower is made of steel and is about twenty-five feet high. It is not provided with a stairway but is climbed by means of a ladder made of iron loops attached to a corner angle iron. On the top of the tower is a platform surrounded by a railing. The tower is quite safe and the climb to the platform is not difficult or dangerous for one who is willing to go up a ladder. The view from the platform is a complete panorama of much beauty and interest.

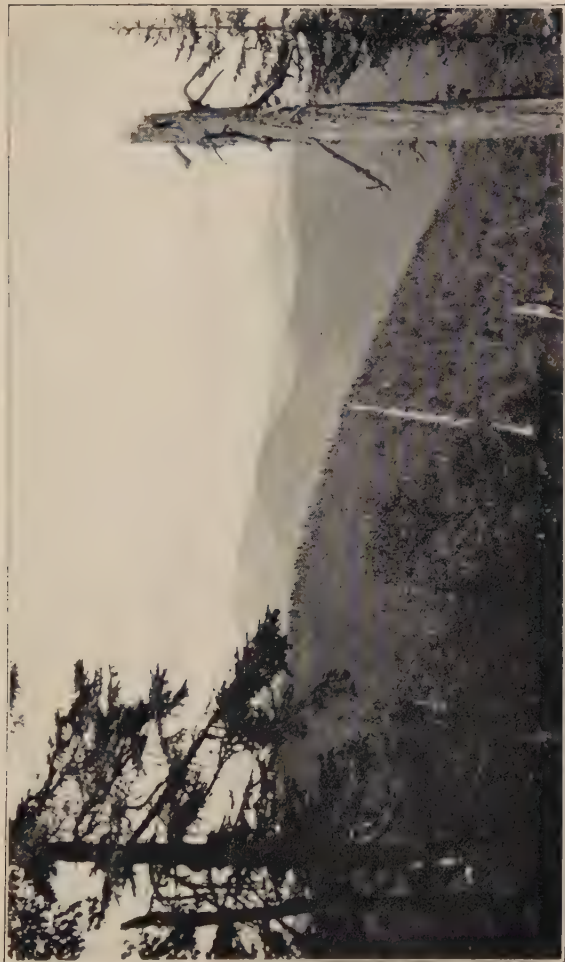
Mount Mansfield is somewhat to the right of north and stands out high and bold. Since the line of view coincides very nearly with the line of the long ridge that makes up the summit of Mansfield, the mountain appears narrow from right to left. At the farther end is the Chin, which is the highest part of the mountain and the loftiest peak in Vermont.

To the right and much farther away, are the Jay Peaks, near the Canadian line. They are thirty-seven miles distant. Again, slightly to the right and much nearer, is Sterling Mountain ten miles away. The two principal summits of Sterling show distinctly, Madonna Peak on the left and Whiteface on the right. Just to the right of Whiteface is Mount Belvidere, with a long slope leading up to its summit from the left and a sharp drop on the right. East of northeast and forty-five to fifty

miles away are the mountains about Willoughby Lake.

Across the valley to the east and southeast lies the Worcester Range. Mount Hunger, the highest point of that range, is east of southeast and a little more than ten miles distant. Over the Worcester Range, on the distant horizon, are the White Mountains of New Hampshire, sixty-five to seventy-five miles away. The Presidential Range, including Mount Washington, is in line with a notch between the second and third principal summits from the north in the Worcester Range. Mount Moosilauke, in New Hampshire, is southeast, fifty-eight miles away. The Franconia Mountains lie between Moosilauke and the Presidentials. East of south is Mount Ascutney in the Connecticut River Valley, seventy-four miles distant.

West of south the main range of the Green Mountains extends into the distance, summit after summit. Camel's Hump rises prominently, ten miles away across the valley of the Winooski. To the left is Mount Ethan Allen. A little farther to the left is Lincoln Mountain, and again, slightly to the left, still farther away, is the flat summit of Bread Loaf Mountain, thirty-two miles distant. To the left of Bread Loaf and fifty-eight miles away is Killington Peak, with Pico close by on its right.



MOUNTS MANSFIELD AND STERLING FROM THE BOLTON TRAIL

The waters of Lake Champlain are visible in the west for many miles. Beyond them rise the Adirondacks, filling the horizon, their highest peaks almost due west. Mount Whiteface is a little north of west, while the group of which Marcy is the highest is somewhat to the left.

From the summit of Bolton Mountain the Long Trail continues in a southwesterly direction. A mile and a quarter from the top the trail passes Dunsmoor Lodge, a shelter maintained by the Green Mountain Club and provided with bunks and a stove. Below the Lodge the path follows an old logging road down the valley of Joiner Brook, crossing several branch streams on the way. About two miles from Bolton the logging road enters an old public road which the trail follows from that point to the village. Automobiles can be driven a short distance up this road from Bolton. From the top of the mountain to Bolton village is about six and three quarter miles. The time required to descend to Bolton is about four hours.

The return from the summit of Bolton direct to the Clubhouse at Lake Mansfield will require about two and a half hours. Although this route follows the same path as that used in ascending the mountain, the journey will be found one of interest and enjoyment, for there are vistas that

one will see in the descent that were overlooked on the way up. If the end of the journey happens to be made toward evening, the tramper will be rewarded with views across the mountain-girt lake that he will not soon forget.

There is another approach to the summit of Bolton Mountain that is a useful route for those who come by train or who do not have time or opportunity to make the journey to the Lake Mansfield Trout Club in order to follow the trail from that point. This alternate route utilizes that section of the Long Trail leading from Bolton village to the top of Bolton Mountain.

At Bolton village there is a road leading northeast and then north up the valley of Joiner Brook. This road branches to the north from the motor highway connecting Burlington and Montpelier. The start of the road is three minutes walk east of Bolton Station, on the Central Vermont Railway, twenty miles from Burlington.

The road is easily passable for motor-cars for about half a mile, as far as a sawmill. Thence, it is little used, although automobiles have been able to make their way over it for another mile and a half to the ruins of another mill.

From the second mill the trail follows old logging roads, sometimes within sight of Joiner Brook and sometimes at some distance from it. At several

places there are good outlooks back toward the valley of the Winooski and Camel's Hump.

About five and two thirds miles from Bolton village the trail reaches Dunsmoor Lodge, which is situated a few minutes beyond the site of a former lumber camp. This is a club shelter with bunks for twelve persons. It has a magnificent outlook across the valley of the Winooski to Camel's Hump.

Beyond Dunsmoor Lodge the trail climbs steadily, passes under cliffs and presently reaches the summit of Bolton Mountain, emerging in the clearing in which the observation tower is situated.

The distance from Bolton to the summit of the mountain is six and three quarters miles and the rise in altitude is about thirty-three hundred feet.

By this route Bolton Mountain may readily be reached from Burlington or Montpelier, returning late the same day.

CHAPTER XIX

MOUNT MANSFIELD

The highest summit in Vermont, and one of the most interesting mountains in New England. A long skyline ridge, rising in rock cones and dropping off in great cliffs. Ten separate trails besides a graded road give access to the summit. Of these a circuit from the east is one of the best and requires a round-trip tramp of less than seven miles readily accomplished in six hours. Other trails afford various alternate routes. A mountain that fully deserves its popularity.

IF one were to make choice of the most interesting mountains in New England, Mount Mansfield would unquestionably rank near the top. With Washington, Katahdin, and a few others it challenges the interest of the tramper, not merely for a single visit but for many days.

Mount Mansfield is really a group of mountains in one, a succession of summits connected by a lofty and rocky skyline ridge. From the cliffs south of the Forehead to the Lake of the Clouds north of the Adam's Apple the length of its summit, following the curving arc of the ridge, is three miles. From one end to the other this remarkable skyline offers to the tramper and climber a series of constantly changing views. Besides this, there is a wealth of absorbing detail along the way, from



MOUNT MANSFIELD FROM NEAR STOWE

alpine plants to skyland lake, from deep, cold caves to overhanging cliffs.

From south to north the skyline of the mountain outlines an upturned face. The broad ledges of the Forehead are succeeded by a summit that rises gradually, drops off sharply, and defines the Nose. Farther along there are crags that give form to the Lips. Still farther, the highest summit of the mountain outlines the Chin, while a little beyond this a lesser rocky eminence becomes the Adam's Apple.

The Waubanakee Indians knew the mountain as 'Moze-o-de-be Wadso,' a term meaning 'the mountain with a contour like the head of a moose.' The early settlers, however, named it Mansfield, because they came from Mansfield, Massachusetts. In the early years there was a town of Mansfield, Vermont, which included all of the mountain as well as the settled slopes at its foot on either side. The center for town activities was on the east side of the mountain. So it came about that the people who lived on the west side were obliged to make a journey of fifteen miles, all of the way around the foot of the mountain, in order to vote. Tiring of this they succeeded, in 1828, in having the west slopes of the mountain made a part of the town of Underhill. Twenty-one years later the east slopes were annexed to the town of Stowe. So, Mansfield,

the town, no longer exists. But the mountain continues to be known by the old name.

There is no way to determine when the first trail was actually made passable to the summit of the mountain. By the year 1847, however, some sort of a path had apparently been made, for in October of that year an article appeared in the 'Vermont Chronicle' in which there is reference to a trail. This was on the west side of the mountain, in Underhill. The article described the climb in detail, as well as the view from the summit, and is an interesting story. The writer relates that for many years he had desired to visit the mountain, and finally, with three others, he drove to Underhill and spent the night. At six o'clock in the morning, with knapsacks on their backs, they started for the top.

'Well into the bush,' he writes, 'we found something like a track or path which by close observation we could without much trouble keep; but it was climbing, toilsome work, through tangled underbrush, over fallen trees, creeping and climbing, through the midst of roots laid bare, down one ravine and up another, crooking and crouching this way and then that.... Arriving at the place where first we can get a view out from the forest-covered hillside we were in no wise unwilling to stop and take breath, some even to lie down to rest

and wipe the profuse perspiration starting from every pore. . . . Onward soon we went, down the gulph, then up, up, climbing, toiling, clambering until we reached the "Forehead," as it is called, of this monster mountain. . . . We pursued our way thus on down the rocky precipices, up their craggy sides, over boggy, mossy morasses, that shook and trembled under us as we walked through muddy, winding paths, first tearing out a buttonhole on this side of our coat, and then on the other; making a rent in this garment and then the other in escaping from the brambles that would impede our progress, first picking up our hat and then ourselves successively, whichever came most handy; walking, talking, singing, whistling, jumping, falling, rising, climbing, until we stood at last upon the TOP.'

A few years later, in 1856, the first overnight lodgings were set up for trampers on Mount Mansfield. The date has been definitely fixed by Judge Clarence P. Cowles, of Burlington, through a statement secured by him in April, 1924, from Cyrus Mead, of Underhill. The shelter was a tent, and it was set up by David N. Shaw and George Downing near the spot where the hotel now stands. The floor boards for the tent were carried up by a man and a boy, the man carrying four at a time and the boy two. They made one trip a day, and

their charge for the service was twenty-five cents per board. In the same year in which the tent was set up a trail was definitely cleared up the mountain.

About the same time construction of a bridle path to the top of the mountain was begun. This became known as the 'Halfway House Trail' and was completed in 1858. It is still in use, following approximately the same route. In the Underhill records of land conveyances E. W. Henry found the deed by which John B. Wheeler and Mary C. R. Wheeler conveyed to Francis Cahill a plot of fifty-two and a half acres at the Halfway House on this trail: 'Also conveying to the said Cahill the exclusive right and control to the mountain trail as it now runs for travel with saddle horses and mules . . . with the privilege of repairing said trail with trees, stones, and dirt when needed from said land.'

At the suggestion of W. H. H. Bingham, a prominent citizen of Vermont and a resident of Stowe, construction was begun in 1858 on a carriage road planned to approach the mountain from the easterly side. The road was built as far as a point under the steeper part of the summit ridge and a trail was built from there to the top. Lumber was hauled over the road and the trail, and a small hotel was erected in 1858 at the place where

the tent had stood. An addition to the hotel was built the following year. The road was carried through as a road to the top of the mountain in 1868. The hotel was then somewhat enlarged.

Both road and hotel were purchased by the present Mount Mansfield Hotel Company, in 1919. Rebuilding of the entire road was at once begun in order to make it passable for automobiles. This undertaking was completed two years later. In 1923 the hotel was rebuilt and again enlarged. It is a comfortable and well-managed inn and is altogether an interesting place in which to stay.

The base of Mount Mansfield is readily reached by public roads. Several miles south of the mountain is the Winooski Valley. Motor Route 14 follows this valley, connecting Montpelier with Burlington. At Waterbury Route 100 diverges to the north, and at Stowe Route 108 branches to the northwest for Jeffersonville. The latter is the road through Smugglers' Notch. It passes by the easterly side of Mount Mansfield. The automobile road to the Summit House leaves Route 108 on the left, six miles from Stowe.

On the west side of the mountain Route 15 connects Cambridge on the north with Underhill on the south and proceeds thence to Burlington. From Underhill a branch road leads to Underhill

the 'Bear's Head Ridge,' by which direct access from the summit of Smugglers' Notch and from Morse's Mills will be possible. Four of these trails as well as the carriage road begin at the State highway on the east of the mountain. A fifth approaches by way of a steep climb over Mount Admiral Dewey on the south. Another begins in Nebraska Notch, and still another, known as the 'Forestry Trail,' at Stevensville. On the west the old Halfway House Trail is still in use, while another, the Sunset Ridge Trail, starting at the halfway clearing, heads toward the Chin. From the northwest an obscure trail approaches from Pleasant Valley.

With so many trails available the tramper has an embarrassing wealth to choose from. There is a circuit, however, that starts from an easily reached point on the State road east of the mountain, takes in the skyline of the summits, and descends by another trail to the starting-point. Of all the combinations of trail available on the mountain, there is none that is more interesting than this, or that affords a more beautiful sequence of views.

The route begins at Barnes Camp on the Smugglers' Notch road, follows the Judge Seneca Haselton Trail to a point on the carriage road a little below its upper end, thence proceeds by the carriage road to the Summit House, affording an op-

portunity to climb to the top of the Nose. From the Summit House the route leads along the skyline of the ridge to the Chin, which is the highest point in the Green Mountains. From the Chin there is a choice of routes down to Taft Lodge, a shelter maintained by the Green Mountain Club. Thence, the Taft Trail is followed back to the highway, emerging into the Smugglers' Notch road a few minutes' walk above Barnes Camp. The round trip is about six and a quarter miles.

The ascent by the Haselton Trail begins at a point eight miles from Stowe, on the west side of the Smugglers' Notch road. The trail climbs by moderate grades in a general westerly direction, in the midst of a hardwood forest.

About fifty minutes from the highway there is an outlook, including the whole ridge of Mansfield from the Nose to the Chin. The trail now crosses a narrow ridge which drops steeply on each side. Beyond this a steady climb begins again, the path presently crossing several small brooks. At one place there is a beautiful view of Madonna and Whiteface Peaks, the depths of Smugglers' Notch, and the distant cones of the Jay Peak and Big Jay over the right shoulder of the Notch.

Ten or twelve minutes beyond this viewpoint the trail emerges upon the Mount Mansfield toll road. To the right the Summit House is in sight,

ten minutes' walk distant. Straight ahead across the road are the densely wooded slopes that lead up to the crags forming the Nose. A direct route to the top of the Nose is afforded by a new trail which enters the woods immediately opposite the Haselton Trail and climbs thence gradually toward the Nose, keeping to the left of the big crags that lie on the northeasterly side. The usual and the easier route follows the carriage road to the Summit House and climbs the Nose from that point by a well-marked and much-used trail.

The Nose of Mansfield is essentially a rock cone situated on top of the big ridge forming the skyline of the mountain. On the north the rocks are precipitous and on the northeast there are overhanging crags.

From the Nose there is an impressive view of the great ridge of Mansfield to the north, including the Chin, which is a mile and a third away. To the right of the Chin the Jay Peaks are visible, thirty-two miles distant. Next to the right is Mount Belvidere, twenty-two miles away, and close to Belvidere is Whiteface, the farther peak of Sterling Mountain, with Madonna, the nearer peak, slightly to the right. The mountains around Willoughby Lake are visible almost due east. West of south and near by is Mount Admiral Dewey. Just to its right is the dark, rounded crown of Bolton

Mountain, while over the right of Bolton's summit is Camel's Hump, fifteen miles distant. Details of summits in the Adirondacks and in the White Mountains are essentially the same as those in the view from the Chin of Mansfield, described later in this chapter.

The summit ridge of Mansfield, beginning at a point south of the Nose and extending to the Chin, is held by the University of Vermont. A strip eighty rods wide was deeded to the University by W. H. H. Bingham, of Stowe, in September, 1849. At the same time John B. Wheeler, of Burlington, released to the University such right or title as he held in the same property. The use of the long summit as a public recreation ground is thus assured. A part of the slopes of the mountain, also, are State Forest, including a tract to the south and a large area to the northeast.

From the Summit House the route follows the skyline of the mountain to the Chin. The way lies over open ledges and rocky plateaus, and affords full views in every direction. About two thirds of the way to the Chin the trail passes rock summits that outline the Lips of the mountain's profile. The crags on the easterly side of this are lofty and impressive. On the north side there is a branch trail that leads steeply down to a high and narrow cavern called the 'Cave of the Winds.' Snow

and ice are found here until midsummer or later.

Close to this branch path the main trail passes near to a place known as 'The Subway.' Here rocks are piled upon one another in such way as to make a passage beneath. In crevices in this passage ice may be found as late as July. Beyond this point the trail begins to rise steadily and presently reaches the highest point of the mountain.

From the Chin of Mansfield the view is far-reaching, and in its diversity of elements is exceedingly interesting. The main axis of the Green Mountains swings to the right over the peaks of Sterling Mountain and continues in a northeasterly direction to Jay Peak and Big Jay, near the Canadian border. The direction of the Jay Peaks is slightly north of northeast and the distance is thirty miles. To the right is Mount Belvidere, twenty miles away, with a sloping shoulder on the left and a sharp drop on the right. Still farther to the right and near at hand is Sterling Mountain. Madonna Peak is the nearer of the two principal summits of Sterling and is three and a half miles distant in an airline.

To the right of Sterling the distant skyline begins to outline the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Mount Washington is east of south-east by compass and is seventy-six miles distant. Other summits of the Presidentials are grouped

closely about Washington. Mount Jefferson is a conical peak just to the left of Washington. Adams, which is next in height to Washington, is to the left of Jefferson. To the right of Washington are the summits of the Crawford Ridge. The Franconia Range of the White Mountains stands out to the right of the Presidentials. Lafayette, the highest summit of the Franconias, is at the left margin of this range. To the right of the Franconias is Mount Moosilauke, sixty miles away.

In the broad plain of the Connecticut River toward the south, Mount Ascutney can be distinguished, standing alone, seventy-eight miles distant.

Somewhat west of south the main axis of the Green Mountains takes form as a succession of summits. The next mountain visible south of the long ridge of Mansfield is Bolton. Over its right margin is Camel's Hump or Couching Lion, sixteen miles away. Lincoln Mountain, thirty miles distant, is just to the left of Camel's Hump and Bread Loaf, thirty-eight miles away, is slightly farther to the left. Beyond these mountains the backbone of the range swings somewhat to the left, bringing into view Killington Peak, sixty-five miles away.

The higher summits of the Adirondacks are south of west. Prominent at the left stand out

Dix, Rocky Peak Ridge, and Giant. Marcy is the pointed peak a little farther back. To its right is McIntyre. Considerably to the right is the high peak of Whiteface, almost in line with the city of Burlington, which is plainly visible twenty miles away.

The city of Montreal is west of north. When the air is clear, Mount Royal, the eminence back of Montreal, can plainly be seen.

In descending from the Chin to the highway, where the day's trip started, the route will be by way of the Elihu B. Taft Lodge and the Taft Trail. The Lodge lies east of the Chin and nearly five hundred feet lower.

Either one of two routes may be followed from the Chin to the Lodge. The first of these is a steep path, but is not seriously difficult. For a short distance it proceeds in a southerly direction, retracing a part of the trail that connects the Summit House and the Chin, then swings east and zigzags down the rocky slope. The descent from the Chin to the Lodge by this route requires about half an hour.

If there is time enough available, it is worth while to follow an alternate route down the northeasterly side of the Chin, diverging to the Lake of the Clouds as a side trip, and proceeding then to the Lodge. The descent of the Chin by this route

is steep, but is not dangerous. Fifteen minutes below the summit the path reaches a gravelly col between the Chin and the Adam's Apple. The Lake of the Clouds lies north of this col. There are two trails to it from this point, one of them leading over the top of the Adam's Apple and the other around the left base of this small summit. The distance to the lake by either route is about one third of a mile, and the time required to visit it and to return to this point will be twenty to thirty minutes.

The lake is shallow and spring-fed. It is a wilderness tarn, girt with a dark forest of dwarf evergreens. From the right-hand shore near the farther end there is a beautiful view of the Chin of Mansfield.

Returning to the junction of the trail to the Chin and that to the lake, you will find the path to Taft Lodge leading south, downhill, and soon following the course of a small brook. The distance from the junction to the Lodge is about a third of a mile.

Taft Lodge was built in 1920 with funds provided by Judge Elihu B. Taft, and was erected under the supervision of Judge Clarence P. Cowles. It is a substantial log cabin and is equipped for the accommodation of about thirty overnight guests. There are comfortable bunks, blankets to rent, and

a stove for the use of trampers. Meals or food supplies are not available, except in emergency. In front of the Lodge there is a lookout from which there is a beautiful view across Smugglers' Notch to Sterling Mountain and down into the valley toward the village of Stowe. In clear weather the White Mountains are visible.

The trail from Taft Lodge to Barnes Camp descends in a southeasterly direction. The distance from the Lodge to the highway at Barnes Camp is two miles and the time required for the descent is about an hour and a half.

For a third of a mile the trail is fairly steep. In about ten minutes from the Lodge the path comes out upon the first of a series of outlooks which afford an impressive near-by panorama of the skyline of Mount Mansfield. A little farther down there are splendid vistas to the northeast into Smugglers' Notch and broad panoramas to the east.

The trail emerges upon the highway about two hundred yards north of Barnes Camp where the Haselton Trail for the summit begins. The start of the Haselton Trail will be found by turning to the right.

A mile and a quarter north of Barnes Camp, where the highway begins to enter the narrow defile of Smugglers' Notch, a stream comes tumbling

down the steep slopes that lie below the Chin of Mansfield. It is known as 'Hell Brook,' and close beside it there is a path formerly known as 'Hell Brook Trail,' now rechristened 'Morse Trail.' It is so steep that it is more often used as a means of descent from the Chin or from the Lake of the Clouds than as a means of climbing the mountain. The length of the trail from the Lake of the Clouds to the highway is a mile and a quarter.

South of Barnes Camp a mile and a half is 'The Lodge,' with a spacious house that has been made into a comfortable hotel and with several small cottages near by. From this point the Robert Lance Trail strikes northwesterly toward the summit of the mountain and connects with the Haselton Trail about half a mile below the point where that trail comes out upon the toll road. The distance from 'The Lodge' to the Summit House is three miles.

A quarter of a mile south of 'The Lodge' the Mount Mansfield toll road branches to the west from the highway. The length of this road is five miles. It serves as a safe and interesting route by which automobiles may be driven to the Summit House, and it is especially valuable to trampers because in emergency it may be used as a ready means of exit from the top of the mountain after dark.

Southwest of Mansfield there is a break in the range known as 'Nebraska Notch.' A path leads through this from the Lake Mansfield Trout Club on the southeast to a public road that gives access to Underhill Center on the northwest. Three trails approach the mountain from this region.

Just west of Lake Mansfield the Long Trail coming from the south enters the path through Nebraska Notch and coincides with it for a mile and three quarters. There it diverges to the right and follows a northeasterly course toward the Forehead of Mansfield.

For the first mile or more after leaving Nebraska Notch the Long Trail slabs the slopes of a wooded knoll, with high ground rising on the right. Gradually it swings more to the right and climbs steadily toward the mountain. As it nears the heights the trail begins to zigzag and wind about in the midst of ledges, presently climbing steeply. At the Needle's Eye it ascends by a rocky defile in the face of the cliffs. Above this it climbs sharply over the ledges that rise to form the Forehead of the mountain. Surmounting these it heads toward the Nose and presently forks, the branch to the right going over the top of the Nose while that to the left skirts the base of that summit, joining the other a few rods southwest of the Summit House. The distance from the Lake Mansfield Trout Club

to the Summit House by this route is six and a quarter miles.

The Kingsford Trail, marked with red blazes, is a spectacular and difficult approach to Mansfield by way of the summit of Mount Admiral Dewey, which lies northwest of the Lake Mansfield Trout Club. The trail begins opposite the Club building and is marked by a sign. It climbs very steeply, surmounting high ledges and coming out upon striking lookouts. It joins the Long Trail about half a mile below the Needle's Eye and from that point to the summit of the mountain the route is by way of the Long Trail. Trampers should bear in mind that the Kingsford Trail is not a 'short cut' from the base to the summit of Mansfield or *vice versa*. It requires relatively slow traveling. It should never be chosen as a means of descent from the mountain unless the tramper has ample time and energy.

Still another route, the Forestry Trail, gains the mountain from this quarter. This is a woodland path up to the point where it joins the Long Trail about a quarter of a mile below the Needle's Eye. The lower end of the Forestry Trail is reached by way of Underhill Center. Coming from Underhill to Underhill Center you will there pass between two stores, cross a bridge and turn to the right at a two-story schoolhouse. The route crosses another

bridge in about a quarter of a mile and proceeds toward a place known as 'Stevensville,' where there are a few houses. Two miles and a quarter from Underhill Center there is a branch road leading to the left, which should be avoided. Continuing straight ahead about a mile and a quarter you will find the road turning sharply to the left, crossing the brook and ending at a remodeled farmstead named 'Road's End.' The trail does not cross the brook, but follows its south bank, crosses a pasture, and soon enters woods. It is well marked and easily followed. From this point there is a steady ascent along a ridge in the direction of the Forehead. A mile and three quarters from 'Road's End' the path joins the Long Trail at the foot of a series of ledges below the Needle's Eye.

On the west side of Mount Mansfield there are two trails to the summit, coinciding as far as the site of the old Halfway House. In approaching the base of the mountain on this side you will follow the main highway from Underhill Center in the direction of Cambridge as far as the first branch road to the right, a mile beyond the white two-story schoolhouse. Turning squarely to the right, you will pass upon the left a farm known as the 'Burns Place,' which is the last farm on the road. This is two miles from Underhill Center.

From here two miles of wood road, now being

made passable for automobiles, lead to the site of the old Halfway House. At this point there is a clearing, with a two-story building which is being fitted for the accommodation of trampers. A branch trail here leads to the left of north, two minutes' walk to a stream.

From the Halfway House there are two trails to the skyline of the mountain. Straight ahead the Halfway House Trail, which turns and zigzags repeatedly, gains the summit of the skyline ridge a third of a mile north of the Summit House. The distance from the Halfway House to the Summit House is a mile and three quarters.

The other route from the Halfway House is known as the 'Sunset Ridge Trail' and leads almost directly to the highest point of Mount Mansfield. It is well marked and can easily be followed. At first it is a forest path, but later it comes out upon the open ledges that lie below the Chin, and thus affords wide outlooks.

Below the Chin there is a branch from this path that is known as the 'Story Trail,' which circles to the left under the Chin and on around to a point between the Chin and Lake of the Clouds, where it joins a trail descending the Chin on the north-easterly side. If the tramper is bound from the Halfway House to Taft Lodge, the Story Trail provides a route by which the climb over the Chin

may be avoided. When the Story Trail has joined the path that comes down from the Chin, it proceeds easterly a short distance to a junction, where a path to the left leads to the Lake of the Clouds. To the right at this point the route leads directly to Taft Lodge, which is a third of a mile distant down the slope.

Where the Story Trail branches from the Sunset Ridge Trail, the latter bears to the right and climbs diagonally to the skyline of the mountain ridge. Up on the ridge it crosses the path that leads from the Summit House to the Chin. Here you may turn to the right for the Summit House or to the left for the Chin, or you may go straight ahead across the ridge and down on the other side to Taft Lodge.

The distance from the Halfway House to Taft Lodge by the Sunset Ridge Trail is two miles and a half. The distance by way of the Story Trail, following the route described above, is about the same, but the amount of climbing is less.

On the north side of Mount Mansfield there is a route of approach from the village known as 'Pleasant Valley.' But there is no marked trail and the climb in this direction should not be attempted except by those who are experienced in finding their way without much to help them.

Finally, to the northeast still another trail is in

process of building, that follows the summit of a spur known as 'Bear's Head Ridge.' It is intended that this trail shall be carried through to the highway at the crest of Smugglers' Notch, with a branch leading to Morse's Mill, six miles from Jeffersonville. The purpose of this trail is not only to provide an outlet to the north on the Notch road, but to take the tramper along the summit of the lofty cliffs that tower above Smugglers' Notch. The trail comes out upon lookouts from which the tramper can look down into the heart of the Notch almost as if from an airplane.

Still another trail, which does not serve as a means of approach to the mountain, but is intended to open up new beauties along its skyline, has been put through by the caretakers of Taft Lodge. Starting from the Lodge and skirting the cliffs on the easterly side of the long skyline, it reaches the base of the precipice in which the Cave of the Winds is situated. At that point the trail branches, one branch turning to the right and climbing the cave, the other passing under and over other cliffs, traversing narrow benches, making its way into and out of deep clefts and eventually emerging from its wilderness surroundings just back of the Summit House.

The interest of Mount Mansfield is much wider than its views, broad and satisfying as those may

be. Its long, broken, and craggy summit is essentially a world to itself, a world in which there are quite as many features of near-by and intimate interest as there are broad panoramas to distant horizons.

Arctic plants grow here, plants that find on this wind-swept ridge a habitat that suits their needs just as the islands in the Polar seas meet the needs of their twin sisters. There are rare ferns here, so rare that one may not even be told where they are because some persons will pull them up and exterminate them. The tiny, boggy meadows on the skyline of the ridge are flecked with the dainty waving tufts of cotton grass, a plant of the heights. There are many others.

Below the Chin, high up on the mountain, is the little Lake of the Clouds with a wilderness of dark spruces roundabout it and the cliffs of the Chin towering above it. Northeast and a mile away, high up on Bear's Head Ridge, is another little lake, so steeped in the solitude of centuries that even the forest creatures seem not to know its whereabouts.

Thousands of years ago Mansfield was overlaid by the great ice sheet that bore down upon this northeastern country and ground and shattered its rock substance. Because of the movement of this ice the very top of the ridge is rounded.

Partly because of the way in which the ice plucked at the mountain there are vertical cliffs on its easterly side. Where veins of hard quartz crop out along the summit ridge you can see the tiny scratches made by the grinding ice if you will rub a lead pencil or wet earth across its surface from northwest to southeast. Like the pointer of a compass the channels thus disclosed will give the bearing of the region from which the ice came.

In the River Bank Cemetery at Stowe near the foot of the mountain there is a boulder that formerly rested on a ledge a little below the Summit House on Mansfield but now serves as a soldiers' monument. It is a specimen of the rock that geologists know as 'labradorite.' The nearest beds of the same rock that scientists have discovered are one hundred and twenty miles away in a region northwest of Montreal. Since this is precisely the direction from which the ice came, the boulder no doubt made the journey frozen into the substance of the ice sheet, to be deposited finally, high up on the slopes of the mountain, an absorbingly interesting memento of a period of long ago.

CHAPTER XX

STERLING POND AND MADONNA PEAK

A moderate climb from the highway in the crest of Smugglers' Notch to an unusual wilderness lake high up on the shoulder of a mountain mass. Good views of Madonna and Mansfield across the lake. Return from the lake by the same route used in ascending gives a round trip of $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles. Time $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 hours. Return from lake by another trail, to Barnes Camp in Smugglers' Notch. Round trip 4 miles. Time $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Extension from pond to Madonna Peak adds to round trip, $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles and about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Madonna is a wilderness mountain, wooded, but with good outlooks.

NORTHEAST of Mount Mansfield, which is the culminating point of the Green Mountains, lies a rugged pass known as 'Smugglers' Notch.' Through this runs a State road from Jeffersonville on the north to Stowe on the southeast. Approach to Jeffersonville is by way of Route 15 from Burlington on the west and from Saint Johnsbury, Hardwick, and Morrisville on the east. Approach to Stowe is by Route 100, from Ludlow and Waterbury on the south, and from Newport and Morrisville on the north.

On the southwesterly side of Smugglers' Notch is a spur of Mount Mansfield known as 'Bear's Head Ridge.' Rock walls and gaunt slides drop

down from this spur almost sheer into the Notch. On the opposite or northeast side of the highway is a buttress of Sterling Mountain. Here, again, rock walls rise to impressive height.

The true origin of the name of Smugglers' Notch appears to lie in the use of this defile as a means of approach to the Canadian border at the time of the War of 1812. The route through the Notch gave opportunity to drive cattle safely to a ford at the Lamoille River whence they could be hurried through to the Canadian line. On the return journey smuggled merchandise found ready concealment in the Notch.

Three of the giant rocks in the floor of the Notch have tumbled down within the period since settlement of the region began. The first of these was Barton's Rock, which fell in 1808. The day that it fell a child was born to a family living near, and this son was named Barton. The rock that arrived the same day became known as 'Barton's Rock.' Bingham's Rock, named for W. H. H. Bingham, of Stowe, fell into the defile in 1868. King Rock crashed down the side of the mountain in a night of December, 1909, a short time before Christmas. It ploughed a giant furrow down the mountain, made a trench across the road big enough to drop a wagon into, and came to rest just on the other side.

The shoulder on the northeasterly side of the Notch leads up to the massive bulk of Sterling Mountain that extends all the way from this point to the valley of the Lamoille River, several miles to the north. This mountain rises in two principal summits, with another and lesser between. That to the south is known as 'Madonna Peak'; that to the north as 'Whiteface,' and the lesser one, intermediate, as 'Morse Peak.' The name of the southerly summit, Madonna, is said to have been given it because of its profile as seen from the village of Stowe. Sterling Mountain itself owes its name to that of the former town of Sterling, the territory of which was divided among other towns.

Between Smugglers' Notch and Madonna Peak, high up on the shoulder, is a forest-rimmed, wilderness lake, Sterling Pond. From the Notch a trail leads to this lake, skirts its northerly shore, then climbs to the summit of Madonna and continues over Morse and Whiteface, emerging in the valley of the Lamoille River west of the village of Johnson. From Sterling Pond another trail returns to Smugglers' Notch, coming out on the State road at Barnes Camp, a little more than two miles below the crest of the Notch. The circuit up to Sterling Pond by one trail and down by the other is an interesting half-day trip. If two and a half hours additional are available, the tramper can continue

beyond Sterling Pond to the summit of Madonna Peak and return.

The trail from the crest of the Notch starts opposite the big tumbled boulders where there is a sign indicating the caves. It is clearly marked, not only as to the footway, but by white-painted blazes on the trunks of trees and sometimes on stones. Its general direction from the Notch to Sterling Pond and to Madonna Peak is east.

For the first ten or twelve minutes the trail climbs rapidly as it makes its way out of the narrow Notch. This part of the journey offers the steepest grade that will be encountered between the highway and Sterling Pond. After crossing a short level stretch the trail again climbs sharply for two or three minutes, attains another area that is level or nearly so, crosses this and rises moderately just beyond.

The path now enters a region where the lumbermen have recently been at work cutting out the big spruces and sledding them down the mountain. The trail enters one of the principal logging roads and follows this up a steady grade for a long half-hour. Spots of white paint will be found on the stumps of trees and on rocks from time to time.

After you have covered part of the distance up this road you can look back and out to the rock cliffs in Smugglers' Notch and to the north and

northwest toward Jeffersonville. The highway that approaches the Notch from that direction can be seen here and there. Close to the highway you can make out a pond and a sawmill, the destination of some of the timber that was growing on the side of the mountain.

At the upper end of the long, straight, logging road there is a sharp turn to the right, still following the road, and soon a gradual turn to the left, resuming the easterly direction that has been pursued. Where these turns occur you will find white-painted blazes. In the region that you are now crossing there are many logging roads instead of the one principal road that you have been following thus far. But there should be no confusion in finding the way, for the choice is marked by spots of white paint.

Another trail now comes in on the right. This is the upper end of the path that leads from Barnes Camp, about two and a half miles away. A little beyond this junction you pass out of the logged area and find your trail winding through woods as a footpath.

For a few minutes the path descends sharply, for you have been surmounting a knoll known as 'Spruce Ridge,' which lies southwest of Sterling Pond and considerably higher than that body of water. Very soon you will catch a glimpse of the

pond below you, to your right, and in a few minutes will emerge at a small open space in the woods, at the outlet of the pond.

This is the point at which the original trail from Sterling Pond to Smugglers' Notch made its start. It followed the small stream leading from the pond for a short distance and then descended through spruce woods, to come out in the Notch at the place where you started on the present trail. The recent logging has obliterated much of the old trail except the beginning of it near the Notch. The new route climbs higher up on the buttress of the mountain.

As you stand at the outlet of Sterling Pond and look across its forest-rimmed water toward the east, you see a wooded height about a mile distant, and just to the left of that another and a higher peak. The summit to the left is Madonna. If you follow the trail to the top of Madonna you will approach the nearer summit, slab the left side of it, and then surmount the farther and higher peak.

If you stand on the northerly shore of Sterling Pond and look back in the other direction you can see the Chin of Mount Mansfield, the highest point in the Green Mountains, 4393 feet above the sea. To get this view of the Chin you will follow the trail that crosses the outlet of the pond and skirts its northerly shore, sometimes within sight



MADONNA PEAK ACROSS STERLING POND

of it and sometimes a few rods away from it, ascending and descending, winding about amid the trees. When you have gone part-way toward the farther end of the pond you can look back and see the Chin clearly outlined over the right slopes of Spruce Knoll, with the waters of the pond in the foreground.

There is a good place to eat lunch at the farther or upper end of the pond, reached by following the trail around the northerly shore. It is a walk of fifteen minutes from the outlet to the upper end. The distance does not seem great enough to require that length of time, but the trail goes up and down and winds about.

At the upper end you emerge into an opening in the woods where campers have pitched their tents and where lunch fires have been built. A side trail will be found leading to a little brook that comes in from a boggy area east of the pond. If you will cross this brook and continue a few yards beyond you will find a spring.

About a hundred feet beyond the spring there is a dip in the rock rim of the pond, through which there has been some drainage southerly toward Stowe. In order to secure a better flow toward the north, blasting was done many years ago at the outlet in that direction, thus serving the needs of a mill on the northerly slopes of the mountain.

The trail to Madonna Peak leaves the upper end of the pond and is marked by a sign. From the pond to the peak is a little more than a mile. It is a wilderness trip, but is well defined. Part of it lies over moderate slopes while part climbs steeply. The round trip from the pond to the peak and return will require two and a half hours. If time will allow, the trip is well worth while, not only for the views obtainable from the top of Madonna Peak, but for the journey through wilderness country and the privilege of making the acquaintance of a remote mountain.

On leaving the pond the trail crosses a flat, mossy area, climbs over a slight ridge, and again crosses a marsh. About ten minutes from the pond the path traverses a rolling wooded region, goes steeply down, crosses another marsh, and then ascends and enters a logged area. Presently, if you will stop and look back, you will gain a splendid view of the whole crest of Mount Mansfield all the way from the Forehead to the Chin. The hotel on Mansfield, just below the rocky eminence known as the 'Nose,' can clearly be seen. From Sterling Pond to this point requires about thirty minutes.

Beyond this the trail begins to slab the northerly side of the lesser and nearer summit of Madonna. The slopes rise sharply on the right and

drop off steeply on the left. Stretches of moderate grade alternate with others that are quite steep. Farther along the path enters woods where there are many small spruces growing near together and where the ground beneath is almost free of undergrowth. Presently you will bear to the right or southeast, will climb to a saddle, and then will bear to the left, zigzagging steeply up in the midst of great, moss-covered rocks and in surroundings of untouched wilderness. At the top of this climb you gain the summit ridge of Madonna. At once and on the left you will find a lookout in the midst of the trees.

From this lookout there is a vista of the whole bulk of Mount Mansfield, a little south of west. The distance in an airline from the lookout to the Chin is about three and a half miles. The distance to the Nose of Mansfield, which is just to the left of the Summit House, is a little more than four miles. To the right of the Chin you can see Lake Champlain, thirty miles away. Beyond that are high peaks of the Adirondacks, forty-five to fifty miles distant, filling the horizon.

The trail along the summit ridge of Madonna is in a trough-like depression, with a low rock rim on either side. Following the path a few minutes you arrive at a sign indicating an obscure trail to the right, which leads in a few yards to another out-

look commanding a view to the south and south-east. Thirteen miles away in that direction is Worcester Mountain, of the Worcester Range, and to its right are other summits of that range, including Mount Hunger, which is the highest point of the group and is almost south from your lookout. Far away over the left margin of the Worcester Range you can see the White Mountains of New Hampshire, seventy to seventy-five miles distant. Mount Washington is east of southeast and the Franconia Mountains are somewhat to the right and a little nearer, the distance to their summits in an airline being about sixty-two miles.

Proceeding a few yards farther along the main trail you will come to another outlook to the left of the trail giving a vista to the northeast. The lower summit near at hand is Morse Peak. To the right of that is the high crest of Mount Whiteface. North of northeast, twenty-seven miles away, you can see two sharp cones close together and apparently of almost equal height. The right one of these is Jay Peak, and its neighbor to the left is Big Jay. They are about six miles from the Canadian line.

Beyond the farther end of the summit the Long Trail continues across the forested slopes of Sterling Mountain, including the top of Whiteface, and down into the valley of the Lamoille River.

It is a day's journey from Madonna to the Lamoille.

The return from Madonna Peak to the upper end of Sterling Pond will occupy a little less than an hour. Following the trail around the north shore of the pond, you will avoid the old trail that led to the right from the outlet toward Smugglers' Notch because it is now partly obliterated by the logging operations on the side of the mountain. Taking the path that rises steeply for a few minutes after leaving the outlet you will presently arrive at the upper end of the logged area and will reach the junction of the trails to Smugglers' Notch and Barnes Camp.

Here, if you are planning to return to Smugglers' Notch, you will keep to the right, following the white blazes carefully through the logged area and down the long stretch of logging road. You will leave this road at a white blaze where the road bends sharply to the right, downhill, and will follow the footpath out to the highway.

If you are going out to Barnes Camp you will keep to the left at the junction in the upper end of the logged area and will follow the white-painted blazes about two miles to the highway, adjacent to Barnes Camp. The general direction of this trail is southwest, but it winds about, sometimes descending steeply and once ascending for a time. The

lower part of it follows an old wood road, crosses two branches of the stream that flows southerly in Smugglers' Notch, and finally crosses the main stream itself a little way above Barnes Camp. The time required for the journey from the junction near Sterling Pond to Barnes Camp is about two hours.

CHAPTER XXI

MOUNT HUNGER

The highest summit in the Worcester Range. Southeast of Mount Mansfield and commanding an exceptional view of the mountains to the northwest as well as a wide outlook over many hundreds of square miles in other directions. A fair trail to the top and an alternate, difficult route. Distance, highway to summit and return, about 5 miles. Time 4 hours. By alternate trail distance the same, but time 5 to 6 hours.

SOUTHEAST of the main axis of the Green Mountains, where it reaches its highest point in Mount Mansfield, there is a secondary range known as the 'Worcester Mountains,' beginning a short distance east of Waterbury and extending in a northeasterly direction for fifteen miles. About the center of this range rises Mount Hunger, with a barren and easily recognizable summit. From this viewpoint there is a remarkable panorama of the main range to the west and northwest, while to the northeast, east, and south the mountain overlooks many hundred square miles of territory.

Just why this mountain bears the name that it does is not known. The name suggests, of course, some incident in early days of hunting or exploring, and there is, in fact, a story of two hunters, caught out without food or shelter and obliged to

pass an uncomfortable night or two somewhere on the peak.

A forest fire that swept the mountain years ago laid bare its cliffs and ledges and made possible the view that is now obtainable from its summit. The same fire, burning away the soil, exposing the roots of trees, and leaving the charred trunks standing, was followed by winds that blew down much of the dead timber. So it has come about that large areas on the slopes of the mountain are covered with an almost impenetrable tangle. Furthermore, the southerly slope, which escaped the fire, has recently been logged, and through that region there is now a maze of intersecting logging roads with slash between. The climb to the summit, therefore, except by a trail to be described below, is arduous.

To reach the beginning of the trail that is recommended, you will follow the road that leads north from Montpelier toward the village of Worcester. About five miles from Montpelier the road passes a cemetery on the right. Just beyond this a branch leads to the left to a district known as 'Shady Rill.' About a mile from the main highway the branch road forks, the right-hand fork crossing a considerable stream by a covered bridge. Your route does not cross this bridge, but leads straight ahead, up a long hill.

At the top of the hill another road crosses the one that you are following and here you will turn to the right, very soon passing a schoolhouse on the right and crossing a bridge. Half a mile beyond the bridge the road forks and here you will keep to the left. Again, a short distance beyond there is another fork where you will again keep to the left.

The road now rises steadily and becomes more of a lane than a public road. About a mile and a half beyond the last fork, after passing through open fields and crossing a gentle knoll, you will see a short private lane leading to the right to a large white house, known as the 'Leonard Place.' The trail starts back of this white house. Automobiles should be left at the beginning of the lane.

The altitude at the Leonard Place is somewhat more than 1600 feet. Since the height of the mountain is 3554 feet, the elevation to be gained afoot is about 1900 feet. The distance to the summit from the beginning of the trail is about two miles and a half.

The trail back of the Leonard house proceeds through a grove of maple trees, passes some clumps of spruces, and enters an opening grown up to raspberries. Presently, the path, which has been a blazed trail up to this point, enters an old wood road and begins to follow that in a northerly

direction. The grades to this point, and for a distance beyond, are moderate. The trail next passes the site of an old lumber camp, of which little remains except the wreck of an old stove. The path in this section is inclined to be marshy.

Gradually the trail swings westerly toward the rocky outcrops that characterize the upper part of the mountain, and presently begins to zigzag up these ledges. Near the base of the ledges there is a stream. As the trail climbs toward the summit it emerges upon several open rocky areas, though for the most part it is in the midst of trees, large and small. Finally, the trail surmounts the highest point of the mountain, coming out upon a bare rock cone from which there is a full panorama in every direction.

Close to the top of the mountain there is a spring which usually provides drinking-water, although it may fail in seasons of prolonged drouth. It is southeast from the highest point of the mountain and is distant about a hundred and fifty feet from that point, more or less hidden beneath a ledge.

There is another route to the summit of Mount Hunger which was formerly in use and which may be followed as an adventurous alternative by those who have had experience in finding their way among mountains and who will enjoy a route that

is anything but a beaten path. It begins clearly enough and is easily followed part-way up the mountain, but is far different in its upper reaches. At the same time it is interesting and unusual. This route should not be attempted by one who is inexperienced and should not on any occasion be selected if the time available for reaching the summit and return is not ample.

The beginning of the alternate route will be found by continuing past the lane leading to the Leonard Place, following the little-used public road to a point just beyond a new bungalow on the right. Opposite the lane to the Leonard house there is a trail arrow pointing along the public road. Beyond the bungalow another trail arrow indicates the beginning of a wood road.

Leaving the public road at the second arrow the trail passes through woods, crosses a field, and again enters woods on the other side. In fifteen minutes it crosses a brook coming from the left and in another fifteen minutes crosses another. Twenty-five minutes farther there is a shack on the right, now abandoned to porcupines, and just beyond this is a spring. A little farther there is a fork where you keep to the right.

You are now at the beginning of the logged area and will need to watch carefully to keep the trail. Very soon it turns sharply to the left from a logging

road, becomes a narrow trail, easily followed for a time, and continues thus to the top of the ridge. To the left is the summit known as 'White Rock Mountain,' while to the right is Mount Hunger.

From here to the top of Mount Hunger is a tangle of down-timber, over and under which you will have to make your way. There are occasional spots of white paint, but in many places these can be found only after considerable search. The trail is crossed, also, by several ragged ravines and involves much climbing, up and down. The distance from the point where you first come out upon the top of the ridge to the summit of Mount Hunger is probably not more than three quarters of a mile in an airline, but not less than an hour should be allowed for the journey from this point to the summit. The last few rods to the top are pleasantly free of down-timber, the path climbing steeply over the open ledges.

The most striking feature of the view from the summit of Mount Hunger is the prospect of the main axis of the Green Mountain Range to the west, sweeping across the view from right to left. Here, from northwest to southwest and only a few miles away, are many of the principal summits, in a long and impressive array. There is probably no other viewpoint from which these peaks can be seen to better advantage.



MOUNT MANSFIELD FROM COL SOUTH OF MOUNT HUNGER

Somewhat east of north are the mountains that lie beyond the Lamoille River. To their left are the summits of Sterling Mountain with Madonna Peak at the left and most prominent. Next on the left comes Mount Mansfield. Between Madonna and Mansfield is the deep cleft of Smugglers' Notch, but its winding valley lies in such direction that you cannot see into it from your viewpoint. The long summit of Mansfield from Chin to Nose and Forehead extends along the sky from right to left. Nebraska Notch to the left of Mansfield is plainly visible. On its right is Mount Admiral Dewey, on its left Mount Admiral Clark, while to the left of that is Mount Admiral Mayo, and next to the left the high and rounded summit of Bolton Mountain.

The skyline to the left now descends in a long and undulating line to the valley of the Winooski River, beyond which it rises rapidly to the high and distinctive summit of Camel's Hump, somewhat south of west from your viewpoint. Through the deep valley of the Winooski you can see the waters of Lake Champlain, and beyond these a group of summits in the Adirondacks.

The main axis of the Green Mountains continues to the south. Just to the left of Camel's Hump is Mount Ethan Allen, beyond which the range extends over the Stark Mountains and rises again to

the summits of Lincoln Mountain, southwest from your viewpoint and about twenty-five miles distant. Much farther along, about fifty-six miles away, south of southwest, the tip of Killington Peak may be visible.

In the east and southeast are the White Mountains of New Hampshire, visible clearly when the conditions of atmosphere are favorable. Mount Washington is south of east and is about sixty-eight miles distant. Other peaks of the Presidential Range are grouped closely about it. Farther to the right and considerably nearer are the mountains in the neighborhood of the Franconia Notch, fifty-four miles away, while still farther to the right and approximately southeast is Mount Moosilauke, forty-nine miles distant. In the northeast is the group of mountains in the neighborhood of Willoughby Lake.

In returning from the summit of Mount Hunger you will find the trail leading easterly from the highest point and descending rapidly over the ledges to east and southeast. The route down to the Leonard Place is the same as that by which you ascended the mountain.

Unless several hours are available and you are experienced in finding your way under difficult conditions, you should not attempt to descend the mountain by the old trail that leads along the

ridge through the blowdown, in the direction of White Rock Mountain.

There was once a carriage road from the southeast extending well up on the flanks of Mount Hunger. It was begun in 1877 and finished in 1878. A path, with stairs up the ledges, led from the end of the road to the summit.

CHAPTER XXII

MOUNT BELVIDERE

An interesting mountain with a characteristic, steep, eastern and southeastern face. On the top open ledges. In addition, a new tower that commands a full circle of 50 to 70 miles' radius. Two trails to the summit, each about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles long from highway to the top of the mountain. The one from the east somewhat easier, but neither one difficult. Round trip, highway to summit and return, about 5 hours.

ACROSS the Green Mountains in their northern part, and following a general east-and-west course, extends the valley of the Lamoille River. In this valley there is a railway, part of the Saint Johnsbury and Lake Champlain lines. Sweeping through in broad curves is a State highway, Route 15 of the road maps, connecting Saint Johnsbury, Hardwick, and Morrisville with Johnson, Cambridge, and Burlington.

Along this highway, from the country between Morrisville and Wolcott, you can catch glimpses to the north of a striking mountain with a steep easterly face, a sharp summit, and a dark wooded hump toward the west. This is Mount Belvidere, fifteen miles away. The mountain is partly in the town of Eden and partly in that of Belvidere, and has been known in the past by both names. Its



BELVIDERE MOUNTAIN FROM THE EAST

altitude is 3360 feet, and it is one of the interesting peaks in northern Vermont. Its summit has open ledges which themselves command wide views, but there is, in addition, an excellent new tower with a safe and comfortable stairway to the top and a glass-enclosed room where a fire lookout stays through the dry weather of the summer, and where you can stand in comfort to overlook many hundreds of square miles of hill, valley, and lake.

There are two trails to the summit of Belvidere, one coming from the southwest and beginning at a road that extends from Eden to Belvidere Corners, the other coming from the east and beginning at a highway that runs from Eden Mills to the Hazen Notch road, west of Lowell. The first of these paths is a section of the Long Trail of the Green Mountain Club. The second is the path used by the fire lookout. Either furnishes an excellent approach to the mountain, but of the two the second is somewhat the easier. If you come by car and if some one can take your conveyance around to the other side of the mountain, you can ascend by one trail and descend by the other, a total trip of about five miles.

If you are going to climb the mountain by the trail from the southwest, it is convenient to drive to the base by way of Eden. To reach Eden from the south you will follow Route 100 which pro-

ceeds north from Waterbury through Stowe. To reach it from the north you will come down the same road from Newport. This is a State highway.

From Eden the highway toward Belvidere Corners is known as Route 118 and is a good country road. About five and a half miles from Eden it reaches the height of land between the slopes that lead up to Belvidere and those that lead to the mountains to the southwest. There is an abandoned house and barn on the right of the road just before the height of land. A few yards beyond the barn Frying-Pan Brook crosses under the road, and here the trail begins. There is a sign pointing to the right for Belvidere, and another across the road pointing to the left for the stretch of mountains to the southwest.

The start of the trail for the mountain is in the midst of bushes and small trees, but in two or three minutes the path swings left into an old logging road and becomes open and well-defined. It is clearly marked by white-painted blazes on the trunks of the trees. In another two or three minutes a branch trail will be noted leading back and to the right. This gives access to a small private camp. Proceeding through a forest of big hardwoods the main trail soon crosses a branch of Frying-Pan Brook. The brook is on the left and is

a beautiful mountain stream, in the bottom of a little V-shaped valley, at times flowing in a long, narrow band over steep moss-covered ledges.

About a third of a mile from the highway the trail begins to cross a level stretch, still in the midst of big trees. After a few minutes it swings slowly to the right and gradually begins to ascend. Passing a boggy spot it climbs somewhat more rapidly, then turns sharply to the right and ascends steeply. The direction you are following is now almost south for a few rods.

Again the trail turns toward the left, and from this point until well toward the top of the mountain its course is easterly. It is now following a ridge that leads up toward the dark spruce-covered hump which is northwest of the main summit. It will not cross over the top of this hump, but will slab the right-hand side of it in reaching the summit cone of the mountain.

After climbing the ridge for some distance you will find that spruces have begun to appear among the hardwoods. Presently the trail descends slightly to cross a tiny hollow. Water may be found here in favorable seasons.

On the farther side of this crossing the trail soon climbs more steeply and before long is winding about in the midst of green moss-covered rocks, with spruces growing closely on either side. There

are ledges rising on the left, some of them rocky and steep. Zigzagging a little to right and left, and climbing sharply at times, the trail passes the spruce-covered shoulder, descends a little, and enters a fairly flat area which has been logged in recent years.

Here there is a fork. The path to the left connects with the fire warden's trail, leading past a spring to the path that descends the easterly side of the mountain. Another branch to the left is a continuation of the Long Trail toward Jay Peak. The path to the right at once begins to climb the moderate slopes of the summit cone. Part-way up the slope a trail comes in on the left. This is the main path from the easterly foot of the mountain to the summit. The trail that was passed in the flat cuts across and connects with this.

After a few minutes you will arrive at the rocky top of the mountain, coming out beside the new lookout tower. The cabin occupied by the fire warden lies just beyond. Both cabin and tower are good examples of clever workmanship. The tower, especially, is worth noting, because of the skillful way in which its parts are fitted together, utilizing largely materials obtained on the mountain itself. The builder was L. T. Kinsley. While it rises high above the scrub trees that are scattered over the summit of the mountain, it stands

secure and staunch through the heavy storms that sweep the exposed mountain-top.

Close by the front of the cabin a trail leads to the south, through stunted woods, coming out in a few rods on ledges that command a wide outlook toward the southeast, south, and southwest. This trail then descends very steeply over ledges to an asbestos mine located on the southerly slope of the mountain. A tramper can follow this route down to the mine if he desires, a distance of less than a mile, but a steep scramble. From the mine a road leads out to the highway that runs from Eden to Belvidere Corners.

The fire warden's trail, which ascends the easterly side of the mountain, is well cleared and easily followed. To reach it from the south you will proceed along Route 100 through Eden as far as Eden Mills. There you will diverge to the left and go straight north by a country road that eventually comes out on the State highway from Lowell to Montgomery Center. The road winds about and is hilly, but is in good condition. If you are coming from the north you will take the Hazen Notch road out of Lowell to the northwest a distance of two miles and then turn left on the road to Eden Mills.

In either case the start of the trail will be found at the Tillotson homestead, about five miles north

of Eden Mills and about seven miles from Lowell. The house is a large one on the westerly side of the road. On the opposite side are barns and a saw-mill.

The path begins as a wood road at the rear margin of a small field immediately south of the house. This road soon leads into an old highway, and the path now follows this for a time. Near the point where the road joins the old highway there is a short branch leading to the right to a sugar house. Care should be taken to avoid this branch.

In a few minutes you will pass through bars and, still following the old road, will come out at the margin of a clearing close to a stream. The clearing widens out on the farther side of the brook. Crossing the stream and bearing to the left you will proceed through the open field until near to its farther or westerly end. There you will turn to the left and will find a path leading into the woods. It is an open trail and easily recognized. Proceeding along this for five minutes or more you will again come to the stream that you crossed below and will once more cross it. On the farther side the trail bends somewhat to the right and from this point leads in a westerly direction toward the summit of the mountain.

For the next half-hour or more the trail rises by a moderate, steady grade. It is wide, open, and

unmistakable. Part-way up the slope a short side trail on the left leads in a few yards to a spring.

At the end of the long, straight, steady grade the trail enters an area that has been logged in recent years. Here it begins to zigzag first to left and then to right. Short rises alternate with comparatively level stretches. There are good vistas as soon as this logged area has been entered, the views including stretches of country to the north, northeast, and east.

Toward the upper part of the logged area a short trail leads to the right to a spring, which is roofed over. Resuming the main trail you will find, a little above this, a hole that was recently quarried out in the rock, in which there is another spring. This source of water is the last obtainable as you climb to the summit.

From the upper side of this spring two trails lead off, one to the right and one straight ahead. The path to the right cuts across through a level grassy meadow and joins the path that ascends the mountain from the Belvidere Corner road. The junction is only a few rods beyond. If you take this route to the summit you will turn left on reaching the junction.

If you keep straight ahead on leaving this spring, you will immediately come out on the side of the summit cone of the mountain and very soon

will join the trail that comes up from Belvidere Corners. From this point to the top is only a few minutes. The white-painted tower of the forest fire lookout is visible ahead of you as you climb the last two or three hundred yards.

Access to the enclosed room at the top of the tower is easy and safe, even for those who do not like to climb such structures, for the tower has an excellent stairway.

The view from Belvidere commands the country to the west as far as Lake Champlain and the Adirondacks, to the north over various summits in the Dominion of Canada, to the east across fifty miles of Vermont and beyond into New Hampshire, to the southeast to the White Mountains more than sixty miles away, and to the southwest and south over the summits and ridges of the Green Mountains for a distance of forty miles or more.

Slightly east of north and twelve miles away two summits are visible, seemingly almost equal in height and close together. The right or easterly one of these is Jay Peak and the left is Big Jay. Of the two Jay Peak is the higher, with an altitude of 3861 feet. East of northeast and about twenty-five miles distant is the steep and rocky eminence of Owl's Head, close to the shore of Lake Memphremagog. To the left of Owl's Head is

the summit of Sugar Loaf, and to the right is Bear Mountain.

The mountains in the neighborhood of Willoughby Lake are twenty-four to twenty-eight miles distant in a direction slightly south of east. The lake itself is not visible, but the cliffs that front its farther shore can easily be seen. In this group Bald Mountain stands out as the dark spire which is the highest peak in that region, while to the right are Mounts Pisgah and Hor. Between Bald Mountain and Mount Pisgah is a bare, rocky knob, locally known as 'Bald Hill.' Roughly southeast the White Mountains can be distinguished, including Mount Washington, which rises highest of all and is seventy miles distant in an airline. The whole range of the White Mountains extends along the horizon in that direction, all the way from east to southeast. Near at hand and in a southeasterly direction is Eden Pond.

Somewhat west of south the Worcester Range begins, about twenty miles away. Almost directly in line with the nearest summit of this range and behind it, sixteen miles farther away, is the city of Montpelier.

Turning now to the southwest you can see the summits in the neighborhood of Mount Mansfield. Mansfield itself is visible as the highest point in the range and is twenty miles distant. The part

of the mountain which is nearest to you is the Chin. This also is the highest point of the mountain. A sharp cliff to the left is the Nose. Just to the left of Mansfield and barely clearing it is Bolton Mountain, twenty-seven miles distant. To the left of Bolton and thirty-six miles away the sharp peak of Camel's Hump stands out.

To the right of Mansfield, in a direction south of west, the panorama of Lake Champlain begins and extends all the way up to the northwest. The farthest part of the lake that can be seen in the southwest is about fifty miles away. Along the horizon, behind the lake, are the tumbled peaks of the Adirondacks.

At the foot of the mountain and almost west of the summit Long Pond is visible in its setting of forest. On the southerly slope of the mountain, but underneath the rock shoulder, is the asbestos mine, while somewhat to the left, east of southeast, is another mine, not now active. Some of the buildings of the latter mine are visible from the tower.

In returning from the summit of Belvidere you will find the trail leading down the rocky slope to the northwest. Very soon it forks. If you are going to Belvidere Corners you will keep to the left at this fork and follow white spots of paint and white blazes. Soon you will arrive at the flat

where logging has taken place and here you will bear to the left, picking up the trail at the left margin of the grassy opening.

If you are going down the easterly slope of the mountain, returning by the trail leading to Tillotson's, you will keep to the right at the fork, will soon pass the rocky hole where blasting has been done to get water, and will descend through the logged area, following a footway that is easily noted. In a few rods a short trail to the left leads to the covered spring. Beyond this there are two or three minor forks in the trail, but each of these indicates only an alternate route which prevails for a few yards and unites with the main trail.

After you have descended to the base of the mountain, crossed the clearing and entered the abandoned road, you will arrive opposite the sugar house. Here you will bear somewhat to the left, following a wood road for a few rods until you emerge adjacent to Tillotson's.

The distance from Tillotson's to the summit of the mountain is two and a half miles. In ordinary tramping, with stops to rest and to see things as you go, you will take about two and a half hours for the ascent from the highway to the summit tower. The return journey should require not over two hours.

CHAPTER XXIII

JAY PEAK

A characteristic mountain with a rocky summit, commanding a wide-sweeping view from the Adirondacks on the west to Montreal on the north and the White Mountains in the southeast. Reached by a good trail. Distance, end of road to summit and return, about 5 miles. Time about 5 hours. Cars may be driven by a rough and rocky lane to a point about three quarters of a mile nearer to the base of the mountain.

ONLY six miles from the Canadian line, but within the borders of Vermont, rises Jay Peak, a mountain with an individuality all its own and possessed of a wide-flung panorama, east, west, south, and north toward the Saint Lawrence Valley. It is a summit that is well worth a visit, even if one must drive a good many miles in order to climb to its top.

Indirectly, the mountain is named in honor of John Jay, the distinguished statesman of a century ago. A part of it lies in the town that now bears the name of Jay. Originally, this town was given the name of Carthage, but the settlement projected in the original grant was not carried through and the area reverted to the State. Later, in bringing to a successful close the controversy be-



JAY PEAK AND BIG JAY FROM MOUNT
BELVIDERE

tween the State of Vermont and that of New York John Jay played a prominent part. In recognition of his services the State of Vermont granted to him the area that had been known as Carthage and renamed it Jay. Four town lines intersect near the summit of the mountain, Jay, Westfield, Montgomery, and Richford.

Approach to the base of the mountain is easy, over good roads. Coming from the south you will follow the motor thoroughfare known as Route 100, which swings northward from Waterbury through Morrisville and Lowell. Seven miles north of Lowell is Westfield. Leaving Route 100 at this point and continuing straight north another five miles, you arrive at Jay, which lies about five miles easterly from Jay Peak. Coming from the east you will follow Route 105 out of Newport, diverging on Route 100 four miles west of that city, continuing on that route to Troy, then diverging to the northwest about four miles to Jay. Coming from the west you will follow Route 105 out of Saint Albans and continue on that thoroughfare as far as North Troy, where you will diverge to the south about four miles to Jay. The tramper who comes by train will take the Canadian Pacific to North Troy and there get conveyance to carry him to the town of Jay and on toward the mountain.

At Jay a good road leads in a westerly direction about three miles, rising steadily and approaching the base of Jay Peak. A mile or so west of the town a road branches to the left in the direction of Montgomery Center. This should be avoided. Half a mile farther another branch road swings uphill to the right and finds its way back to Jay. A mile or more beyond this you pass the last occupied farmhouse, which stands on the right or northerly side of the road. Two or three hundred yards beyond this there is a barn, also on the northerly side of the road. Just beyond the barn the road straight ahead passes through a gate. There is a grassy fork at this point, a branch to the left leading around to the neighborhood of a stream and following the course of this on up into an elevated valley. The branch road is not passable for cars.

Beyond the gate the road straight ahead continues toward the mountain as a rocky lane, as far as an abandoned farmhouse, about three quarters of a mile nearer to the mountain. When you have passed through the bars and entered the lane, you have stepped foot on the northernmost section of the Long Trail, the path that the Green Mountain Club has been blazing and clearing all the way from the Vermont-Massachusetts State line, crossing the summit of mountain after mountain, dip-

ping into valleys, and tracing in its course the backbone of the Green Mountains. Nearly all of the Trail is now completed.

The lane is hardly to be classed as an automobile thoroughfare, yet it is passable for light cars if one does not mind rough going. Its general direction is a little south of west.

At the beginning the lane passes through a small, rocky pasture. After a few rods the margin at the right rises to small tree-dotted plateaus which are good camp-grounds. Farther along the forest comes down to the margin of the lane on the left, while on the right there is a more extended opening in the shape of another and larger plateau. The lane then bends somewhat to the left, passes through a wooded stretch, and again emerges in a grassy opening that extends both to right and left. This is an excellent camp-ground. Where the woods border this opening on the left you will find a rough trail, made by cattle, leading down to a lively stream.

At the farther margin of the opening the lane passes through a gate. Beyond this it continues for about a quarter of a mile, through a small, rocky field now growing up to trees and through a short stretch of woods, to enter another opening in which on the left stands a frame house, now abandoned and given over to porcupines. This is the

end of any possible journey on wheels, whether by horse or by automobile.

Just beyond the house the trail for the summit of Jay Peak will easily be found, entering the trees by an old wood road, with a tumbling stream hurrying over the rocks at the bottom of the bank below. The footway is open and the trail is well marked.

In two or three minutes the path turns to the left and crosses the stream on a footbridge. To the right, upstream a few yards, are the ruins of an old dam. On the farther side of the stream the trail swings a little more to the left, ascends the bank, and proceeds in a southerly direction for a short distance in the midst of a young forest of birch trees. This part of the trail is nearly level. It then turns right and begins to ascend gradually, following a direction a little south of west. Presently the small birch trees of the flat near the stream give way to a mixed hardwood forest.

From this point on for the next hour the trail slabs the slope of the mountain, always with higher ground on the left and lower ground on the right. Its general direction is westerly, though for a time it swings somewhat south of west and then somewhat north. The grades are moderate and the trail is cut out to substantial width. Part-way up this stretch there is a long rustic seat

on the left, with a big tree to anchor the end of it.

In wet weather plenty of water will be found along this part of the path. In fact, there are little brooks that persist in making use of the trail itself as a handy watercourse.

At the end of this gradual ascent the trail enters an area that has been logged within recent years. Here it turns sharp left, zigzags somewhat, and then turns to the right following old logging roads. Sharp rises alternate with stretches that are nearly level. To the right you can now look out to the east and can begin to see some of the far-off country in that direction.

Again the trail swings to the left and zigzags up a steep slope, still within an area that has been logged, not many years ago. The rocky ribs of the mountain now become evident, the trail winding about among these, in sharp contrast to the long, straight, steady stretches farther down.

Presently, the path achieves the beginning of the final climb, somewhat above the saddle between Jay Peak and a spur to the northeast. From this point the ascent is very steep. The trees have now dwindled to scrubby dwarfs, which cling to footholds in crevices of the rocky cone of the mountain. With a final scramble the trail attains the sharply defined summit ridge of the mountain,

turns to the left, and in a few yards more reaches the highest point of the rocky cone where there is a Geological Survey marker set into the rock.

A generous sweep of country is now spread before and beneath you in every direction. Approximately north, two and a half miles away, rises a companion mountain known as 'North Jay Peak.' In the valley of the Missiquoi River, six miles on the farther side of this, the Canadian Pacific Railway swings around through a semi-circle on its long journey east to west.

The wooded summit of a spur of Jay Peak is northeast and close at hand. A little to the right and much farther away is the conspicuous cone of Owl's Head, rising from a point near the shore of Lake Memphremagog and distant a dozen miles in an airline. To the right of Owl's Head is Bear Mountain, also near Lake Memphremagog, and to the right of Bear the waters of the lake shine in the light. The city of Newport is a little south of east and sixteen miles away. To the left of Owl's Head another stretch of Lake Memphremagog is visible, and far away in a direction north of northeast you can see Orford Mountain, thirty miles distant, with a contour rising in several lesser and larger summits and slopes.

Somewhat east of southeast and about fifty-eight miles away the two sharply defined summits

of the Percy Peaks, in New Hampshire, are visible. They are identified as two cones of equal size, shaped like sharply pointed haystacks, and standing close together. They are not as high as other summits in the White Mountains, but they are characteristic from this angle and will serve to locate the general group of mountains in that direction. To their right begins a long line of mountains culminating in Mount Washington, which is slightly south of southeast and is about seventy-six miles distant. Other mountains of the Presidential Group can be made out in that direction, while to the right and slightly south of southeast are the summits of the Franconia Mountains, seventy miles away.

About twenty-eight miles distant in a southeasterly direction lie the mountains that surround Willoughby Lake, with the cone of Bald Mountain to the left and the rugged masses of Mounts Pisgah and Hor to the right.

South of Jay Peak are forest-clad lines of high hills stretching diagonally across from left to right. Eleven miles away in an airline and somewhat west of south rises Mount Belvidere, with a well-defined sharp summit. Almost in line with Belvidere and thirty-five miles away are the Worcester Mountains. In the southwest Mount Mansfield, the highest peak of Vermont, stands out plainly.

The distance to its summit is a little more than thirty miles. Beyond it, slightly to the left, though almost in line with it, are other summits of the Green Mountains. Camel's Hump is approximately forty-six miles distant.

Close at hand, slightly to the right of southwest, rises the bulk of Big Jay. To its right and forty miles away are the waters of Lake Champlain. Beyond the margin of the lake and sixty miles distant are peaks of the Adirondacks. North of northwest and distant fourteen miles is Pinnacle Mountain, rising alone in the midst of a seemingly level area. Almost northwest and sixty-five miles distant lies Montreal. In a clear day it is possible to place it readily.

The return from the summit of Jay will be accomplished in considerably less time than the ascent, because the long stretch of nearly straight trail, after you have left the summit cone of the mountain, lends itself to steady tramping. If the ascent of the mountain has required two and a half hours the descent will be accomplished in two hours or less.

In leaving the mountain you will proceed north a few yards on the high ridge. The trail will then be found turning sharply to the right and descending steeply. A white arrow painted on the rocks marks the beginning of the descent. Other spots of

white paint indicate the way for the first few minutes. Thereafter the trail is clearly evident. In the descent, as in the ascent, two or three places will be found where there appears to be a fork in the trail. These are merely alternate routes which remain separate for a few yards, but soon unite.

There are times when Jay Peak seems to be the storm center for many miles of country roundabout. With the exception of its near-by neighbor, Big Jay, which almost equals it, Jay Peak is higher than any other mountain near, its altitude being 3861 feet. Low-lying clouds that miss the tops of other mountains, or touch them only lightly, may envelop the summit cone of Jay in a dense mantle. The valleys and lesser mountains will sometimes be shining in the sunlight when this highest point in the northerly tip of the Green Mountain axis is buried in fog. Even at such times, however, the clouds may lift or part and the climber be given a wide-sweeping panorama.

CHAPTER XXIV

BURKE MOUNTAIN

A mountain with a summit that is partly open ledge, from which there is a particularly good view of the White Mountains. A tower with a stairway commands the complete circle, including many northern summits of the Green Mountains. A roadway leads all the way to the summit, a steady but relatively an easy climb. Distance to the summit and return, from the highest point to which motor-cars can be driven, 3 miles. Time 3 hours. From highway to summit and return 5 miles. Time about $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

IN northeastern Vermont, about fourteen miles from Saint Johnsbury, there is a mountain that commands one of the best views of the White Mountains to be obtained from any point, as well as a sweeping panorama over many northern peaks of the Green Mountains. Its altitude is generally stated to be about thirty-five hundred feet, but, according to aneroid readings taken from the village of East Burke as a base, is probably somewhat less. It is situated partly in the town of Burke and partly in the town of Victory, but takes its name from the former. The town itself is believed to have been named in honor of the statesman Edmund Burke. There is a road all the way to the top, passable for motor-cars for the first

mile, though available only for horse-drawn vehicles for the remaining mile and a half. The summit itself is partly rough and precipitous ledge, from which three quarters of a circle of horizon is visible. A good steel tower with a stairway makes it possible to command the complete circle.

To reach the foot of the mountain from the direction of Saint Johnsbury you will follow Route 2 to Lyndonville and continue beyond that village for about a mile. Where the main thoroughfare turns to the left you will proceed to the right, across the railway tracks, and follow Route 114 about five miles to East Burke.

At the upper end of the village Route 114 turns left on its way to Island Pond. You will leave it at this point, keeping the road that leads straight ahead, uphill, presently avoiding a road that turns to the right and crosses a bridge. Another fork some distance beyond leads to the left and downhill. You will avoid this and keep straight ahead. Beyond this fork the second turn to the right is the road to the mountain. Where the mountain road diverges there is a sign 'Burke Mountain' and there is a house on the opposite side of the road. This point is about two miles from East Burke and is nearly five hundred feet higher than that village.

You can drive a car from here up the mountain road for a distance of about a mile. Most of the

way is steep, for in the course of the mile the road gains in altitude about six hundred feet, but it is not difficult or dangerous driving and is readily accomplished except in muddy weather. In this first mile the road passes abandoned farm buildings and proceeds through several fields. Near the end of this stretch there is a sign on the right reading, 'One and one half miles to summit,' and just beyond this point the road is widened out so that a car may be turned around. The road to the summit of Burke was built about fifteen years ago by E. A. Darling and was rebuilt in the summer of 1925.

From the place where you leave the car to the top of the mountain the road is readily passable by horse-drawn vehicles. The rise is persistent and steady for the remaining mile and a half, the gain in altitude in that distance amounting to about thirteen hundred feet. There are many beautiful vistas to be enjoyed from time to time as you proceed.

About twenty minutes from the end of automobile travel there is a sign on the right, '1 mile to summit.' The altitude here is fifteen hundred feet above the village of East Burke. Ten minutes farther there is a spring on the right, close to the road, and a few yards beyond this the road rises steeply, making a hairpin turn to the right. Fifty



EMPIRE MOUNTAIN FROM MOUNT BURKE

feet beyond the turn, if you will look back you will have a splendid glimpse of the Presidential Range of the White Mountains, thirty-five miles away. The near-by mountain that cuts diagonally across the view is Umpire.

After a time the road forks, but the two parts unite a short distance beyond. Five minutes beyond the fork there is a sign on the left reading '½ mile to summit.' The altitude still to be gained from this point to the top is somewhat more than four hundred feet.

In another ten minutes there is a path that leads straight ahead, while the carriage road turns to the left. The steel tower that stands on the summit is in sight from this point. On the right there is a sign indicating a supply of water. Presently another sign marks the beginning of a trail to the 'West Peak,' a spur of the mountain.

A few minutes beyond this the path comes out upon a level space in the midst of trees, with a frame house on the left, while straight ahead, a few yards beyond, are the ledges that form the summit of the mountain. The house is occupied by the forest fire warden during the season when lookouts are maintained on mountain summits. There are some furnishings in the cabin, including a stove.

The summit of Burke Mountain is a broad and

rough ledge scored by fissures and cracks. Toward the north, east, and south it drops off precipitously and there are no trees that rise high enough to obstruct the view. Thus from the ledge itself your eye commands the horizon all the way from the north around through east and south to the west. On the northwesterly side the slopes of the mountain are moderate and in that direction there are spruces that cut out from the view the segment from north to west.

The steel tower on the summit, however, gives full opportunity to enjoy the complete panorama. It has a safe stairway that rises, by easy stages, to a platform, part-way up. The tower itself continues beyond that point and, if you are so disposed, you may climb a steel ladder to another small round platform perched at the very peak of the structure, beneath the flagpole that surmounts its top. There is no occasion to do so, however, so far as the view is concerned. Indeed, the most attractive and impressive parts of the view can be had from the ledge below.

Mount Washington and the whole line of the Presidentials are approximately southeast, by compass, from the summit of Burke Mountain. Washington rises high, broad, and unmistakable in the group. The distance to it from the point where you stand is thirty-five miles. To its left

and seemingly quite close to it is the low, rounded summit of Clay, then the prominent peak of Jefferson, then Adams, and then, somewhat lower, the cone of Madison.

To the left of Madison, and considerably nearer to your point of view, are the mountains that begin with Starr King, twenty-four miles distant, and extend north as far as Sugar Loaf, which is north of east from where you stand. The principal summits in this line, beginning next to Starr King, are Terrace Mountain, Cabot, Pilot, the Percy Peaks, and, finally, Sugar Loaf. In this same direction but very near is the broad mass of Umpire Mountain, while behind it to right and left there is a confusion of summits between you and the valley of the Connecticut River, sixteen to eighteen miles distant. To the northeast are other mountains of this same general group, rising in the wilderness that lies north of the highway from Island Pond to North Stratford.

Almost due north and sixteen miles distant is the broad, regular cone of Bald Mountain, in Westmore, east of Willoughby Lake. Just to the left of this peak are the two granite domes that lie on either side of Willoughby Lake at its southerly end, Mount Pisgah on the right and Mount Hor on the left. A part of the lake, itself, is visible between these two domes.

In the northwest, thirty-six miles away, the tip of Belvidere Mountain rises a little above the lesser ridges and summits that lie nearer at hand. Mount Mansfield is almost straight west from the point where you stand and is forty-seven miles away. The Chin of Mansfield is a rather sharp cone. In the southwest are summit after summit and ridge after ridge, as the ground rises toward the backbone of the Green Mountains.

Returning now to the view toward the Presidential Range you will see, at the right of Washington, the series of summits that make up the Crawford Ridge, all of them appearing close together at this distance. The first of these, near to Washington, is Monroe, looking like a saw-tooth on the ridge. Farther along is the rounded summit of Mount Pleasant. Still farther the ridge drops off in definite fashion where the Crawford Notch cuts through.

To the right of the Notch there is a series of lower summits which are part of the Rosebrook Range, while to the right of these is the prominent mass of the Twin Mountains. The cone of Garfield is next to them on the right, followed by the peak of Mount Lafayette. Almost hidden by Lafayette, but still discernible as separate summits, are other peaks of the Franconias — Lincoln, Haystack, and Liberty. To their right is the

cleft of the Franconia Notch which is due south from the point where you stand.

On the right of Franconia Notch is the bulk of Profile Mountain, or Cannon Mountain as it is often termed, thirty miles distant from your viewpoint. Near to this there are four small, rounded summits known as 'The Cannon Balls,' and on their right the mass of Mount Kinsman. To the right of Kinsman, and very prominent, stands out the big bulk of Mount Moosilauke, thirty-eight miles distant.

The return from the summit of Burke is an easy and rapid journey, for the footing is good, the grades are moderate, and the tramper can move along rapidly. The time required from the summit to the point to which cars can be driven need be little more than half or two thirds of the time required for the ascent.

CHAPTER XXV

MOUNT PISGAH

A moderate climb to the summit of great cliffs looking down 1400 feet to a deep lake. One of the most beautiful viewpoints in New England mountains. An easy trail. Distance, highway to summit and return, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Time 3 hours. Another approach, equally interesting, leads from the south by way of Pulpit Rock.

IN all of the mountains of Vermont there is no view that surpasses that from the cliffs of Mount Pisgah in beauty and impressiveness. To stand on a naked, jutting crag and to look almost straight down fourteen hundred feet into the waters of a deep, blue lake, across to the scarred and austere sides of another similar dome, and around the arc of a half-circle to distant and striking summits many miles away, is to see that which will long and justly remain vivid in memory as one of the great views in New England mountains.

Mount Pisgah is one of the two granite domes that rise on either side of the southerly end of Willoughby Lake. The cliffs of each descend precipitously. At the foot of Pisgah, almost overhung by its rock walls and close to the waters of the lake, runs a State road. Across the lake Mount Hor, the other granite dome, similar to Pisgah in

its stark grandeur, flings its rock wall straight into the lake. The two, as you see them from the north or from the south, form an enormous stone portal.

The granite that is the substance of these two mountains was forced up as fluid rock from depths below in ages long past. The pressure deep in the earth sought out spots of structural weakness in the layers of rock above, and sent rushing upward these two great fountains. But they were outpourings that did not then, nor for ages later, see the light of day, for over them lay other strata that withstood the pressure and held them concealed. Far down beneath these layers the fountains solidified into immobile rock — a rock that later was to disclose by its microscopic structure the fact that its birth took place beneath the great weight of unyielding layers of the earth's crust.

But these upper layers, though they turned back the tremendous pressure that thrust against them from below, could not withstand the ceaseless forces that ground and gnawed and corroded from above. Bit by bit, through the slow geologic periods, the overlying rock was worn away. Slowly the solid domes made by the concealed fountains were revealed. Inch by inch through countless centuries their rock core was left protruding more and more above the surrounding surface, until to-day they stand as bold, full-grown mountains

— mountains that are themselves now tasting of the inexorable action of air and water and frost and are slowly yielding of their substance.

On the slopes of these mountains in our present-day period of fertile soil and growing plants botanists find many specimens that are rare elsewhere. In fact the region roundabout is a prolific collecting-ground, and has long been sought out and visited for the sake of the interest that it affords in the plant world as well as the pleasures of mountain views.

To reach the base of Mount Pisgah you will follow the motor route known as Number 2A, which extends from West Burke north to West Charleston and in so doing passes along the easterly shore of Willoughby Lake. The southern end of this stretch of road branches at West Burke from Route 2, the main thoroughfare from Saint Johnsbury to Newport. The upper end joins at West Charleston Route 105, the principal highway from North Stratford and Island Pond to Newport. A trail starts directly from this automobile road and makes the ascent of Pisgah by its northeasterly slopes, where the grades are moderate.

As you follow the automobile road south from Westmore along the borders of the lake, you will pass various cottages and summer homes and in about a mile and a half will note a place on the

right that bears the name 'Trail's End.' This is the last house to the south along this border of the lake before you reach the foot of the cliffs. Opposite this cottage the trail begins. There is a space here where cars may be left, and the start of the trail is plainly evident as a broad, sloping path leading southerly in the general direction of the mountain.

After a steady ascent for about seven or eight minutes the trail crosses a small brook and then follows a course that for the next twenty minutes rises very gradually. For most of this distance the path is as broad and well graded as a woodland logging road. Three more brooks are crossed at intervals of a few minutes each. The last of these is the largest and is in a shallow, wooded ravine. Immediately after crossing this brook the trail swings sharply to the left and proceeds upstream for a few rods. The distance from the beginning of the trail at the highway to this crossing is about a mile and the gain in altitude is a little more than four hundred feet.

A short distance upstream the trail bends sharply to the right and starts up the slope of the mountain. Care should be taken to note this turn in the trail and not to proceed up the valley of the stream. The path now rises more rapidly, winding back and forth from left to right in order to make

the rise with less effort. After fifteen minutes the trail attacks the slope more directly and becomes fairly steep for a time, though it is entirely within forest and does not climb any ledges. Beyond the steep stretch the grade is more moderate again, the trail winding about as it nears the crest of the mountain.

Three quarters of an hour from the time you cross the last brook you will find a short side trail leading, a few yards to the right, to the summit of one of the great cliffs of the mountain. This is the extraordinary viewpoint that was referred to at the beginning of this chapter.

As you step out upon the cliff the view that instantly spreads itself before your eyes is one that you will not soon forget. Under your feet and fourteen hundred feet below you are the waters of Willoughby Lake, deep blue and impressively beautiful. To the left the lake curves under the shoulder of the mountain on which you stand. To the right it continues in its setting of woods and slopes three or four miles. Straight across is the granite dome of Mount Hor, seamed, rugged, and severe, its rock walls plunging down into the waters of the lake. This view of the wonderful lake in its striking setting completely dominates the first impression.

But there is a beautiful panorama of mountain

summits to right and left and straight across. As you stand on the crag your view commands a full half-circle from the north through the west and on into the south.

Lake Memphremagog is almost due north, and is twenty miles away. On its westerly margin, twenty-five miles distant, are the mountains in Canada that closely border the lake. Of these Bear Mountain and Owl's Head stand out close together, the former on the left, the latter close by on the right.

To the left of this group and northwest is Jay Peak, twenty-nine miles distant, rising in the midst of a tumbled array of other summits, only somewhat less in height. Again to the left and somewhat north of west Mount Belvidere raises its sharply defined summit, twenty-seven miles away.

Slightly south of west and forty-two miles distant stands Mount Mansfield, with the peaks of Sterling Mountain on the right and other summits on the left. Camel's Hump, which is a little more south of west, is fifty-five miles distant. In the same direction are the upper ridges of the Worcester Mountains, including Mount Elmore, thirty-three miles away.

A country of lesser hills fills the horizon to the southwest. Almost due south Burke Mountain

comes into view, fifteen miles away. Almost in line with Burke are some of the peaks of the White Mountains, including summits in the neighborhood of Profile Notch, forty-four miles distant. Mount Moosilauke is slightly west of south and is fifty miles distant.

The trail beyond the viewpoint just described continues over the top of the mountain, which is a few minutes' walk distant. Winding about through woods it descends the southerly side. After passing over the summit the trail comes out upon further lookouts which are fully as impressive as the one just described, especially at a point known as 'Pulpit Rock.' Descending by moderate grades the path comes out upon the main highway near the lower end of the lake.

Many trampers prefer to ascend the mountain from the southerly end instead of by way of the trail from the north. In ascending from this direction the start of the path will be found where the highway makes a large bend at the south end of the lake. This is about a hundred and fifty yards south of a group of houses that stand close to the road. The trail at once enters woods and presently begins to climb. If there is any difficulty in finding the beginning of the path, inquiry may be made at a restaurant or at a gift shop two minutes' walk north along the State road.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE LONG TRAIL

FROM Massachusetts to Canada, a continuous skyline route along the main axis of the Green Mountains — such is the plan of the Long Trail. Conceived in 1910 it has grown steadily into realization until to-day it is essentially a complete route, a wilderness foot-path nearly three hundred miles long.

In the journey from south to north the Trail crosses several main highways and a number of old roads. But, except at the Winooski River, the path remains at a high elevation. There is only this one deep sag in the axis range. The highways and the old roads make it possible to strike into the Long Trail, or to leave it, at any one of many places. In addition, there are many approach trails. Thus, access to the links of this wilderness path is easy.

In early chapters of this book various segments of the Long Trail have been described in detail, because these segments serve as means of approach to prominent mountain summits. In this chapter a bird's-eye view of the Trail will be given, link by link, with such references to parts of earlier

chapters as will make the description more complete.

Usually the tramper who sets out to make a journey on the Long Trail contemplates a trip of more than a single day. Therefore he is carrying with him items of equipment that are not needed by the climber who makes a one-day trip to a mountain summit, returning to civilization at night. His pack contains food supplies, clothing, blankets, and various sundries. Because of carrying a pack he travels slowly. Five to eight miles is a comfortable day's journey, unless the tramper is capable of a strenuous schedule.

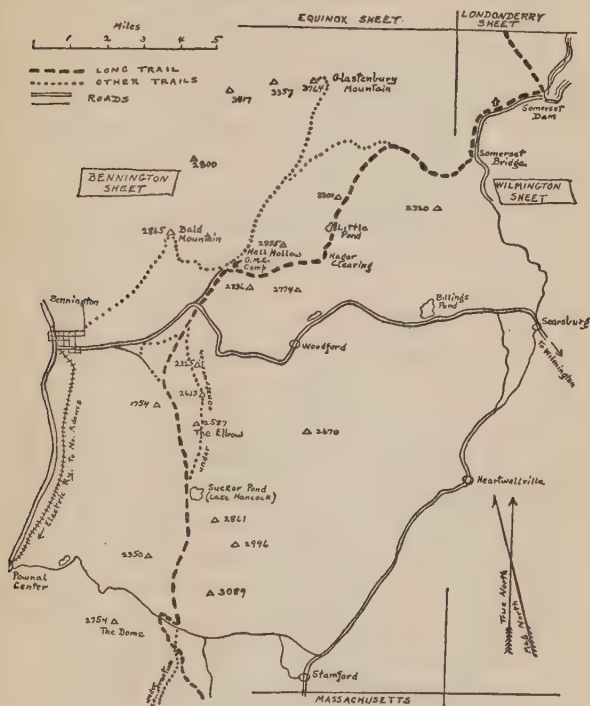
For this reason the builders of the Trail planned to provide some sort of shelter, usually an open-front log lean-to, at intervals of five to eight miles. In large measure this has already been accomplished. There are a few sections, especially in the southern part of the range, where further shelters are still to be built.

In the paragraphs that follow the links of the Trail, from shelter to shelter, will be described in order, beginning at the Massachusetts line.

MASSACHUSETTS LINE TO BENNINGTON

The approach to the Long Trail from Massachusetts has been by way of North Adams. Proceeding out Eagle Street the route continues along a

wood road bearing to the northwest, crosses the line into Vermont, and about two miles beyond



again turns sharply left and follows another wood road for a mile in a northerly direction. Thence, a trail continues to Sucker Pond.

From the pond a wood road leads northerly, climbing gradually, then descending rapidly, and presently becoming a public road, which gradually swings to the left into Bennington. From the lower part of this road there are views of Mount Anthony across the valley.

The distance from the Massachusetts line to Bennington is twelve miles. Sucker Pond is half-way.

At the Massachusetts end of this section re-locating of the Trail is in progress. The Appalachian Trail that comes up over the heights in Massachusetts goes through the village of Blackinton, just west of North Adams. One block uphill from the post office at Blackinton, at the junction of Wood and Prospect Streets, a new link of the Massachusetts Trail strikes out, crossing through the Clarksburg State Forest and reaching the Vermont line about a mile and a half west of the point where the wood road from North Adams to Sucker Pond crosses the State line. It is planned to open a new trail that will connect this link with the Long Trail.

BENNINGTON TO HELL HOLLOW CAMP

The route follows at first the State highway that leads east from Bennington toward Wilmington and Brattleboro. Four and a half miles from Bennington the road forks, the through highway bearing to the right while the Long Trail bears to the left on a secondary road. About a mile and a half beyond the fork there is a camp situated near the end of the road, in a valley known as 'Hell Hollow.' The camp is a closed cabin and is equipped. The key may be obtained at Griswold's store, in Bennington.

MASSACHUSETTS LINE DIRECT TO HELL
HOLLOW CAMP

If the tramper does not wish to go into Bennington, he can cut across to the Long Trail above Bennington by taking a road that leads to the right one and a half miles before reaching Bennington. In half a mile he will come out upon the trail and will then turn to the right.

An alternate route is in process of building from Sucker Pond north, following on or near the summit of the ridge, passing just east of the highest point of 'The Elbow' and just west of the top of another elevation that lies at the northerly end of the ridge. Thence the route descends rapidly to the old trail which it joins near the State highway

that leads east from Bennington. From this point the branch road already described is followed to Hell Hollow Camp.

BENNINGTON TO HELL HOLLOW CAMP BY
WAY OF BALD MOUNTAIN

An alternate route from Bennington to Hell Hollow climbs to the summit of Bald Mountain and thence descends to the camp. Bald Mountain is the southerly end of a high ridge which borders the valley running north from Bennington. The Trail will be found by going east on Main Street to Branch Street, then turning north and proceeding a half-mile across a large iron bridge to the first fork in the road. The Trail strikes off to the north from this road. Near the summit it comes out upon ledges known as 'White Rocks' from which there is a broad panorama from northwest to southwest. The summit is a little way beyond and has an altitude of 2865 feet. From the summit the Trail drops down rapidly in a southeasterly direction to Hell Hollow Camp. The distance from Bennington to Hell Hollow Camp by this route is eight and a half miles and the time required is five to six hours.

HELL HOLLOW CAMP TO SOMERSET BRIDGE

At Hell Hollow the main route of the Long

Trail swings to the right up the narrow and rocky valley of Hell Hollow Brook. Coming out upon a ridge it passes Hagar Clearing where there were once farms. The altitude here is twenty-seven hundred feet. To the south there are broad views over the forests and valleys that lie toward the Massachusetts line. To the east is the valley of the Deerfield River, with a wooded ridge rising beyond. At the right of the ridge is the pointed summit of Haystack Mountain, while at the left is Mount Pisgah. In the northeast Stratton Mountain is visible at the right of a wooded hill.

Leaving Hagar Clearing the Trail passes a small body of water known as 'Little Pond.' It then climbs again and crosses a wooded ridge, descending on the farther side to the site of an old lumbering center known as 'Camp 11.' The buildings of the camp have fallen to pieces.

There is an alternate route from Hell Hollow to Camp 11 which proceeds up the main valley of Glastenbury Stream and crosses a divide at the head of the valley. This route is shorter and easier than the path by way of Hagar Hill and Little Pond, but it does not afford the views that the main Trail gives.

The trail to the summit of Glastenbury Mountain branches to the north from the alternate route along Glastenbury Stream. The summit of Glas-

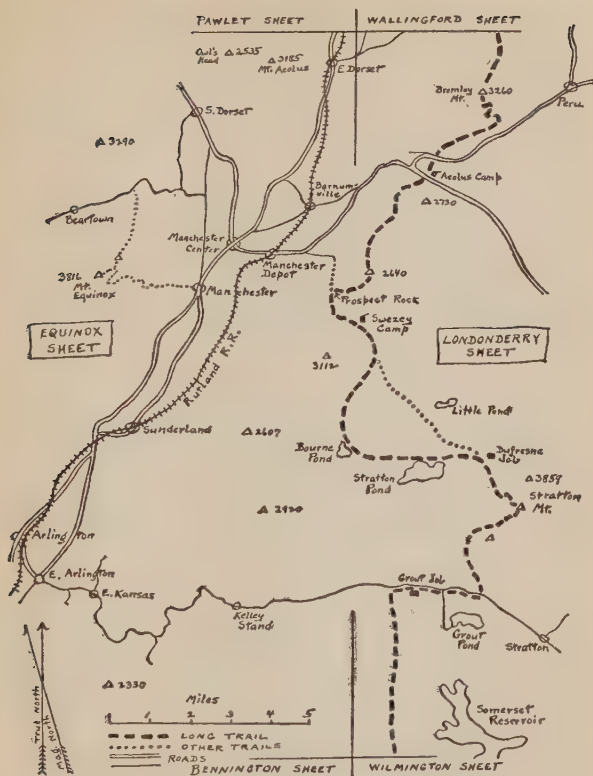
tenbury may be climbed from Hell Hollow Camp as a one-day trip to the top and return. The altitude of the mountain is 3764 feet and the round trip is fifteen miles.

From Camp 11 the Long Trail follows an old lumber road with much corduroy to Somerset Bridge over the Deerfield River, where it emerges upon a public road. Lodging and meals probably may be obtained at the farmhouse of Mrs. J. H. Taylor, situated on the public road leading from Somerset Bridge to Somerset Dam. The distance from Hell Hollow Camp to Somerset Bridge is thirteen miles.

SOMERSET BRIDGE TO GROUT JOB

From Somerset Bridge the route crosses the river and follows the road that leads to Somerset Dam, where there is a large artificial lake made by backing up the waters of the Deerfield River. Somerset Dam is of interest as the second largest earth dam in the world. It may be reached by automobile by following the main thoroughfare from Bennington east toward Wilmington as far as the Deerfield River, thence turning north to Somerset Bridge and the dam.

From the dam the Trail swings northwest, then turns north and proceeds to the Arlington-Wardsboro road. Turning to the right on this road it



continues half a mile to the Grout Job, an old lumbering center.

One or more of the buildings of the Grout Job are still capable of furnishing emergency shelter to

trampers. There is, however, no Club camp at this place.

The distance from Somerset Bridge to the Grout Job by way of Somerset Dam is twelve and a half miles.

The Arlington-Wardsboro road is readily passable for motor-cars east from the Grout Job, and in fair weather may be followed west over a high divide to Arlington. A description of the approach by highway to this point will be found on page 64.

GROUT JOB TO SWEZEY CAMP

From the Grout Job the Long Trail leads over the summit of Stratton Mountain, down to the wilderness country on the northwest side, and out to a lumber camp near Prospect Rock southeast of Manchester.

Proceeding east from the Grout Job and following the public road about one and a half miles, the route turns sharply to the left at a clearing. On the right at this point is the end of the Winged Ski Trail which comes from Brattleboro.

The Trail now begins an easy, steady ascent of Stratton Mountain, altitude 3859 feet. A detailed account of this link of the Trail and a description of the view from the summit will be found beginning on page 66.

From the summit of Stratton the Long Trail

rapidly descends the northwesterly slopes of the mountain and in a mile and a half arrives at an abandoned lumber camp known as the 'Dufresne Job.'

At the Dufresne Job the Trail leads to the left in a westerly direction to Stratton Pond, thence to Bourne Pond, and from Bourne Pond to the Buck Job, another lumbering center. Here a building known as 'Swezey Camp' has been fitted up by the Green Mountain Club with bunks and a stove. The distance from the Dufresne Job to the Buck Job is six miles.

An alternate route leads direct from the Dufresne Job to the Buck Job, following an old road. It is a shorter route, but is relatively uninteresting. The distance between the two points by this route is five miles.

From the Buck Job an old road leads down one mile farther to Prospect Rock, and thence to a highway and into Manchester Depot, a total distance of four and a half miles.

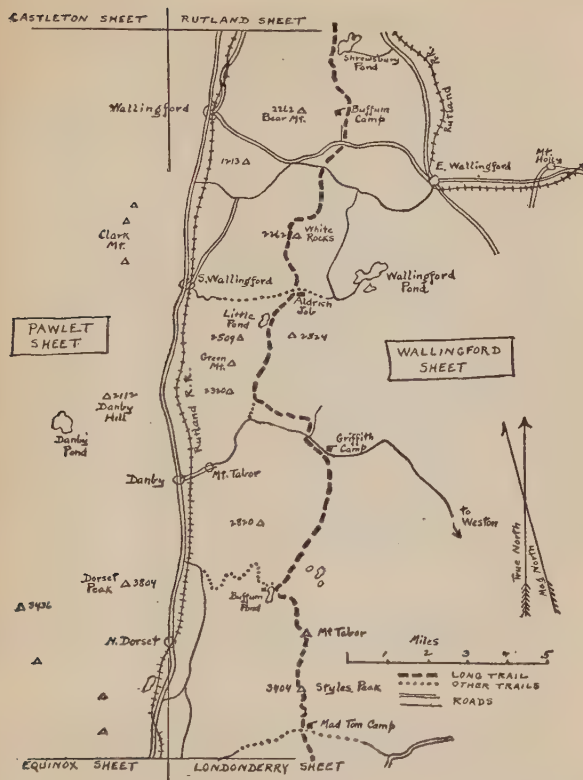
SWEZEY CAMP TO CAMP ÆOLUS

From the Swezey Camp at the Buck Job the Trail follows an old road down to Prospect Rock, where there is a remarkable view into Downer Glen and across to the mountains beyond the valley of the Battenkill. Here the Trail turns sharply

to the right and climbs steeply to one of the summits of a ridge. On the way up it passes a clearing from which there are wide views to the west. Surmounting the hill it follows old roads, crosses to the easterly side of the ridge, enters another old road, and gradually descends to the highway known as the 'Winhall Road.' This is Motor Route 101, which connects Manchester on the west with Brattleboro on the southeast, by way of Bondville and Jamaica. On the north side of the highway is a Club shelter which has bunks for twenty to twenty-four persons and is known as 'Camp Æolus' because it commands a view of Mount Æolus, near Manchester. To the left the Winhall Road leads to Manchester, six miles distant. The distance from the Buck Job to the Winhall Road is five and a half miles.

CAMP ÆOLUS TO MAD TOM CAMP

From the Winhall Road the Trail bears north and in a mile crosses another highway, the Peru Road. This is Motor Route 11, which joins Route 101 a mile on the west and continues to Manchester, while to the east it proceeds to Springfield, by way of Peru and Londonderry. Beyond the Peru Road the Trail enters an old road, climbs the slopes and bears to the east for a mile, roughly parallel to the Peru Road, but much higher up on



the slope. The Trail then passes an abandoned lumber camp and comes out in the upper edge of a pasture from which there are wide views to east, south, and west. Stratton Mountain stands out on

the south about nine miles away. Glebe Mountain, in Londonderry, is southeast and about as far distant as Stratton. In the west across the valley of the Battenkill are some of the higher summits of the Taconics.

Following the upper edge of the pasture for six or eight minutes the Trail then turns sharp left and strikes toward the summit of Bromley Mountain, climbing steeply in the midst of timber. Reaching the top of the mountain, altitude 3260 feet, it follows the summit ridge, in State forest. Descending the northerly slopes of the mountain the path emerges upon a deserted road which leads to the left to East Dorset. On the north side of the road there is a Club shelter, Mad Tom Camp, which accommodates twenty to twenty-four people. A supply of water will be found a little way east.

The distance from the Winhall Road to the abandoned East Dorset-Peru road is six miles and a half.

MAD TOM CAMP TO BUFFUM POND (LAKE GRIFFITH)

From the Club shelter on the deserted East Dorset-Peru road the Trail climbs steeply for a mile and a half to the top of Styles Peak, altitude 3404 feet, where there is a splendid panorama. It then bears in a northerly direction, drops about

four hundred feet to a shallow valley and climbs nearly six hundred feet to another summit which has been known as 'Peru Peak' and is a part of the extensive mountain mass that is usually known as 'Mount Tabor.' Crossing this wooded height the path drops rapidly. Following an old logging road it emerges on the southeasterly side of Buffum Pond, also known as 'Lake Griffith,' and proceeds to the north end of the pond.

Here a branch trail leads around to the west side of the pond and gives access to a house, built by Senator Griffith and once a comfortable lodge, but now in bad repair. From the Griffith house a carriage road, once passable for horses and now used as an approach trail, leads down the steep westerly slopes of Mount Tabor to South Danby. The distance from the Griffith house to the public road is three miles.

From the East Dorset-Peru road to Buffum Pond is five and three quarters miles.

BUFFUM POND TO GRIFFITH CAMP

The outlet of Buffum Pond is from the south end, but the stream soon swings east and north, joining the waters of Roaring Branch, which flows north and unites with Big Branch at the deserted lumber village of Griffith.

The trail from the Griffith house proceeds to the

north end of the pond, joins the main Trail, winds downhill and approaches the outlet stream at the upper end of a place known as the 'Long Hole.' Proceeding downstream a considerable distance it crosses the stream and from this point follows a lumber road all the way down the valley to the deserted village of Griffith. Here there were many buildings occupying a large clearing. A Club shelter is now available at the point where the lumber road crosses Roaring Branch. From Griffith a road leads to the village of Danby on the west, a distance of five miles. The road is barely passable for motor-cars.

The distance from Buffum Pond to Griffith Camp is five miles.

GRIFFITH CAMP TO ALDRICH JOB

Northwest of Griffith and three miles away lies a high ridge extending in a north-and-south direction and known as 'Green Mountain.' East of Green Mountain is a deep valley with slopes rising on the east to an unnamed ridge. Big Branch flows toward Green Mountain, but swings sharply to the southwest and joins Otter Creek in Danby. A branch stream comes down from the valley between Green Mountain and the ridge to the east.

The Trail follows the Danby road northwest from Griffith Camp half a mile, crosses the Big

Branch and swings north, climbing sharply. Presently it bears to the west, following an abandoned stage-road which proceeds in the midst of woods parallel to the Danby-Weston highway, but much higher up the slopes. About two and a half miles from Griffith Camp the old stage-road crosses Black Branch, which comes in from the right.

The Trail now turns north, heads up into the valley, and reaches the height of land. Here it passes along the easterly shore of Little Pond. Descending on the other side, it enters logging roads and proceeding northeasterly emerges upon the abandoned South Wallingford road at the ruins of a lumber camp known as the 'Aldrich Job.'

From the Club shelter at Griffith to the Aldrich Job is six miles.

ALDRICH JOB TO BUFFUM CAMP

A high ridge lies northwest from the Aldrich Job. This ridge is known as 'White Rocks Mountain,' taking its name from bare cliffs at its northerly end. The Long Trail to Buffum Camp climbs over the mountain and descends into Wallingford Gulf on the north.

From the Aldrich Job the Trail follows an old lumber road in a northerly direction, rising gradually to the southeasterly slopes of White Rocks

Mountain, then leaves the lumber road and climbs steeply. Crossing the summit the Trail swings north, keeping near the summit, but on the west-erly side and finally coming out at the top of the cliffs. Here there is an impressive view. The path then descends rapidly, emerging at a place known as the 'Bulley Farm,' situated on the upper or hill road leading through Wallingford Gulf. To the left this road leads to the village of Wallingford, three miles distant.

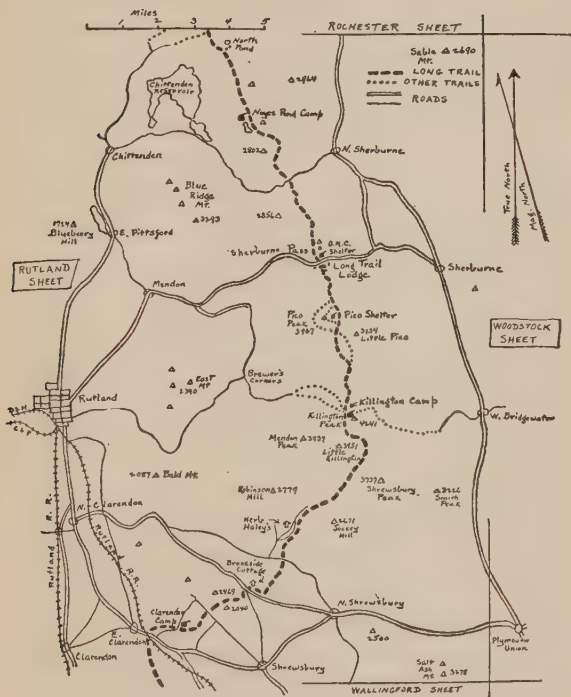
Crossing the road the Trail bears northeasterly and in another mile comes out upon the main thoroughfare through Wallingford Gulf. Here again the road to the left leads to Wallingford, about three miles away, while to the right it leads to East Wallingford, two miles distant.

Crossing the highway the Trail follows an old public road uphill for about three quarters of a mile, then proceeds a few minutes' walk to Buffum Camp, a Club shelter with bunks for twenty persons. The distance from the Aldrich Job to Buffum Camp is five miles.

BUFFUM CAMP TO CLARENDON CAMP

Leaving Buffum Camp the Trail climbs to the summit of Button Hill, passing on the way a good viewpoint. Following a wood road the Trail drops down on the northerly side, crosses a valley in

which there is a transmission line, and climbs to the summit of another ridge which overlooks Shrewsbury Pond. From this ridge there are strik-



ing views to the northeast and north, with the pond below.

Continuing in a northerly direction the Trail

crosses a hillside pasture and follows the summit of a ridge about two miles. At the farther end it descends to the upper Clarendon Gorge. Crossing the river the Trail reaches the highway and railroad on the farther side. East Clarendon Station is to the left a few minutes' walk. Proceeding straight ahead, east, the Trail reaches Clarendon Camp, which is situated in a hillside pasture near a brook. The camp has accommodations for twenty persons.

The distance from Buffum Camp to Clarendon Camp is five and a half miles.

CLARENDON CAMP TO HERB. HALEY'S FARM

This section of the Long Trail trends in a northeasterly direction, crossing the divide between Mad River and Cold River and then proceeding north up a branch of Cold River.

Leaving Clarendon Camp the path climbs in an easterly direction nearly to the summit of a hill where there are open pastures, then descends and crosses a country road. Again it ascends, passes through a sag between a high summit on the left and a low one on the right, and descends rapidly, coming out upon a road. It turns to the left for a short distance to a fork and then turns sharp to the right on another road. After following this a few minutes and crossing a bridge, it turns to the left

beyond a house and comes out upon a branch of Cold River which it follows upstream to a place known as 'Herb. Haley's Farm' where board and lodging may be obtained.

The distance from Clarendon Camp to Herb. Haley's Farm is five and a half miles. If preferred, a conveyance may be used to cover this part of the route by following public roads.

HERB. HALEY'S FARM TO KILLINGTON CAMP

From Herb. Haley's Farm, Killington Peak is northeast by compass and is about four miles distant in an airline. Little Killington is practically in line with Killington and is a mile nearer.

The Trail continues up the valley of Cold River and affords a beautiful tramp. The path crosses and recrosses the stream by old log bridges and ascends steadily, sometimes steeply. About three miles from Herb. Haley's the path leaves the stream and swings to the left. The slopes of Little Killington are on the left. Presently, bearing to the right, the path strikes for Killington Peak, crossing through an area that has been cut over. It then bears around the left or westerly side of the summit cone and arrives at the Club shelter, which is situated just above the site of the old hotel. From this point a side trail leads to the summit of the mountain, altitude 4241 feet. The description

of the side trail and of the view from the summit of Killington will be found on page 117.

The distance from Herb. Haley's Farm to Killington camp is five miles.

There are trails leading from Killington both to the east and to the west, as well as the Long Trail continuing to the north. A description of these will be found beginning on page 106.

KILLINGTON CAMP TO PICO SHELTER

From Killington a series of wooded knolls leads in a northerly direction to Pico Peak. Just below the summit of Pico there is a new shelter owned by the Club. The distance from Killington Camp to the shelter is three miles and the trail is a much-traveled path. From the shelter on Pico a branch trail leads to the Peak, altitude 3967 feet, and on down to the Long Trail a little farther along. A detailed description of the Long Trail from Killington Camp to Pico Shelter and a description of the view from the summit of Pico, will be found beginning on page 111.

PICO SHELTER TO SHERBURNE PASS

A long ridge extends northerly from Pico Peak to Sherburne Pass, where a much-traveled highway crosses the main axis of the Green Mountains. The Trail descends from Pico to the Pass by way

of this ridge. At Sherburne Pass is situated Long Trail Lodge, the beautiful clubhouse of the Green Mountain Club. Trampers may obtain meals and supplies at the Clubhouse. Members of the Club, or trampers introduced by members, may obtain lodging. Across the highway from the Clubhouse and a few rods back into the woods is a shelter maintained by the Club for those who wish to camp. It is provided with bunks and a stove and is supplied with running water. A small charge is made for its use.

Immediately back of the shelter are the cliffs of Deer Leap in which there are many caves. From a lookout on the cliffs, reached by a short climb from the shelter, there is a good view to the south and west.

A description of the trail between Pico Shelter and Sherburne Pass will be found beginning on page 108. The distance is two and a half miles.

SHERBURNE PASS TO NOYES POND CAMP

The Long Trail north from Sherburne Pass bears to the left, swinging around the slopes that lead to Deer Leap. A trail was planned to descend from the top of Deer Leap and to join the Long Trail farther on, but it was not completed beyond the summit of Deer Leap.

After rounding the westerly slopes of the hill on

which Deer Leap is situated, the Long Trail bears to the right, enters an abandoned road and follows it for a short distance, then swings to the left and continues along the easterly side of a mountain, slabbing the slopes, and finally emerges upon the old Chittendon-Pittsfield road. The road is rough and steep, but is passable for automobiles. To the left it leads down toward the Chittendon Reservoir and on out to the village of Chittendon, whence a road leads to Rutland. To the right it descends steeply to North Sherburne, where it connects with the road leading north to Pittsfield and south to Woodstock.

Crossing the road the trail follows easy grades and continues to Noyes Pond, where there is a new shelter owned by the Club. There is good water close to the shelter and the pond is only a few rods away.

The distance from Sherburne Pass to Noyes Pond Camp is five miles and a half.

NOYES POND CAMP TO CARMEL CAMP

From Noyes Pond to Carmel Camp the Long Trail is in deep woods. For a considerable part of the journey it is in sight of the waters of Chittendon Reservoir on the west. For a considerable distance it is high up on a beautiful forested slope which drops rapidly to the Reservoir.

Near this point there is a side trail leading steeply down the slope and around the shores of the Reservoir to a public road. It is marked by a sign.

Approaching Mount Carmel from the southeast the Trail bears to the left below the steep summit. When it is well under the mountain a branch path will be found leading sharply to the left downhill, five minutes' walk to Carmel Camp, a closed metal building equipped with bunks, a stove, a table, and some utensils. There is a good spring near the camp reached by a side trail.

The summit of Mount Carmel is reached by continuing for a quarter of a mile along the main Trail, past the branch that leads to Carmel Camp, then turning sharply to the right on another branch that leads steeply to the summit of the mountain, altitude 3341 feet.

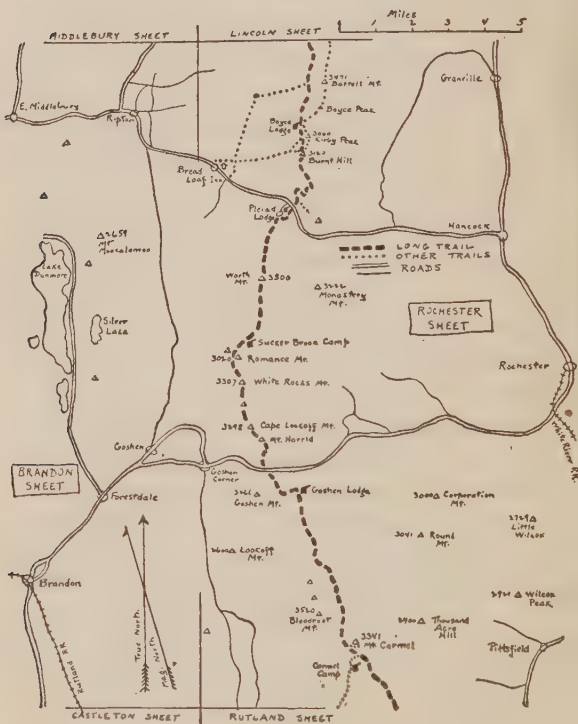
• From Carmel Camp a good trail leads out to a public road at a place known as 'New Boston,' now deserted but formerly a farming center.

The view from Mount Carmel and the access by way of the branch trail from New Boston are described in detail, beginning on page 131.

The distance from Noyes Pond Lodge to Carmel Camp is six miles.

CARMEL CAMP TO GOSHEN LODGE

To the northwest of Mount Carmel is Bloodroot Mountain and between these two summits lies a deep valley known as 'Wetmore Gap.' While Bloodroot has a prominent summit as seen from



Carmel, there is a long ridge running northerly from the top of the mountain. This ridge rises in several lesser summits and finally comes to an end at Brandon Gap, where the Brandon-Rochester road crosses the range. Goshen Lodge is situated beyond the end of the long ridge and three fourths of a mile south of Brandon Gap.

Leaving Carmel Camp the route follows the branch trail five minutes' walk to its junction with the Long Trail, then turns left and swings around the northwesterly side of Mount Carmel, presently dropping down into Wetmore Gap. Climbing again to a shoulder of Bloodroot Mountain it follows along the ridge below the summit and after a time descends to a valley known as 'Bloodroot Pass.' Here it bears to the left and follows a deserted road to Goshen Lodge, a new closed shelter owned by the Club.

About three fourths of a mile beyond Goshen Camp is the Brandon-Rochester highway leading to the right to Rochester, ten miles distant, and to the left to Brandon, nine miles distant.

The distance from Carmel Camp to Goshen Lodge is eight and three quarters miles.

GOSHEN LODGE TO SUCKER BROOK CAMP

North of Goshen Lodge three fourths of a mile is the Brandon-Rochester Gap, and on the farther

side are the steep slopes and cliffs of Mount Horrid. Beyond this the ridge continues over Cape Lookoff, White Rocks Mountain, and Romance Mountain. The Trail follows this skyline, dropping down at the end to a Club lodge on a branch of Sucker Brook.

After descending into Brandon Gap the Trail climbs very steeply, making its way up the rugged slopes to the summit of a high cliff, from which there is a remarkable view. Continuing to the summit of Mount Horrid the Trail proceeds along the skyline for a mile and a half to the top of White Rocks Mountain, from which there are good views. North from White Rocks the Trail continues along the ridge of Romance Mountain, from which there is a lookout to the west, and then descends through Romance Gap. Crossing Sucker Brook the path comes out at the lodge owned by the Club. The lodge enjoys the distinction of a table outside, between two trees.

The distance from Goshen Camp to Sucker Brook Camp is seven and a half miles.

SUCKER BROOK CAMP TO LAKE PLEIAD LODGE

North of Sucker Brook Camp there is a long north-and-south ridge known as 'Worth Mountain.' Beyond its farther slopes lies Middlebury Gap, through which a highway passes on its way

from Middlebury and Bread Loaf on the west to Hancock on the east. Just south of Middlebury Gap is Lake Pleiad and a short distance from the lake is a lodge owned by the Club.

Leaving Sucker Brook Camp the Trail climbs steadily to the summit of Worth Mountain, altitude 3300 feet. The top of the mountain is wooded, but there is an outlook as the Trail climbs toward the summit, and a little beyond the high point of the mountain there is another outlook toward the northeast. The Trail then descends steadily toward Lake Pleiad, which it approaches from the south. Pleiad Outlook, which is on a short side trail, overlooks the forest-girt waters of the lake and the summits leading to Bread Loaf Mountain.

The main Trail bears to the right or east of the lake, and soon reaches Lake Pleiad Lodge, an open camp built of boards and provided with a double tier of bunks at each end. There is a supply of water near by.

Beyond the lodge a walk of a third of a mile leads to the highway through Middlebury Gap. Bread Loaf Inn is two and a half miles to the left.

The distance from Sucker Brook Camp to Lake Pleiad Lodge is three and a half miles.

LAKE PLEIAD LODGE TO BOYCE LODGE

From Lake Pleiad Lodge the Long Trail leads in a third of a mile to the highway in Middlebury Gap. North from this point is a long ridge with several summits, culminating in Bread Loaf Mountain.

Crossing the highway the trail gradually ascends to the summit of a wooded ridge and follows this north, presently climbing to Burnt Hill, altitude 2980 feet, where a side trail to the left leads to a lookout giving views to the west. A little way beyond this branch a trail to the left leads westerly to Bread Loaf Inn. The main Trail passes below Kirby Peak, swings around the northerly side and descends to Boyce Lodge, where a stream provides permanent water. A newly located route leads over the summit of Kirby Peak and thence to Boyce Lodge. The paths here are described in detail beginning on page 138.

The distance from Lake Pleiad Lodge to Boyce Lodge is four miles.

BOYCE LODGE TO EMILY PROCTOR LODGE

Continuing in a northerly direction along the ridge the Trail heads toward Bread Loaf Mountain. The path slabs the westerly slopes of Boyce Peak and Battell Mountain, then swings northwest below the summit of Bread Loaf and pre-

sently turns sharply to the right, climbing quite steeply to the top of the mountain, altitude 3823 feet. From a lookout ledge there is a good view to the south and west. The Trail continues a short distance to the highest point of the mountain, where a new tower will give an unobstructed view in every direction.

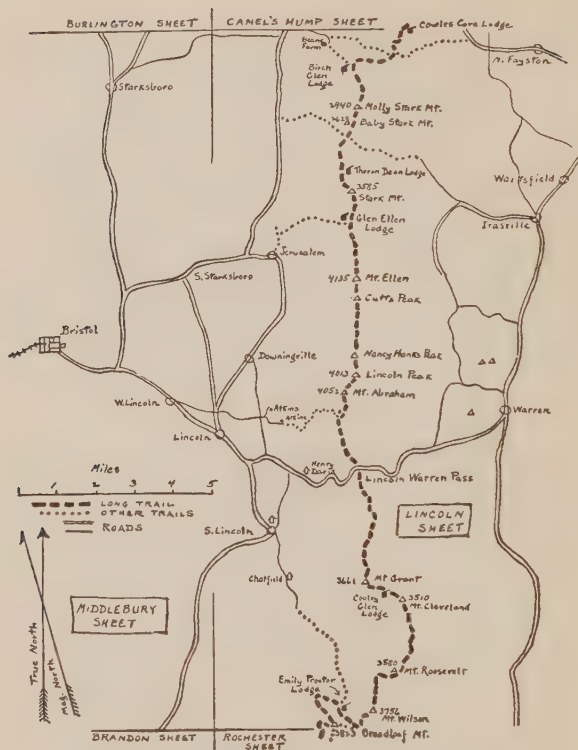
The path then zigzags down steeply, makes a long circuit to the north and then to the southeast into the valley of the New Haven River, where it reaches Emily Proctor Lodge, a Club shelter beautifully situated in a deep glen near the foot of a rocky cascade.

The distance from Boyce Lodge to Emily Proctor Lodge is five miles. The Long Trail in this section, together with approach trails and the view from the summit of Bread Loaf Mountain, will be found described in detail beginning on page 138.

A newly located route now under construction leads over the summits from Boyce Lodge, crossing the top of Boyce Peak and Battell Mountain, thence following the ridge to the summit of Bread Loaf. From the top of Bread Loaf the new route crosses the shallow col to Mount Wilson.

EMILY PROCTOR LODGE TO COOLEY GLEN LODGE

In this segment the Long Trail swings east and north, following an arc described by the mountains



around the headwaters of the New Haven River. From Emily Proctor Lodge the trail climbs steeply until well up to the saddle between Bread Loaf Mountain and Mount Woodrow Wilson. Passing a short trail to an outlook of somewhat limited

view, it proceeds along the top of Wilson to the highest point, altitude 3756 feet, cleared a few years ago, but now partly grown up. Here there are good views.

Dropping from this summit and crossing a valley, the path climbs again a short distance to an excellent outlook toward the south near the summit of Mount Theodore Roosevelt, altitude 3580 feet. Proceeding easterly and then northerly the route leads across to the wooded top of Mount Grover Cleveland, altitude 3510 feet, and then descends through forest three quarters of a mile to Cooley Glen Lodge, a Club shelter with bunks, stove, and table. There is water at a spring reached by a side path to the west.

Distance, Emily Proctor Lodge to Cooley Glen Lodge, six miles.

COOLEY GLEN LODGE TO LINCOLN-WARREN PASS

From the lodge the trail climbs one third of a mile through a magnificent spruce forest to the top of Mount Ulysses Grant, altitude 3661 feet. There are impressive views to the south from the open top and there is a beautiful outlook to the north and west. From the summit the trail follows a long ridge to Lincoln-Warren Pass. West on this highway, one and two thirds miles, is the Henry Davis Farm, where lodging and meals may be obtained.

A description of the view from the summit of Mount Grant and the trail between that mountain and the Lincoln-Warren Pass, will be found beginning on page 150.

The distance from Cooley Glen Lodge to Lincoln-Warren Pass is four and a half miles.

LINCOLN-WARREN PASS TO GLEN ELLEN LODGE

North of the Lincoln-Warren Pass is the long ridge of Lincoln Mountain, rising in a series of summits of which Mount Abraham, altitude 4052 feet, is the splendid and prominent eminence at the southerly end, while Mount Ellen, 4135 feet, is the northerly and highest eminence. Beyond Ellen the Trail descends to Glen Ellen Lodge. The distance from Lincoln-Warren Pass to Glen Ellen Lodge is eight miles. This section of the Long Trail, together with the view from Mount Abraham, is described in detail beginning on page 161.

GLEN ELLEN LODGE TO THERON DEAN LODGE

North from Glen Ellen Lodge lie the Stark Mountains, so named for General Stark to whom a large grant of land in this region was given. The first of these summits is known as General Stark and is a long, rugged ridge. Its altitude is 3585 feet.

Leaving Glen Ellen Lodge, which is situated in



ON STARK MOUNTAIN

a high sag, 3430 feet above sea level, the Trail climbs over a series of knolls and in three quarters of a mile arrives at Champlain Panorama. Here there is a remarkable view extending all the way from Whiteface in the Adirondacks on the west to Mount Washington on the east, including summits to the north as far as Mount Mansfield and, on a clear day, to Jay Peak, near the Canadian line.

Continuing north along the ridge the Trail then drops rapidly in the midst of beautiful cliffs and arrives at Theron Dean Lodge, a shelter of Swiss type with bunks for four. Unfortunately, the water supply near this shelter fails in dry weather. In front of the lodge there is an outlook which commands a splendid view over the mountains to the north.

The distance from Glen Ellen Lodge to Theron Dean Lodge is one and three quarters miles.

THERON DEAN LODGE TO BIRCH GLEN LODGE

Immediately in front of Theron Dean Lodge the Trail descends a cliff by means of a passage through a cave. Crossing Stark Pass it rises, passes a lookout toward the Adirondacks, traverses a rugged ridge, and at the northerly end descends a very steep, rocky slope known as 'Stark Wall.' Crossing a small hollow the Trail passes over a knoll and crosses an abandoned highway in

Appalachian Pass, altitude 2400 feet. To the left the old road can be followed northwesterly two miles to a public road, or easterly two and a half miles to another road.

Again ascending, the Trail passes near the summit of Baby Stark Mountain and drops to an opening where a lumber camp stood. Here there is a spring, unreliable in dry weather. Again climbing steadily the Trail traverses the summit of Molly Stark Mountain, altitude 2960 feet, in the midst of forest, and at the north end reaches a beautiful lookout, the Molly Stark Balcony. Here there is a splendid view to the north, including Burnt Rock Mountain and Mounts Ira Allen, Ethan Allen, and Camel's Hump, or Couching Lion.

Descending steeply, the Trail presently enters logging roads and continues to Birch Glen Lodge, a Club shelter. From this point there is a branch trail out to a public road at the Beane Farm. This branch is described on page 175.

The distance from Theron Dean Lodge to Birch Glen Lodge is three and three quarters miles.

BIRCH GLEN LODGE TO COWLES COVE LODGE

From Birch Glen the Trail swings east and then north to Cowles Cove Lodge, a Club shelter of Alpine type. This section is described in detail be-

ginning on page 176. The distance from Birch Glen Lodge to Cowles Cove Lodge is a little less than three miles.

COWLES COVE LODGE TO MONTCLAIR GLEN LODGE

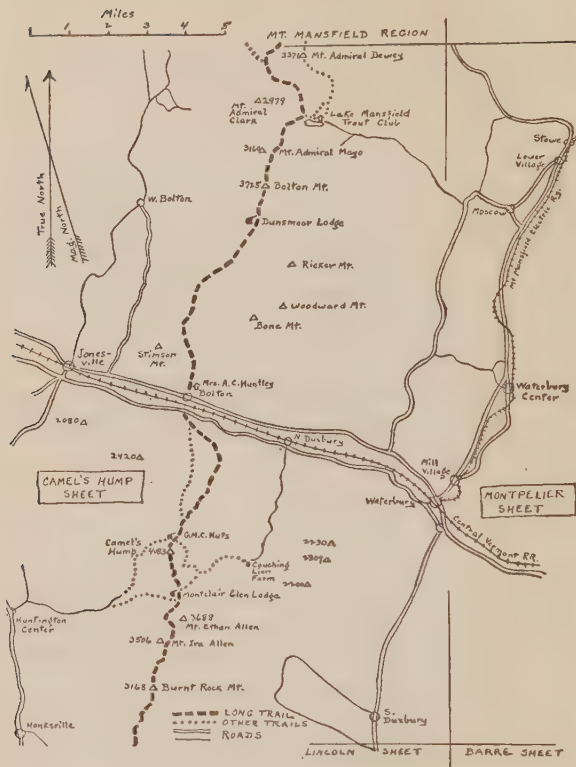
From Cowles Cove Lodge the course of the trail is northwesterly over the open summits of Burnt Rock Mountain, altitude 3065 feet, across a series of beautiful ravines, then over the col between Mounts Ira Allen and Ethan Allen and down to Montclair Glen Lodge. This link of the trail is described in detail beginning on page 178.

The distance from Cowles Cove to Montclair Glen is a little less than five miles.

MONTCLAIR GLEN LODGE TO CAMEL'S HUMP, OR COUCHING LION

From Montclair Glen the trail climbs to the top of Camel's Hump, or Couching Lion, altitude 4083 feet, by way of a route over the barren and rocky southerly spur of the mountain. Just beyond the summit there are huts maintained by the Club where lodging may be obtained. This section of the trail and the view from the summit are described in detail beginning on page 200.

The distance from Montclair Glen Lodge to the Camel's Hump Huts is two miles.



CAMEL'S HUMP, OR COUCHING LION, TO BOLTON

From the huts near the summit of Camel's Hump two trails lead in a northerly direction to Bolton village, on the State highway in the valley

of the Winooski River. Both trails are described in the chapter on Camel's Hump, or Couching Lion, beginning on page 205. At Bolton meals and lodging are obtainable at the residence of Mrs. A. C. Huntley.

The distance from the huts to Bolton by the old trail is four and a half miles, or by the new scenic trail five and a half miles.

BOLTON TO DUNSMOOR LODGE

From Bolton the Trail leads first north and then northeasterly up the valley of Joiner Brook to Dunsmoor Lodge, a Club shelter with a beautiful outlook to the south. This section of the Trail is described in detail on page 228. The distance from Bolton to Dunsmoor Lodge is five and two thirds miles.

DUNSMOOR LODGE TO LAKE MANSFIELD TROUT CLUB

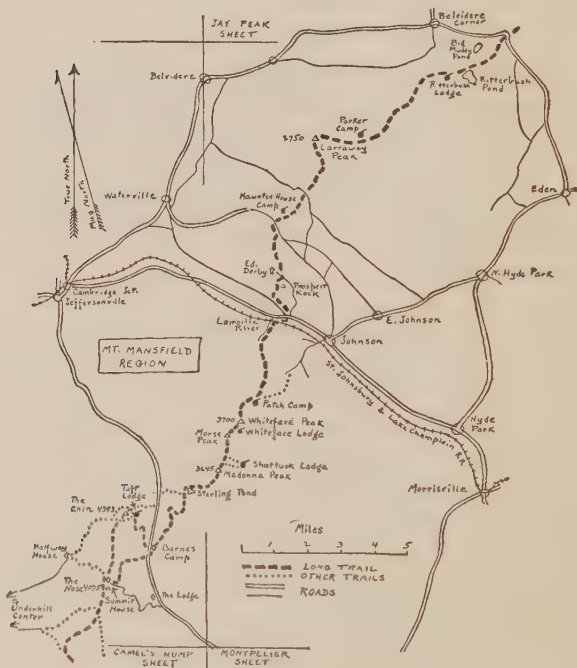
From Dunsmoor Lodge the Trail climbs rapidly to the summit of Bolton Mountain, altitude 3725 feet, where there is an observation tower from which a splendid panorama may be had. It then descends steadily to a branch trail which leads in half a mile to the Lake Mansfield Trout Club, situated at the southeasterly end of Nebraska Notch.

A detailed description of this section of the Trail and the view from the summit of Bolton Mountain, will be found beginning on page 222.

The distance from Dunsmoor Lodge to the Trout Club is about five miles

LAKE MOUNT MANSFIELD TROUT CLUB TO THE SUMMIT HOUSE ON MOUNT MANSFIELD

Proceeding westerly half a mile near the shore of Lake Mansfield the branch trail from the Trout



Club joins the Long Trail. Turning to the right at the junction, the route continues up into Nebraska Notch. When two miles from Lake Mansfield it swings to the right and from that point bears north and northeast to the Summit House on Mount Mansfield. This section of the Trail is described in detail beginning on page 247. A description of the view from the Nose of Mansfield will be found on page 239.

The distance from the Trout Club to the Summit House is six and one fourth miles.

SUMMIT HOUSE ON MOUNT MANSFIELD TO BARNES CAMP

From the Summit House the Trail descends by the carriage road ten minutes' walk and then turns sharp left and follows the Judge Haselton Trail to the foot of the mountain, coming out upon the Smugglers' Notch highway at Barnes Camp. The Haselton Trail will be found described in detail beginning on page 238. The distance from the Summit House to Barnes Camp is two and one quarter miles.

SUMMIT HOUSE TO BARNES CAMP BY WAY OF THE CHIN

From the Summit House an alternate route leads north along the summit ridge of Mansfield to

the Chin, the highest point in the Green Mountains. Thence it descends to Taft Lodge and follows the Taft Trail to Barnes Camp. The route is described in detail beginning on page 240. The distance from the Summit House to Barnes Camp by this combination of trails is four miles.

BARNES CAMP TO WHITEFACE LODGE

Leaving Barnes Camp the Trail follows a wood road, immediately crossing the stream that comes down from Smugglers' Notch. About a mile from Barnes Camp the wood road makes a loop to the south, later dropping into a small valley. Again climbing, it enters a logged area near the summit of a minor eminence known as 'Spruce Peak.' Here it is joined by Mould's Trail, which comes from the height of land in Smuggler's Notch. Descending sharply for a short distance it reaches the shore of Sterling Pond at the outlet, proceeds around the northerly side of the pond, and thence climbs to Madonna Peak.

A description of the Trail around the pond and from this point to the summit of Madonna Peak, altitude 3645 feet, will be found given in detail, beginning on page 260. On Madonna there are outlooks to the west, east and south.

Continuing across Madonna the Trail descends sharply on the other side. Presently, a fork leads

to the right to Mould's Shelter, or Shattuck Lodge, which is situated a mile and a half east of the main Trail. Still descending the main Trail drops into a valley known as 'Chilcoot Pass.' Here another trail branches to the right to Mould's Shelter.

The main Trail now rises rapidly to the summit of Morse Peak which it crosses. Descending on the other side and again ascending, it reaches Whiteface Lodge, an open shelter owned by the Club and provided with bunks for eight persons.

The distance from Barnes Camp to Whiteface Lodge is five and one third miles.

WHITEFACE LODGE TO THE LAMOILLE RIVER

From Whiteface Lodge the route climbs to the summit of Whiteface Mountain, altitude 3700 feet. Formerly, there was a tower on the summit. Proceeding north and descending the summit cone, the Trail arrives at a fork. Here the branch to the right leads out to a public road and to Johnson Village. The branch to the left is an alternate route that probably will not be maintained because it crosses a low, wet region and is unattractive.

Taking the branch to the right the route arrives in three quarters of a mile at a cabin known as 'Patch Camp,' which it is planned to restore and

make habitable. In this section the Trail runs close to an attractive brook.

Beyond Patch Camp the old Long Trail, still in use, leads in a mile and a half to a public road at the Bouley Farm. It then follows this road two and a half miles to the village of Johnson, on the Saint Johnsbury and Lake Champlain Railroad.

At Patch Camp another trail, which is planned as the new and permanent location of the Long Trail, branches to the left. This new trail descends steadily into a valley known as 'Bear Hollow,' crosses a beaver meadow, and eventually emerges upon a public road at what is known as the 'West Settlement,' where there are unoccupied buildings. From this point it follows the road across the railway, joins the main highway, turns to the right, and crosses the Lamoille River, two miles west of Johnson village.

The distance from Whiteface Lodge to Johnson village by the old Long Trail is six miles and a half. The distance from Whiteface Lodge to the Lamoille River by the newly located trail is about six and a half miles.

LAMOILLE RIVER TO PROSPECT ROCK

After crossing the Lamoille River the Trail turns to the left and follows a road along the river, north-westerly, three quarters of a mile to Ithiel Falls, a

camp-meeting ground. It there turns to the right, leaves the road, and heads toward Prospect Rock, which it surmounts by way of a steep climb on the west side. The altitude at Prospect Rock is 1115 feet above sea level.

Lodging is obtainable by following the trail beyond Prospect Rock a quarter of a mile to a public road and turning left on this road half a mile to a farm known as 'Ed Derby's.'

Distance, Lamoille River to Prospect Rock about one and a quarter miles.

PROSPECT ROCK TO HAUNTED HOUSE CAMP

Leaving Prospect Rock the trail follows a wood road a quarter of a mile out to a public road, turns left on that for two or three minutes, and then turns right following a line fence and crossing a stream. Continuing upstream it enters woods, passes beneath cliffs, slabs a hillside, and then swings somewhat to right, or northeast, crossing a pasture, and emerges upon a public road which leads to the right to Johnson and to the left to Waterville. There are farmhouses ten minutes' walk to the right on this road.

The trail turns to the left at the public road, follows it for five minutes, then leaves it on the right by an old road. In about a quarter of a mile it passes a good spring and proceeds to a shelter

known as 'Haunted House Camp.' This is not a Club shelter, but use of it has been granted to the Club.

Distance, Prospect Rock to Haunted House Camp about two and a half miles.

HAUNTED HOUSE CAMP TO PARKER CAMP

Leaving Haunted House Camp the Trail passes a short stretch of logged area, then enters a hardwood forest, climbing rapidly. Farther along it descends again, passes a marshy region, and on the farther side, after crossing a stream, enters a wood road. This leads to another crossing where there is a rock pool. The Trail then emerges from woods into an open field and follows a line of fence in a northeast direction. Crossing another stream it reaches a country road in a region known as 'Coddling Hollow.'

Continuing on the other side the Trail makes a jog under cliffs, enters an old road, and follows this a considerable distance to a shack known as 'Larraway Camp.' This is not in condition for occupancy.

Swinging to the left here the Trail passes beneath cliffs and climbs to the summit of Larraway Mountain, from which there is a magnificent view, equal to that from many higher summits.

Here the Trail turns back upon itself, swinging

east for a time and then southeast, alternately climbing and descending, finally making a steady and rapid descent to Parker Camp.

The distance from Haunted Camp to Parker Camp is about six miles.

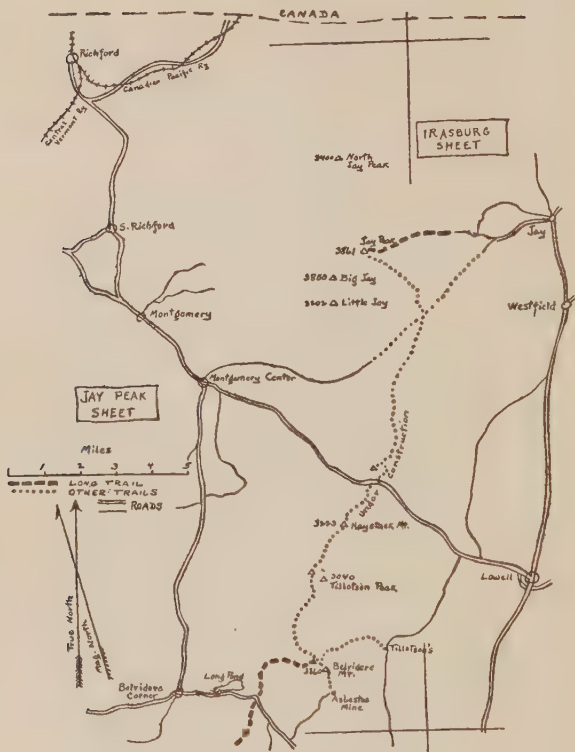
PARKER CAMP TO RITTERBUSH LODGE

From Parker Camp the Trail runs southeasterly to the summit of Butternut Mountain, altitude 2690 feet. Turning then northeasterly it descends for a time, then follows a ridge. At a wet area it is relocated to the southeast of the former route. A side trail here leads to the left five minutes' walk to a small house and barn called the 'Badger' lumber camp. Continuing in a general easterly direction for two miles the Trail then swings to the northeast and after another mile passes through a rocky defile known as the 'Devil's Gulch.' A few minutes beyond it reaches Ritterbush Lodge, a Club shelter with bunks for eight. Two hundred yards beyond the shelter is Ritterbush Pond.

The distance from Parker Camp to Ritterbush Lodge is seven miles.

RITTERBUSH LODGE TO BELVIDERE MOUNTAIN

Passing around the north shore of Ritterbush Pond the Trail bears northeasterly and in two miles crosses a public road which leads to the left,



two and a half miles, to Belvidere Corners, and to the right, five and a half miles, to the village of Eden. Crossing the road the trail runs at first northeasterly, then somewhat south of east to the

summit of Belvidere Mountain, altitude 3360 feet. This section of trail, from the Eden-Belvidere road to the summit of Belvidere Mountain, is described in detail beginning on page 278. There is a cabin on the summit of the mountain, maintained by the State Forestry Department.

The distance from Ritterbush Lodge to the summit of Belvidere is four and one half miles.

BELVIDERE MOUNTAIN TO JAY PEAK

From the summit of Belvidere the Trail is now in process of being put through to Jay Peak, altitude 3861 feet. A section north from Belvidere toward Hazen's Notch, halfway to Jay Peak, has been located and cleared. From the summit of Jay Peak a good trail leads east to the town of Jay, a short distance from the Canadian Line.

A description of the trail from Jay Peak to the highway on the east, and of the view from the summit of Jay Peak, will be found beginning on page 290.

THE END

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